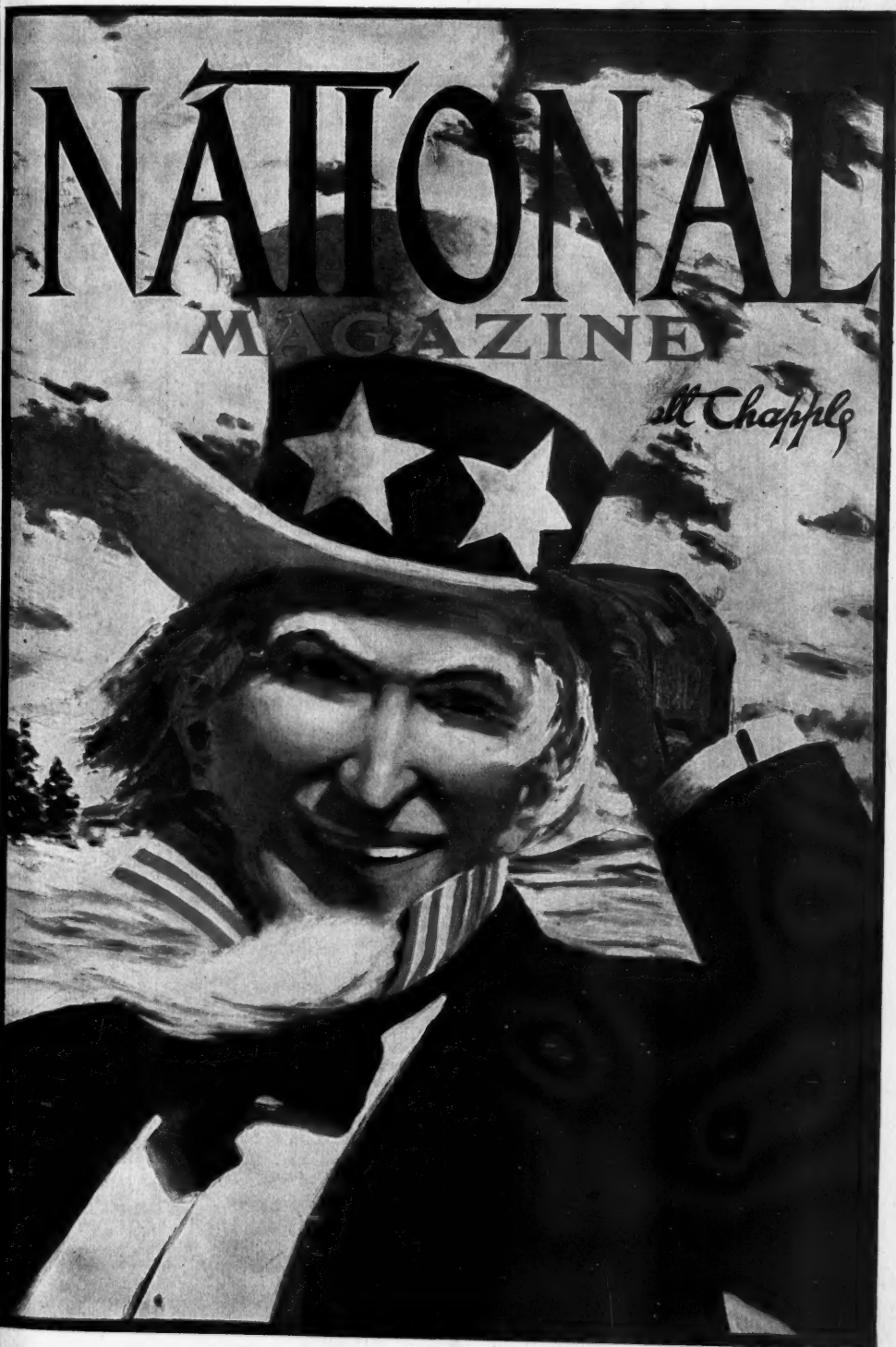


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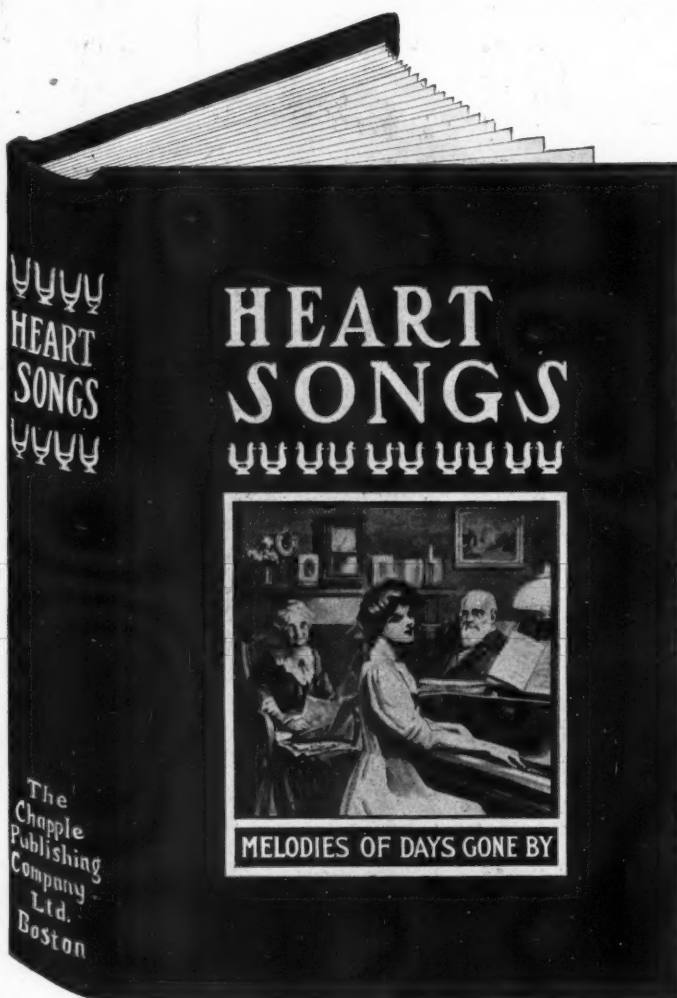
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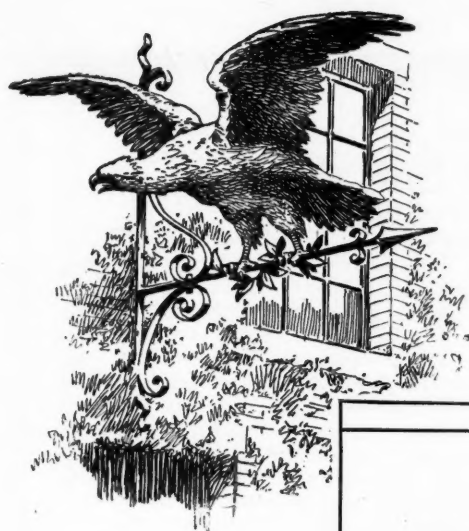
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*One  
Year of  
Taft  
Prosperity*

## One Year of Taft Prosperity

**A** RETROSPECT of the first year of the Taft administration furnishes an interesting summary. Even a terse notation of passing events reveals a year spent in persistent, thorough preparation for effecting more permanent and consequential legislation than has ever been crowded into one administration in the history of the country. In summarizing the achievements of the first year, the unimpeachable sterling integrity and honesty of purpose of President Taft, in carrying forward to successful completion the policies identified with the Roosevelt administration—and even much more—is generally conceded. In the effective prosecution of the Standard Oil, Tobacco and Sugar Trust cases, the firm executive hand manifest in the enforcement of law has never been more pronounced. The improved conditions in the Philippines and Porto Rico, resulting from practically free trade with our insular possessions, and the peaceful and harmonious foreign relations with every nation in the world, are conspicuous features of the first year of the Taft administration.

While the Tariff Bill, like all similar measures, met with considerable criticism at first, it is gradually dawning upon the people that it is altogether one of the best tariff bills ever given to the country. Experience is justifying President Taft's statement at Winona to that effect. The work at Panama is distinctive under the Taft regime, with the usual Taft results, which means the completion of the canal in 1915. The Postal Savings Bank measure, under President Taft's guidance, has progressed from the stage of indiscriminate discussion into a substantial possibility as a future law. The conservation of natural resources will be carried on in a way that insures permanent conservation, without checking or retarding development. The trust and corporation problems are to be solved without strangling development, but consistent with federal regulation in the broadest sense of the word. The swing of the "big stick" served well its purpose, but the scientific stroke that puts the ball in the hole has already made for a concrete score in the first year of the Taft administration. While it is true that President Taft remembers an enemy and an injustice, and does not often turn the other cheek, there is a judicial aptitude in his flashes of temper; he passes sentence as relentlessly as a judge on the bench, according to the law and the evidence, and his flashes of resentment now and then serve to emphasize his constitutional good humor.

A reduction in Uncle Sam's budget for the first year of the Taft administration, amounting to a hundred and twenty-three millions of real money, indicates a strong hand in prudent administration. The bill proposing effectual renaissance of the American Merchant Marine has the approval and endorsement of the first President who ever girdled the globe on the high seas, and proposes to work out some plan that will put the flag again at the masthead of a mighty merchant marine. Under the Taft administration two new stars are likely to be added to the flag, for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood already has executive endorsement.

President Taft has persistently sought to harmonize his party pledges and performances. The Republican platform of 1908 is gradually but surely being

crystalized into achievement. The excellence of his appointments, with a few possible exceptions, has been generally commended. The great federal questions, including the intolerable delays in the courts, have been met in a broad and judicial spirit, keeping constantly in mind the need for progressive action. President Taft has taken few steps forward that will have to be retraced. Substantial progress has been made toward the solution of our general monetary problems, already evidenced in reports that reveal for the first time the actual status of the banking resources of the country and the apparent necessity of a central bank of issue. The corporation income tax, while meeting with opposition in some details, is one instrumentality through which the President hopes to secure a positive and effective federal control of trusts and large corporations in the interests of all the people, as far as is possible under our system of government. The measures outlined in various executive messages indicate a comprehensive legislative programme. The President is a believer in real advance, but a forward movement cannot be made without preserving certain fundamentals, and President Taft appreciates the value of conservatism in making permanent progress. He has in mind a definite schedule of legislation, and takes the people into his confidence as to what that programme includes. This is outlined in frequent messages that indicate the working out of a plan that seems formidable for the three short years to come.

The general condition of the country at this time is interesting. Waxing in prosperity, with millions pouring into the homes of the farmers and the savings bank accounts of the workers, one feels like giving three hearty cheers for his country. Sober feelings of responsibility come with increased wealth and development. The high cost of agrarian products presages a greater intensive land development to equalize phenomenal industrial growth.

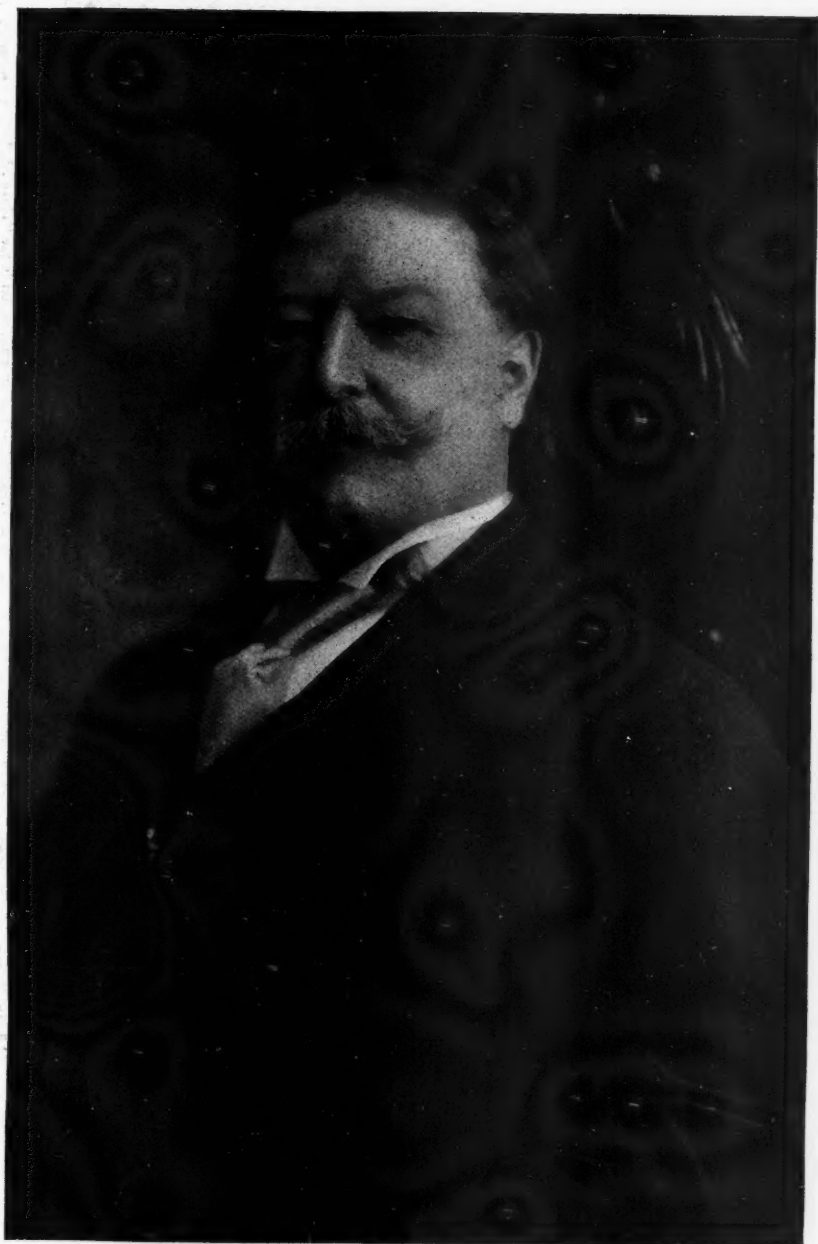
When William Howard Taft took the executive chair at the ballot behest of the people, one year ago, prosperity was scheduled as a part of the programme. Prosperity is here, present as never before. And still comes the mountebank to thrive on the promotion of some "ism," some new emotion, to feed upon the "waxing fat" purse and appeal to the prosperous pride of the country, and the pecuniary passions of the people. Insidious "isms," as ever, suggest that not quite all of each man's share is falling into his personal pocket. General welfare is not so keen a matter of individual concern as in the days of adversity. Comprehending the prosperity of the country at this time, can anything be thought of in all history to compare with it? In order to find a suitable comparison one must combine England, Germany, France, Austria and all the rest of Europe—for the United States is of continental proportions and stands foremost as distinctively the land of opportunity in the first year of the Taft administration. In these "piping times of peace and plenty" the dark days of '93, when the spectre of soup houses was seen in every city, are not altogether forgotten. The tramp of the unemployed hunting for work then resounded across the continent. "No Work" was the terrible invader most feared in those days. "Work, work, work," was the chorus that Lincoln sang as man's greatest blessing. In '93 were seen the dire results of a lack of just such confidence as the administration of President Taft has inspired. Men who create work are again regarded as benefactors. Their strong arms are not to be paralyzed to advance the fortunes of political promoters, who never offered a single day's work to a fellow-man. The first year of the Taft administration was marked by a presidential tour

in which speeches were made directly to the people in over forty states. The trip was undertaken in the teeth of unfavorable criticism after President Taft had signed the tariff bill, and was not seeking for mere bauble popularity, but an earnest purpose to secure evidence at first hand, with which to execute and suggest laws for all the people. The Taft plan is to hear both sides. He insists upon why a thing should *not* be done as well as why it *should* be done. Recognizing the hypocrisy of the agitation of some radicals, he braves even their scorn to focus his efforts on ultimate results, even seeking the aid of confirmed reactionaries, who may be under the suspicion of sympathizing with predatory interests. His field glass sweeps both flanks of every political party. He has firmly determined that his term of four years shall be marked with specific legislation, no matter how he may fare when it comes to a renomination. He is aggressive and amiable in carrying forward determinate legislation, regardless of political maneuvers for convention delegates in 1912.

True the honk, honk of insolent, imperious and inherited wealth sometimes grinds our pride, but ill-gotten gains and corruption in high places and in low places will sooner and more effectively be eliminated by just and hopeful men of the Taft character than by the reckless, political "joy riders" who dash along regardless of life and limb. The men who have made their enduring impress upon the history of the nation have invariably been far-seeing, unflinching optimists—men of faith as well as fight. A conflict over tariff schedules ought not to uproot a policy that has been associated with the prosperity of the nation, and has so effectively reduced the percentage of failures in all lines of business. With the President of the United States whose life experience has been on the bench, hearing both sides of every question, and reconciling human differences, the Taft administration already shows the work of constructive and progressive policies.

In the multitude of his public addresses, President Taft has shown a wonderful grasp of national affairs in their entirety. He has observed the Lincoln rule of meeting a proposition and bounding it on the North, South, East and West. In these addresses there are touches of playful humor and keen satire that reflect the simple manliness of the man, but reveal a depth that is diplomatic and yet is insistent on the most direct statements that the English language can convey. In his frequent discussion of public questions he is ready for all comers, whether in a tilt at the banquet board or in an "early frost" speech at a county fair. Analyzed from every standpoint, the first year of the Taft prosperity stands out notable and distinct in the annals of the times. The current and periodical issuance of state papers, by President Taft, in frequent messages to Congress, covering concretely and definitely all the questions of paramount interest, have been fearlessly enunciated with an intelligent comprehension of *all* the evidence and *all* the facts. This procedure is the distinct constructive feature of the first year of the Taft administration. Twelve months of unexampled and unparalleled prosperity furnish a foundation upon which three monumental years of achievement will be builded; the crucial tests have been met ably at a time when the proud existence of our truest democracy had been threatened.

*Mr. Mitchell Chapple*



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PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



*Photo by Ryder*

**THE ALMA MATER OF THE FIRST CO-ED**

The oldest public school building now standing in the United States, at Boston, Massachusetts, and the first one to allow boys and girls to attend and study together. Before this, girls could go once a year to study the catechism. Before a boy could attend this school he was required to pass an examination in the "Three R's."

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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NUMBER SIX



## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**M**ARCH winds in Washington recall Inauguration. One year after President Taft's induction into office finds the political current blowing with the uncertainty of early spring gusts, recalling Tennyson's lines.

"All the windy ways of man are but dust that rises up,  
And is quickly laid again."

Public opinion is quick in the making, and equally swift in its changes. The barometer of public interest reveals a variation every day, and when interest in one theme slackens there is another to take its place. The present absorbing topic is the high cost of living, or as James J. Hill grimly put it in a Washington interview, "the cost of living high." Meantime Uncle Sam firmly holds on his hat, puzzled as to whether the wind is a natural air current from the poles, or merely an eddying sweep of national prosperity. Statesmen come and go at the White House, with bulging portfolios, containing panaceas for every public ill. After all, comes the ultimate query, "What's the matter?"

Prosperity has certainly brought with it clattering shutters, rattling windows and banging doors, and keenly accentuated

interest in matters fiscal, even down to the increasing family expense account. If there is any breath of public opinion that has not reached Washington, it is because the telephones are not working, mails have miscarried or the wires are down. Senators and congressmen wear an expression on their countenances that indicates hearing frequently from home concerning matters on the legislative calendar. The direction of trade winds of the coming fall election—

when the Sixty-second Congress is to be named—is one question of paramount interest at the political weather bureau. Campaign grist is already being ground in the leisurely mill of the Congressional Record. Every move of the national weather vane is observed on the floor of the House or in the committee rooms or among the investigating tribunals. Old-timers insist that there



never has been a more exhilarating season—political, social or diplomatic. Some cynics remark that the windy days of March are a fitting atmosphere for the present trend of events. The activity of public sentiment is a feature of American democracy that permits of no stagnation, but Uncle Sam insists on taking no chances of losing his hat, or his head.

WITH a hearty "good-morning" for every man in the rooms as he passes through, President Taft enters his Executive Office. He has the appearance of a man who is determined to do things right off the bat, and to do them without the assistance of an advance agent. Into the Cabinet room he passes, on the mantel of which is Mr. Forgan's tribute to golf, and on the other side Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address; above the fireplace is a picture of the Great



Photo by Clinedinst

#### TWO WESTERN SENATORS

Frank P. Flint of California and Reed Smoot of Utah, going to the opening of the second session of the Sixty-first Congress

Emancipator. The chairs stand in rigid array, ready for the Cabinet meeting. A globe nestles in one corner, and a few palms add grace to the severe simplicity of the room where such vital interests are considered. Gradually the chairs are filled—some members are late and some are early, but no one comes in "on the stroke of the clock." Dropping in one by one they discuss current matters right over the spot where the Roosevelt tennis ground once stood.

Meantime the President has passed into his office, where at nine o'clock he is usually to be found at his desk; the room is unusual in aspect, being circular with a rug of the same shape. Two paintings hang opposite each other; one is the President's father and the other is Theodore Roosevelt. A brisk and cosy fire blazes in the grate, in contrast with the chill atmosphere of the Cabinet Room, in which the steam has not yet been turned on when the Cabinet clan begin to gather. Flowers from the conservatory give a festive air, and in one corner Sheriff Seth Bullock sits on a sofa, while Minister Egan of Denmark talks over the fading Cook incident. Morning callers are arriving—diplomats, senators, congressmen—and early among them comes Senator Lodge. Secretary Carpenter has arranged a regular schedule by which congressmen are received with visitors between the hours of ten and ten-thirty in the morning. In the adjoining room he keeps a careful schedule of every minute, trying to devise a way of crowding all that is necessary into the limited time.

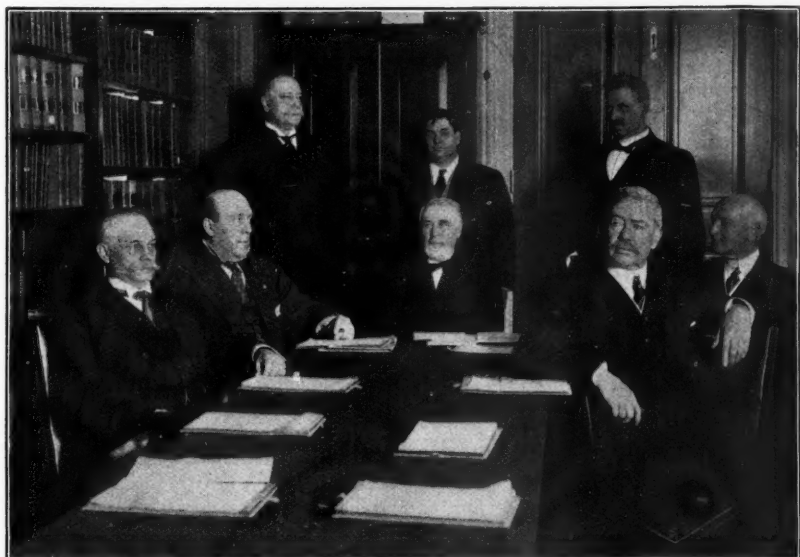
On entering the Senators' room two things impress one—the large oriental rug and the great number of overcoats and hats dotted about the place. The public waiting room is also a lively spectacle, for many have come to see the President. Two hours after the President has made his cheery entry, the Cabinet meeting begins, after eleven o'clock. European visitors never can be quite reconciled to the simple little place known as the Executive Office, which is set apart purely for the transaction of business.

In the afternoon the senators come in to keep a belated or side-tracked appointment, for over at the White House the President still exhibits his omnivorous capacity for work.

One English volume of over twelve hundred pages was read, besides other voluminous reports, before he undertook to answer the question, "What is whiskey?" President Taft often dictates special messages of three and four thousand words, on the train, and if ordinary citizens could know of the many matters of vital import that pass daily through the brain of the Chief Executive, their admiration for his conscientiousness, thoroughness and integrity would increase tenfold.

THE Ballinger-Pinchot controversy has passed into the hands of a full-fledged Congressional investigation. In the meantime fervid appeals are made by Mr. Pinchot in the cause to which he has so earnestly and devotedly attached himself. While but few doubt the sincerity and unimpeachable ideals and purposes of Mr. Pinchot, some practical business men say that the best way to secure conservation is to go at it in a way that insures

on the plan pursued with the Indian lands, under a system of federal landlordship, insist that this method is repugnant to the spirit of America. On every side one hears the cry of waste, and the assurance that certain resources must be saved for future generations, but very often this cry comes from people who do not know what it is to break land and dig stumps in order to make a farm out of a forest wild, or from the



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THE BALLINGER-PINCHOT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

Sitting left to right—Senator D. Upshaw Fletcher, Florida; Representative Ollie M. James, Kentucky; Senator Knute Nelson (Chairman), Minnesota; Representative Marlin E. Olmsted, Pennsylvania; Representative Samuel W. McCall, Massachusetts. Standing left to right—Senator Thomas H. Paynter, Kentucky; Representative Edmond H. Madison, Kansas; Representative James M. Graham, Illinois.

results. While there is danger from the insensate greed of corporate interest, it is felt that effective measures may be secured by handling the matter with the deliberate determination to devise a system that will not depend on personal edicts to effect results. Mr. Pinchot has been closely associated with President Roosevelt in investigating this movement, and for this reason the feud is attracting perhaps more attention than it otherwise should.

Those who are familiar with great states like Wyoming, where vast areas are withdrawn from settlement and pastured out arid

quarter section of land where every exertion must be put forth to coax trees to grow.

\* \* \*

ONLY once in the past twenty-five years has the mace of the House of Representatives been put to use, and that was when "Jerry" Simpson, of "sockless" fame, refused to obey orders. The traditional symbol consists of thirteen ebony rods, about three feet long, tipped with silver, bound together to represent the original thirteen states. These are surmounted by a solid silver globe of the world, on which is a massive silver

eagle. The design is derived from the old Roman fasces, and has never been used by any representative body other than the Roman Senate and the United States House of Representatives; it is the only symbol of its kind existing today, and was adopted in 1789, but when the Capitol was destroyed by the British in August, 1814, that original symbol of power was also burned. For a quarter of a century thereafter cross sticks of wood were used, but in 1842 the present mace was made; the outlines of the map of the world on the silver globe are now almost effaced, although the mace is little handled, and is guarded night and day. Curiously enough, the Senate has no symbol corresponding to that handed down by tradition since the days when the hoary-headed senators sat in council in the city of Rome.

The Speaker of the House seldom resorts to the extreme measure of using the mace; on the one occasion when Speaker Cannon ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to take the mace it was not necessary to carry out the order, as the unruly member subsided before the Sergeant had taken more than three steps to fulfill his instructions.

\* \* \*

**E**VEN the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute are occasionally puzzled to know how to name some of the animals which President Roosevelt has shot or captured and forwarded from Africa. The pelts keep pouring in, by the barrel and crate, and it looks as though, in view of the many specimens coming from this ardent sportsman, the name of the Smithsonian might in time be changed to the Rooseveltian Museum. The latest rare specimen to arrive is a *citatonga*, and many others with names more obscure are found among the shipment. It is suggested that labels should be provided which will enable visitors to the museum to understand exactly what they are looking at and where it was found—all set forth in plain English if possible.

**D**URING the five years in which he occupied the important posts of Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Truman H. Newberry of Detroit made many friends in Washington by his unflagging devotion to the work. His career in the capital city was the natural evolution of his career in Detroit, where he is held in high esteem, and, although a large employer of labor, has never had the slightest friction with his employees.

A business man of superior ability, who has been in the habit of looking after vast interests, naturally becomes a strong force in questions involving public welfare when he takes office, because he devotes to the affairs of the government the same ability which he did to his own business. These facts are well understood in Detroit, and in the state of Michigan, where an active and well-organized political movement is already on foot to send Mr. Newberry to the United States Senate when an opening presents itself. He has al-



TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY  
Ex-Secretary of the Navy

ways been proud of Detroit and of his native state of Michigan, and the citizens in return desire that he should continue his career of public service for which previous experience has so well fitted him.

\* \* \*

**S**TANDING before an hotel desk, his head adorned with a shining silk hat, was John Temple Graves, editor of the New York *American*. He had been talking eloquently with friends; his words had rung with feeling, but suddenly his attention was called to the fact that as the leader of the great proletariat thought of the country, he was the only man in the room wearing a silk hat. That sort of headgear seems to have passed out of style, except for state occasions, the opera, weddings and funerals. It is now seldom seen on ordinary occasions. In years past the average banker, physician, cleric and even business man could not consider himself suitably dressed unless



J. M. DICKINSON, SECRETARY OF WAR

(581)

he had on a "tile" of resplendent lustre. It was necessary, apparently, to keep up the dignity of his profession. Be the styles for women's hats what they may, utility and comfort are governing principles in men's estimation today. The modest derby has established its sovereignty, reminding one of the Crusaders' helmets. The present generation may not feel quite



Photo copyright, 1909, Clinedinst  
EX-CONGRESSMAN PERRY BELMONT  
Of New York

so dignified as those who wore the high silk hats. May not that offer a tendency to careless manners and laxness of conduct? If a lady feels romantic in a picture hat, why may not a man feel a compelling dignity in a half cubit of beaver headgear?

Hat etiquette is curious, and I have never been able to obtain a satisfactory reason as to why it is correct to wear a hat while addressing a lady in the foyer of an opera house, whereas it would be extremely rude not to uncover one's head when meeting the fair

lady upon a windy street, with the thermometer registering several degrees below zero. Common sense would suggest that this code of manners might be reversed with a view to saving colds in the head.

When the conference of governors convened, then it was that Editor Graves found silk tiles the thing, but alas! on that trip he was observed with only a prosaic derby, while the governors towered strong in the lobbies, resplendent with the shining tiles, which the early observation had consigned to the oblivion of a past generation.

\* \* \*

IT is sometimes curious how public issues are magnified by distance, far beyond any natural proportions, recalling the old fable of the "cow with the hundred-foot horn," which horn rapidly dwindled in size as the seekers of this remarkable animal approached the confines of the land where it was supposed to dwell. This tale has been simmered down into the proverb, "Cows afar off have long horns," a saying that should calm the anxiety of people in parts of the Middle West, where more or less apprehension is expressed lest Theodore Roosevelt's personal ambitions after returning from Africa might repeat the episode in Napoleon's life when he "returned from Elba."

All this would seem rather an unfortunate and unnatural comparison so far as the ex-president is concerned. Those who have known Theodore Roosevelt best feel sure that such a conception of his attitude as covetous of President Taft's place in the White House is not at all in keeping with the character of the man. There are presidential bees already buzzing, despite the chill weather, and it is supposed that a Rooseveltian stinger might be more effective than one of any other species. In this connection a certain scientific fact may be of service—if one holds his breath, it is said no sting can be inflicted by the bee; the little yellow, honey-seeking chap may alight as often as he pleases, but he cannot harm while the human being holds his breath. If these hair-raising thrillers occasion a general holding of the breath, the consequence is likely to be that no sting will be inflicted.

From talking with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a staunch life-long friend, and Sheriff Seth Bullock of Deadwood, a man who has

slept under the same blanket with Theodore Roosevelt for many a night—and from conferences with others who are really close to the ex-president and who know him—none could even conceive of such a thing as Theodore Roosevelt leading a charge against his friend, William Howard Taft, on his return, despite the hints of the buzzers, who are earnestly desirous of making capital of the absent lion-hunter's fame. Political feeling now, as ever, seems to derange the vision so that even deliberate men may not see straight. After taking personal observations and being present at many of those scenes which have been magnified into possible schisms in "the party," and are described as "acute situations," it tickles one's sense of humor to see serious-minded statesmen and editors trying to sit down and evolve grave and impossible situations from everyday affairs, such as have always occurred since politics were first invented. A lover of Kipling has suggested that they make their own the droll philosophy of "live and let live" embodied in his little ballad:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;  
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,  
'E went an' took—the same as me!

"The market-girls an' fishermen,  
The shepherds and the sailors, too,  
They 'eard old songs turn up again,  
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.  
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!"

\* \* \*

RECENT statistics show that \$71 out of every \$100 earned by railroads last year were paid out for equipment or material, but by far the largest share of that \$71 was on the payrolls. Out of each \$100 only \$9 went to the owner, or the shareholder, totaling a little over four per cent, on the average. The million and a half men working on railroads earn two billion five hundred thousand dollars, or more than \$7,000,000 a day, and the payrolls of American roads show only \$80,000 less than the combined pay lists of the armies of the United States, Germany, France and Japan, while their earnings are three times the total revenue of the United States, and twenty-nine times the total gold production of this country. How's that for figures?

WHEN I met Charles D. Norton, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, I could readily understand why he had made a success in his work as general agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. His ability was quickly recognized by the banking concerns, and Mr. Norton became interested and went abroad to study European systems at close range. While doing this work he



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CHARLES D. NORTON OF CHICAGO

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

came under the notice of Secretary Mac Veagh, who desired him to take the treasury appointment. His salary at that time was \$50,000 per year, but he felt that the \$4,500 salary from the government, with the experience and prestige which would follow, was worth the financial loss involved in the exchange of positions.

Scarcely thirty-eight years of age, Mr. Norton is another of those typical young men who have become prominent in business financial circles through treasury appoint-

ments. A thorough student, an enthusiastic and cool-headed executive, his friends anticipate a record that will be distinctive in the annals of the Treasury Department.

\* \* \*

THAT classical works only are carried in their pockets by congressmen is the text of a new joke. Now and then, with a staid



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Wash.

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH  
United States Senator from Michigan

and serious face, Senator William Alden Smith will appear on the [threshold and utter a quatrain that delights his colleagues. Knowing his studious habits, one day when he appeared in the doorway, the senators all prepared to hear rolling from his tongue some magnificent quotation from Virgil, or other worthy of antiquity. Clearing his voice, the senator prefaced his poetry by saying that these lines had impressed themselves on his memory during the summer, while on a vacation trip to the lakes.

"Looking out over the placid waters of Lake Michigan, these lines seemed so appropriate that they will never fade from my mind—it may be that they will never fade from yours. I heard these five lines while my boat lay at anchor in the soft twilight, and I stood to watch the lengthening shadows

of the trees, as the afterglow faded into deep orange on the horizon."

"Won't you repeat this poetic gem for us?" inquired a colleague, expecting a new classical outburst.

Once more he cleared his throat:

"The pretty young wife of the banker  
Sweetly slept while the yacht lay at anchor,  
But awoke in dismay  
When she heard the mate say  
'Let's haul up the top-sheet and spank'er.'"

There was a moment of silent surprise, and then the only response to this erudite quotation was a chorus of "shocking," "shocking," from the assembled Senators as they hove anchor for the Senate Chamber.

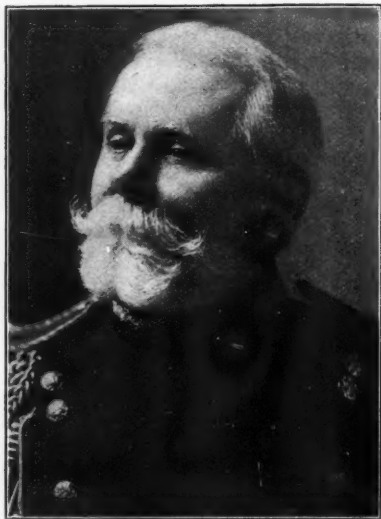


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GENERAL ARTHUR MURRAY, U.S.A.

Who solved the difficult problem of protecting New York city. Submarine mines have been planted in the deep waters of the "race" at the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound

THE appointment of Cuno H. Rudolph and General John A. Johnston as commissioners of the District of Columbia by President Taft is meeting with universal approval in Washington. Mr. Rudolph has been prominently identified with public affairs in the capital for some years, having served for two years as chairman of the Joint Finance Committee, during which time \$30,000 were raised each year for the



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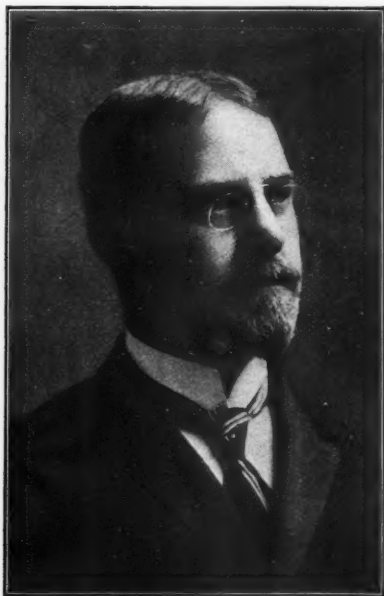
**VISCOUNTESS DE MARTEL**

Wife of the Secretary of the French Embassy, and a very pretty French society woman.

(585)

Associated Charities and Citizens' Relief Association.

He has also become very well known in connection with many other organizations; he is president of the Rudolph & West Com-



CUNO H. RUDOLPH

Newly appointed Commissioner of the District of Columbia

pany, and vice-president of the Metropolitan National Bank, the Columbia Country Club and the Commercial Club; he is director of the Union Savings Bank, the Washington Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Children's Hospital, and the American Forestry Association, is on the Advisory Committee of the Southern Commercial Congress, and is trustee of the Neighborhood House and of the Howard University, besides being secretary of the Father Stafford Memorial Association.

In 1901 he was active in organizing the first public playground committee, and has remained the chairman. Until March, 1909, he was president of the Public Playground Association, having then filled that office from the time the association was organized until he resigned.

His membership in various societies pre-

sents a wide field for his abilities, and includes the Prisoners' Aid Society, Columbia Historical Society, Choral Society, Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis, Washington Country Club, Executive Committee of Inaugural Committee, to which he has belonged since 1896. He is also director of the Summer Outing Committee and vice-president of West Brothers Brick Company, which gives a hint of what one man can do,



Photo by Clineinst

MRS. VICTOR MURDOCK

Wife of Congressman Murdock of Kansas. She is the leader of the Congressional insurgent-social circle at the Capitol

provided he is sufficiently industrious, active and willing.

Born in Baltimore in 1860, Mr. Rudolph has resided in Washington since the year 1890, and the mere record of the organizations in which he has active membership is ample evidence of his qualifications for office, as well as an indication of his wide sympathies and varied ability. His enthusiasm for and interest in all that has to do with the welfare of the District is unflagging.

On the other hand, General Johnston has the sterling qualities of the soldier, and his

concentrated abilities in disciplinary and executive work will add just the right balance for a strong team of District Commissioners under the Taft administration.

\* \* \*

THE major portion of President Taft's message was devoted to matters relating to the Department of State. This part of the governmental machine is the only one which does not make an annual report, so that the yearly summary made known to the public regarding its work must come officially through the President's message. All through this important document occurs

vidual owners of a graduation certificate or an insurance policy seldom know just what the paper contains. How many owners of marriage certificates have read them through with care? They are content with the bare fact that the deed is done. But when it comes to relations between the nations of the world, greater care will be given to these treaties than has been bestowed, perhaps, upon any other papers. Treaties have changed the map of the world, and in the United States every treaty must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate before it can go into effect.

There has always been more or less of a feeling of distrust between the legislative and diplomatic forces. Now the tender sensibilities of the diplomatic corps are becoming inured to the rough and tumble amenities of congressional action and resigned to the ne-



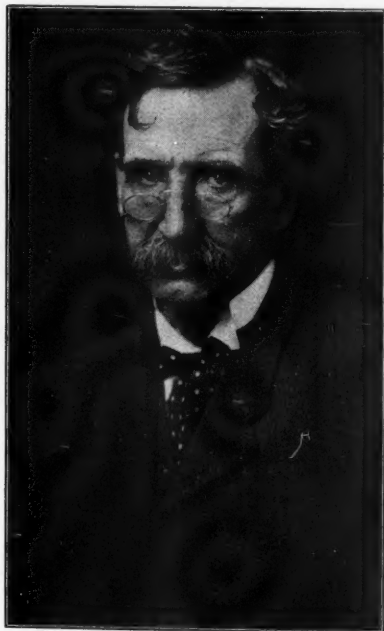
Photo copyright, 1909, Clinedinst

CHANDLER HALE

Third Assistant Secretary of State

the word "treaty," which emphasizes the growing importance of our peaceful relations with other governments—for treaties have a peaceful look.

Heretofore there has been very little interest taken in the mere documents, signed sealed and delivered in the regular routine at the State Department. Once disposed of in this way, a state paper often seems to lose its interest and force. Even the indi-



W.D. HOARD, EX-GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

cessity of rendering to Congress some account of the earnest work done by the chief and staff of the diplomatic service.

Probably the most remarkable of all treaties, one that was never sworn to and

never broken, one built upon mercy, friendship and brotherhood, was that made by William Penn with the red men. This is still pointed out as an ideal treaty, in that there was no need for the careful study of the changing shades of meaning in words—the intention was right, and the treaty was right. The good old Quaker would not have agreed to the remark, believed to have been made by Napoleon, "If obscure clauses do not exist in a treaty, it is good policy to get them in."

\* \* \*

NO less an authority than ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin insists that there is nothing in the curriculum of the average school that tends to encourage a farmer's boy or girl to remain on the farm. What he is taught leads him, on the contrary, to believe that the scope of his intellect and ambitions is far beyond any range offered by agriculture. This criticism has awakened widespread comment and calls attention to a fact that has puzzled many legislators and instructors.

The tendency at the present time to regard the farm as a worthy field of life employment is increasing, and it is no longer a reproach to one to be known as a tiller of the soil. The teachers also are realizing that it is a mistake to instill into the minds of children in country schools an idea that they must go outside the boundaries of the time-honored calling of their fathers to find their life work. For years the country has been threatened with the total loss of its best and most energetic young people, who went in large numbers to the cities. Instructors and parents are alike realizing that with the introduction of telephones, rural free delivery and improved machinery, the boy has opportunities as a farmer that are at least equal to if not surpassing any he

will find in city life. This does not mean that the young people will remain "home-keeping youths with homely wits," but that they will have leisure, opportunity and means to visit other places and thus learn the lessons that are taught by travel.

The country school-teacher is face to face with the great problem of instilling into the

farmer lads a proper and lasting appreciation of the dignity of real farming. Men who have been brought up in the country have little fear as to the ultimate success of this form of instruction, for no matter what avocation a man may follow in industrial or city life, his mind constantly reverts to his cherished ambition of having a farm of his own some day, where he "can watch things grow" and go out to pluck his own fruits, flowers and vegetables in his old age, or sit in the sun beneath his own "vine and fig tree."

\* \* \*



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

THE calmness and deliberation of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt contrast sharply with the excitability of the militant suffragettes of England. After a chat with the forceful president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, one feels that the suffragists of the United States might well have confidence in their clear-headed and intrepid leader. A lady in every sense of the word, she impresses her listeners with the justice of her cause as a woman, irrespective of the much harped upon equality. Always well-gowned, and a charming public speaker, her deeply rooted convictions are set forth in a way that has no suggestion of unworthy aggressiveness. Her weapons are unassailable logic and womanly tact, and there is not the slightest suggestion of the demagogue, or of whimpering femininity in Mrs. Catt's policy. Her years of experience as a school-teacher, and at the college at Ames, Iowa, have served



*Photo by Buck, Washington*

MRS. WILLIAM HALL MILTON

her well, and have doubtless aided to perfect her in her unique, clear, logical method of explaining and transmitting ideas to others. Abuse of the trousered sex is not indulged in, but, on the other hand, she requests justice from men, to say nothing of expecting chivalry.



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MADAM PAUL RITTER  
Wife of the new minister from Switzerland

This attitude has won the strong support of many men, who believe with Keir Hardy that if women are compelled to become bread-winners they ought at least to be assured of the same protection afforded men filling similar positions. It is not so much a question of abstract "rights" as of justice

for women supporting themselves and those dear to them.

Laying aside the hackneyed argument that "taxation without representation is tyranny," Mrs. Catt goes direct to the thought of Thomas Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, which denies all authority but that of just powers with the consent of the governed, clearly implying the elimination of any special favor shown to one sex over another. Despite this noble declaration made on United States soil, today many European women are better off in this respect than those residing in this country. Mrs. Catt shows that this is not a new question, as is commonly supposed, but goes back to the days of Plato. Translating the sayings of ancient times into modern speech, she says, "Government is unjust that governs one-half its people without their consent," and turning with a quizzical smile, she adds: "Women are people, are they not?"

Though twelve European countries offer women more suffrage privileges than the United States permits, Mrs. Catt believes that the undercurrents at work will give women this privilege in a most unexpected way, in the course of natural evolution, and without radical or revolutionary upheaval. She points out how one legislature after another, in this country, has enacted woman suffrage laws in either the lower or upper House, only to have the movement defeated in the other House—an unworthy plan of "sidestepping" a reform which they seem afraid either to grant

or deny. She feels that some time it may be found that the "joker" will unexpectedly win the game.

For many years before the death of Susan B. Anthony, the renowned leader of the Woman Suffrage Movement, Mrs. Catt was one of her lieutenants, and was named as one

of "her girls" to carry on the work to which Miss Anthony had devoted her life with a simple, quiet, womanly devotion that has inspired the women advocating woman suffrage in the United States to recognize that the true influence of women is as women; and that the object is not to make women men, or to make men women, but rather to give to women the opportunity to secure the fair return for the work they do that should be assured to every toiler under a democratic government.

\* \* \*

THERE must have been a sense of satisfaction in the hearts of Henry B. F. MacFarland and Henry Litchfield West as they laid down their official pens as commissioners of the District of Columbia, at the first of the year, in reviewing the work achieved during the years in which they so faithfully filled these responsible positions. A close and intimate friend of the late President McKinley, Mr. MacFarland took office in 1900, with a high-minded purpose for a vigorous, clear-minded policy, such as he has pursued to the credit of the capital city and the nation. The achievements of the past ten years include extensive public improvements amounting to twenty-three million dollars, including railway terminal work, a city sewage disposal system, suburban sewers, filtration plant, the bridge across the Potomac, the Connecticut Avenue bridge over Rock Creek, the extension of the high water system, the improvement of Rock Creek Park, and other parks and boulevards, and the construction of the handsome, new district building on Pennsylvania Avenue. The District of Columbia made extensive and practical advancement in that decade, and the work was conscientiously conducted by Mr. MacFarland and Mr. West—two newspaper men who have made a record of great credit to the craft.

The success of these two Commissioners has done much to bring into popular favor the commission form of government, now being generally adopted throughout the



SENATOR WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH OF IDAHO

country, as in Des Moines, Galveston, Kansas City and Boston. It shows what concentrated responsibility affords, especially when placed in the hands of men of the character and ability of such commissioners as the "two Harrys," who have

just retired with so much honor and distinction. Mr. MacFarland retires to practice law in Washington and Mr. West to take up journalism, the profession that he has so signalled honored.

\* \* \*

ONE scion of European nobility has come to America with no intent of seeking the almost inevitable heiress. Baron Ludwig de Leopold, with the address of Boulevard Victor Hugo, of Paris, is visiting this country



CHEVALIER LUDWIG DE LEOPOLD

to investigate agriculture and stock-raising. While the chevalier comes out with a grand manner of the European courts, after a few weeks' stay in Chicago, he finds himself as much at home in the stockyards as in Spain's Escorial, where Alphonso the Thirteenth conferred on him the decorations of the order of Isabel la Catolica. After a chat with the Baron, one is convinced that he is first of all a citizen of the world and a business man. His foreign accent adds piquancy to his words. American life and manners have been fascinating to him, in his work of collecting data for a syndicate which he represents.

"No," he said, "I shall not write a book on America—pouf!—after a lifetime in

America a man would not know enough—but of the charm of this land, the electric air, the great spaces, the glory of mountain and river—the magnificent men, with gorgeous plans, the enterprises, the achievement, wonderful, epic!"

After such an exhilarating conversation one feels proud that he is an American. The Baron played the prince bountiful to a large number of poor children at his residence, 3534 Grand Boulevard, in Chicago, on Christmas Eve, where he acted as Santa Claus and turned his apartments into a miniature department store in distributing presents to poor children.

\* \* \*

LOOKING upon the massive hull of the "North Dakota," the greatest fighting craft afloat and the pride of the American Navy, I thought of the day when the vast hulk was launched from the ways in the presence of many residents of the young state for which the ship is named. As the breeze swept along her decks they heard in fancy the whistling winds raging about the old shanty, and sniffed the bacon frying, the simple repast that sufficed the Dakotan pioneers. The fragrance of the prairie roses, and the plaintive note of the plover came back in memory as they looked upon the great ship, and felt a thrill of pride in the peerless battleship of the nation which the young state possesses as her own.

Yet no one can look upon that vast structure of war and remember the amount of money expended in its construction without wondering what might have been the result had a similar sum been laid out in providing an agricultural college for each county of North Dakota. The ten million dollars expended would have sufficed for that, and would also have provided an ample endowment fund to carry on the work. Educational enthusiasts are firm in the belief that money invested in stimulating industry, especially in agricultural lines, will prove of far more value to the nation than millions of dollars expended on battleships whose prows plough the waters of the world's great highways.

At about the same time that the "North Dakota" became the proud champion of the seas, the "Olympia," Dewey's flagship, endeared to the American people by the historic associations connected with the

victory of Manila, was being dismantled for the scrap heap. What will be the fate of the "North Dakota" ten years hence? Will that massive hulk, that frowning armament, which cost so much in labor and money to produce, outlive its usefulness in a single decade, and be consigned ignominiously to destruction?

\* \* \*

AND it all occurred at Washington, D. C. Commander Peary, dashing along in a taxicab to keep a dinner appointment, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, was overtaken in a snowstorm. The taxi skidded, went right up in the air like a bucking broncho, performed a few leaps and then hopped off into a snowdrift, and listed like a ship in the ice at Etah. A stenographic report of the proceedings is quoted as follows:

"Goodness," said Mrs. Peary.

"Gracious," said Mrs. Peary's sister.

"Heavings," said the gallant discoverer of the North Pole. It seemed quite natural and homelike to him, though possibly his enthusiasm for Arctic scenes in Washington waned a little before the chauffeur had succeeded in digging them out. His anxiety to get out of the drift may have been due to the fact that the latitude of the cash register on the cab was approaching the neighborhood of \$7.50; while the longitude stood at 8.47 P. M. for an eight o'clock dinner. A relief expedition rescued them at longitude 9.47, and there was latitude enough to break the pocket of even the good commander had it reached that height every time he dined out. They arrived at the igloo of the host and turned in at the fag end of the feast given in honor of Commander Peary. After all there had been only two hours' delay in the snowdrift, but the party expressed themselves as having had enough of polar work for that time.

\* \* \*

NO department in Washington has had a more marked change than the State Department. Secretary Knox has made good use of the one hundred thousand dollars contingent fund appropriation for the reorganization of the consular service. A division has been made in the different fields, such as the Eastern, far Eastern, Pacific and European, and all the different areas have been well covered. Paradoxical as it may

seem, the Roosevelt methods and spirit and his way of doing things have been rigidly preserved in the State Department.

Secretary Knox has a way of writing letters which may not be dainty or diplomatic or lavender scented, but he manages to make his meaning clear, as in the case of the Nicaraguan trouble, when President Zelaya and his government were left in no doubt as to what the United States thought of their actions and policy.

Wilbur J. Carr is now occupying the post

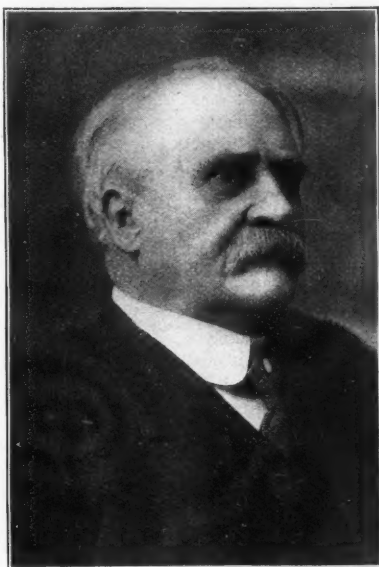


Photo by Clineinst

JUSTICE HORACE H. LURTON

Appointed to the United States Supreme Court to succeed Justice Peckham. Justice Lurton is a close personal friend of President Taft

of director of the Consular Service, and the record books of the State Department show traces of more radical innovation, under the administration of Secretary Knox, than has been apparent under the rule of any other person who has carried the portfolio to and fro in the White House grounds for years past. Precedent does not seem to count for much nowadays, even though the little red, white and blue ribbons do float around all the documents that are passed from room to room. The Secretary has little patience with meaningless red tape, and desires to have the

service conducted on an alert, energetic business basis, such as is now in vogue all over the country. In fact, the policy of the State Department is indicated in the snappy way in which the Secretary crosses Executive Avenue on the cabinet days; his alert, quick, decisive step suggests his character and the character of his department.

\* \* \*

FOR years public interest has been invoked to perfect and establish a plan for aiding injured workmen. This important matter is now the text of a new bill in Congress.

Senator Root has taken up the matter with his usual clear-sightedness, just as he would unravel any legal proposition, and is insisting that the present system of dealing with those injuries that come to employees in great industrial undertakings is both barbarous and wasteful. He says it is useless to deny the fact that in all kinds of business and manufacture there may occur accidents. Every crushed foot, broken arm and ruined nervous system must be taken into account in the law of averages when the strength of the nation is computed.

The injustice of compelling the injured employee to begin long and expensive litigation to secure just compensation for injury—to say nothing of the legion of lawyers who live on the misfortunes and injuries of others—Mr. Root regards as a grave defect in our laws. An equitable mode of dealing with the claims of the injured workmen is enlisting the serious attention and effort of all thoughtful legislators at Washington.

We may well study methods prevailing in other countries in regard to this matter. In Germany, for instance, an injured workman receives prompt compensation without recourse to law. The recompense is worked

out according to a standard of taxation, and achieves a larger measure of justice than is known in any of our own cases of damage suits.

\* \* \*

NO oriental ambassador ever left the shores of the United States with more expressions of regret or was bidden a more hearty "Godspeed" than Dr. Wu Ting Fang when he returned to China. His forceful personality will not soon be forgotten. Well do I recall my first visit to the Chinese embassy, where I found myself surrounded

by exquisite trophies of the "Oldest Land," rare dragons and carvings, and specimens of ancient art that are almost priceless today. But when I met the genial Chinese minister I began to realize that, instead of obtaining information, I was more likely to give it, for Dr. Wu believed in cross-examination as the best means of eliciting information, and his questions and observations regarding American life were always of great interest.

He insisted that excessive work and excessive play bring about excessive eating in this country, and that these are the most baneful habits

of American society. Some of the good people who can "always worry down another dish of ice cream" or "a few more chocolates," might be benefitted by hearkening to the epigrammatical remarks of Dr. Wu. His theory is that work and recreation ought to be proportionate.

There was always a fund of humor in his observations, and his last words to the crowd assembled on the dock were characteristic of him:

"You will not be alive when I come back. Your life won't be as long as mine. I eat what is good for me and eat only when I feel hunger. I grow younger each year, and soon I shall have to stop caring for myself, for I do not wish to appear too young."



HENRY WARD, OF IDAHO

**A**FTER mingling with federal law-makers at Washington, it is refreshing now and then to get out into the other districts and meet the members of state legislatures, which furnish the recruits for the National Congress. Here are scores of young men aglow with high ideals and noble purposes, and fired with a well-nurtured ambition to enter Congress. Among them is Henry Ward, of Hulbert, Oklahoma, who was born in the Cherokee Nation of the old Indian Territory. Having lost his left leg at the age of fourteen, he was debarred in some measure from a very active life. He entered the Normal College at Siloam Springs and graduated at the age of seventeen. He taught school for several years, and in 1908 was elected to the State Legislature of Oklahoma.

Always an enthusiast on matters of progressive legislation, Mr. Ward was instrumental in passing the child labor law and locating the Northeastern State Normal College in his home county at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. He is now making a close study of the income tax, and has called attention to the fact that in 1646 the first income tax was levied in this country by order of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and a tax of this nature has ever since been maintained in the Codfish Commonwealth. A federal tax was imposed by the Federal Government in 1861,

when three per cent was levied on incomes of eight hundred to ten thousand dollars, and over that sum the rate was five per cent. This scale was revised in 1864-1867, and in 1872 the law was repealed. The total derived from the income tax of that period was \$346,911,760, a nice sum paid into the Treasury. In 1894 Congress imposed a tax of two per cent on all incomes above four thousand dollars, and all companies, other than partnerships came under this law.



The problems of life

**T**HE crier had announced the court as in session, when Chief Clerk Fowler stated that a new justice had been appointed and confirmed, and was about to take oath of office. With all the judges standing he read



The "Three Guardsmen" on the Federal bench twenty years ago. Now Justice Lurton, President Taft and Justice Day of the Supreme Court

the oath from a typewritten copy, and the new member of the Supreme bench took his seat on the extreme end of the bench, next to his old colleague, Justice Day, who was the first to congratulate him as he joined the judicial line.

Despite his iron gray hair, Justice Lurton, this latest Supreme bench arrival, carries his years and honors lightly, and looks the part of the typical and learned judge, dignified and erect, imbued with all the courtly gallantry of the South. What good old times he and his friend, the President, must have to talk over during their saunters about the White House grounds in their leisure moments.

This shows how the influence of old associations will assert itself. A photograph of the United States Court of Appeals has been published, showing Judge Taft as the central figure, with Judge William R. Day at one side and Judge Lurton at the other, a juxtaposition which explains at a glance the reason for the appointment of Judge Lurton to the Supreme Court. Two of Judge Taft's old colleagues are now on the Supreme bench, and it is a deserved tribute to true and tried friends. This trio met in the incipient stages some of the grave problems which are today confronting the executive, judicial and legislative branches of the government, and it is natural that they should be deemed able to handle them in more advanced form. What is more natural than to entrust delicate and important problems to those who have

been tested in years of experience. This was McKinley's successful plan of choosing men.

Attention has been called to the fact that President Roosevelt made very few fortunate appointments, outside of the men previously selected by President McKinley. The reason for this may be that in his impulsive way many appointments were made too hastily, and would not stand the test of time—the severe test applied by years of acquaintance. It would seem that the same rule might well



She wanted the Senator to read her novel

prevail in governmental appointments as in business, giving the post to a man of known and tried ability, or if obliged to go outside for candidates, following the suggestion of a prominent employer of labor: "Never take a man at the first interview; wait and see how he stands the perspective of three calls."

\* \* \*

OCCASIONALLY a young novelist will drift into Washington to "get the atmosphere of the capital" for his work. A Western senator tells of a young lady who came to him with the most thrilling love story, all neatly typewritten. It contained love-making episodes on almost every page, and when her hero and heroine were not actually so occupied, they were getting ready for the next spurt. The Senator was a little flattered that the young lady should seek his advice on points of political procedure, which were to occur in the life of the hero. In order to give him a clearer understanding of the charm of her

principal characters she read to him extracts from her manuscript:

"'Twas in the orchard that they met, and the crimson blush on her cheeks outrivalled the glory of the gorgeous blossoms that drooped above her lovely head. He took both her hands in his and sought to gaze into her face, averted like a flower tossed by a summer sighing zephyr"—the Senator here remarked that the language was "very fine."—"He gazed upon her encarnated cheek and alabaster brow, and then softly and tenderly lifted one of her golden ringlets, which had been wafted toward him on the scented breeze, and reverently kissed it."

At this moment the office boy appeared.

"Oh, rats," he cried, impulsively.

"Now that the boy mentions it," said the Senator mildly, "why should a young man fool with a lady's back hair when her ruby lips are within easy reach? When I was a young man I never acted that way. Besides ladies don't wear ringlets now, it's all rats and mice

and ready-made puffs. Had not you better revise it, my dear?"

Recent inquiries indicate that the "best seller" is not yet on sale in Washington.

\* \* \*

A CONGRESSMAN had returned to his constituency to deliver a carefully prepared address. For weeks the midnight gas of Washington had illuminated his ideas, as he carefully extracted them one by one from the library's amply supplied shelves. The day arrived, and loosening the first button of his Prince Albert, he uttered his carefully prepared prefatory remarks, and to this day he cannot understand the ripple of laughter which swept over his audience when he uttered his opening sentence—"Be-

fore I begin to speak to you, I desire to say something."

He said it.

\* \* \*

WEARING a short frock coat, a gray sweater, and a soft felt hat pulled down over



"Before I begin my address, I have something to say"

his eyes, President Taft sets out for his daily walk, for he has not forgotten Rooseveltian habits. During the winter days, starting off behind the White House, through the government nurseries, he turns toward the speedway, evidently determined to have plenty of exercise, even if the golf links are not available. Circling the monument and approaching the Capitol grounds, the President keeps up a lively pace, with General Edwards ploughing along beside him, wearing a heavy fur coat. Up Capitol Hill and down again to the Avenue, amid the throngs crowded about the moving picture shows, he passes unrecognized, except by a few more familiar with the appearance of the President of the United States. Clad in his rough disguise, he seems to enjoy mingling with the crowds more than do the secret service men who follow him. There is something very characteristic in his deliberate walk suggesting that, as he goes along, he is quietly adjusting his mind to the surroundings. A jocosely reporter has characterized the presidential gait as "the Taft toddle," and insists that his mode of walking suggests his constitutionals on the careening deck of a government transport in heavy weather.

\* \* \*

## THE maids and butlers of

Washington's finest residential districts are well trained, but sometimes even they fail to discriminate. A story is told of a milkman who had a great deal of trouble in collecting his bills at a certain aristocratic house. The lady of fashion put him off over and over again and absolutely refused to see him in person—as a milkman.

Money is as essential in dispensing the lacteal fluid as in other lines of business, so the milkman resorted to strategy. A few days after his latest unanswered appeal, a man, arrayed in the latest style of fall suit, with flashing diamond studs in a snow-white shirt bosom, hands neatly gloved and carrying a cane, walked up the steps of the residence of the delinquent milk purchaser. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the mistress of the house was at breakfast.

Looking out before opening the door—some Washington hall doors are provided with a ventilator-like "lookout" like those of Philadelphia—the maid failed to recognize the milkman, divested of his overalls. Open-

## PICTURES



President Taft swinging down Pennsylvania Avenue for a constitutional

ing the door, on hearing his modest request for Mrs. So-and-so, she at once ushered him in and took his card to her mistress. He waited—a trifle awkwardly, perhaps—in the hall, but was upheld by the stern justice of his errand. The lady of the house arrived.

"Yes?" she said questioningly. "What can I do for you?"

"The amount of this, if you please, madam," said he, presenting the obnoxious bill.

Whatever the lady may have thought of the improvised Beau Brummel, the bill was promptly paid. There were no lingering farewells, but the milk account in that house was always taken care of to date after that, though in private it is said the fashionable dame described that milkman as "a perfect

ornithorhynchus," which she explained means "a beast with a bill."

All this shows that the American people have long since learned the art of money-making,



He "presented the bill"

and might send out cards for a reception to all the nations of the earth to come and congratulate them on their success in creating a nation, possibly adding the assurance affixed to the wedding cards of the thrice widowed who was marrying for the fourth

time: "Guests are assured that this is no amateur performance."

\* \* \*

THE sayings of the late Tom

Reed are repeated often in a reminiscence chat. His sarcasm was classic. In referring to an adversary he once drawled out in that inimitable Reed twang: "When some men talk they say nothing; when other men talk they say something; but when MacMillin talks he certainly does subtract frightfully from the sum total of human knowledge."

\* \* \*

INTEREST in wild animals is common to all classes of men. At the Museum of Natural History in New York crowds usually stand around the largest fossil ever mounted. It is a brontosaurus skeleton, and is over sixty-six feet in length. The thigh bones weigh five hundred and seventy pounds, and it is estimated that the animal entire would tip the beam at ninety tons. It was undoubtedly the largest creature that ever strode through the jungle, and probably the largest that ever walked this earth on four legs. Beside me was a young girl who shooed her curls. She had come from Boston for a holiday in the "giant city." After minute study from all sides, she remarked, looking hard at the man in front who obstructed her view:

"These gigantic beasts were not possessed of superior brains, I surmise, and that is

why they were not so dangerous as they appear; simply mountains of flesh, with only brains enough to keep themselves alive and not enough sense to get out of the way." With that she shot a furious glance at the big New Yorker who intercepted her view.

\* \* \*

IN connection with the reorganization of the Navy department is combined an effort to rehabilitate the Merchant Marine of the United States. The saying goes that a government without a merchant marine is "quite as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Work done in years past promises to result in some favorable action by the present Congress, for the gauntlet has been thrown down, and it is insisted that the establishment of an American Merchant Marine will prevail

against the intrigue and interference of foreign shipping interests, which have controlled ninety per cent of the world's shipping. A fight has been forced, and the Humphrey Bill promises a new era in the history of the Merchant Marine service. The opposition of the Middle Western states—that could not fail to find themselves among the most favored beneficiaries of such an act—can no longer be counted upon when it is shown that the opposition to subsidizing an American Merchant Marine comes chiefly from the foreign shipping interests.

The hearty endorsement of President Taft and a stronger championship in Congress is rapidly creating a more favorable sentiment, and it has been demonstrated that commerce between the United States and the South American markets, and indeed the ports of the whole world, can never become adequate to our needs or credit-



Silhouette of "Czar"  
Reed



"Just seeing the sights"

able to the American nation, until our "sea power" in peace equals our armament for war. The high efficiency of the United States Navy is comparatively useless if the flag defends no merchant marine. The enthusiastic endorsement of business men and especially of those interested in increasing our exports has not uncertainly shown an aggressive ambition to return the United States where she was before the Civil War, in her proper position as a world "sea power," capable of carrying her own share of the world's commerce, and of introducing her myriad manufactures and varied products under her own flag, wherever the sea paths lie open to earth's remotest bounds.

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AT the New Willard recently might be seen an oriental gentleman, clad in gorgeous array, wearing a turban which was especially remarked as he passed up "Peacock Alley." It created a great deal of comment when it was announced by its owner that it contained forty yards of muslin, an amount sufficient to make four or five dresses. One lady remarked that she could now understand why it was difficult for women in India to obtain their rights, when the other sex appropriated so much of the dress materials. Indian muslin is very thin and delicate, and the test made on the best grades is unique. The muslin is spread on the grass over night that the dew may fall on it and thoroughly saturate it with moisture; if the fabric does not practically disappear under its bath, it is rejected as not of sufficiently fine quality to suit the rajahs for turbans. If it becomes invisible, it is accepted as of first-class quality. In even a small gathering of Indian nabobs one might discover enough Indian muslin in headgears to supply an ordinary American department store.

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AS chairman of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota looms up a picturesque figure in Washington. A sturdy Norwegian farmer of the Gopher State, a descendant of the Vikings—though the Senator insists that while it is polite to call his ancestors Vikings, they were just "plain pirates"—it is remarked that few senators stand more strongly than he with the people of his state, where everyone seems

to have a good word for Knute Nelson. As chairman of the Committee of Public Lands, he is thoroughly conversant with the disputed points involved in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. President Taft's chief object is to put laws upon the statutes that will actually carry government policies into effect in a logical and legal manner, and make the conservation of natural resources a matter of deliberate legislation in the various states, and participated in by Congress, rather than to leave matters to the arbitrary control of one man or a commission. Public



Senator Knute Nelson talking it over in the Senate corridor

lands containing water power sites, coal, phosphates and other valuable resources are being minutely provided for in the bills which Congress is expected to act upon. When Senator Nelson gets those blue eyes focussed on a witness and gives an extra motion to those sturdy jaws, the truth and all the truth must come. His committee room is convenient to the Senate restaurant, and the Senator says that if you want to find a statesman in good humor, it is generally in his corner of the Capitol right after lunch. Late in the afternoon or early in the morning he is at work, trying out his cases with the same ardor as when he fought a lawsuit with only a pig in prospect as a fee.

CONSPICUOUS among the recent conventions held in Washington was the conference of governors. The first meeting was held in the East Room at the White House three years ago, when President Roosevelt presided. The organization has crystalized into a potential influence toward creating more uniform legislation among the various states. In the hotel lobby at the Willard gathered the governors of thirty-one states, attired a-top with the silk "tile"



Governors Hadley, Hughes and Harmon  
with their heads together

which has come to be recognized as the token of gubernatorial distinction.

People from various states thronged about to grasp the hand of their governor. Governor Willson of Kentucky called the distinguished assembly to order, insisting that the social feature of getting acquainted comes first. The meetings were held in a dainty parlor on the second floor, fitted with chairs of gold lacquer and damask trimmings. The discussions were comprehensive, and the wonder is that such meetings have not been held before, as they most impressively emphasized the unity of the states. At the White House reception, the dignified line of silk hats filed in through the opened glass doors, each man keeping step with unanimity of purpose.

The real business of the conference was outlined by Governor Hughes of New York, the first speaker. His address was a fitting prologue outlining the work. The speaker did not favor meeting in Washington, because of coming in too close contact with federal legislators. He sharply outlined the functions of federal and state legislation. Ambassador James Bryce was called forth

from one of the rear seats for an address. The proceedings were of particular interest to the author of "The American Commonwealth." He has continued his thorough study of affairs American ever since he began preparing his notable text book on American civil government.

During the recess the full-whiskered governor of the Empire State conferred with the smooth-faced young Governor Hadley of Missouri and Governor Harmon of Ohio as earnestly as if preparing resolutions for a political platform. There seemed to be little indication of partisanship, the questions discussed being of a general welfare nature. The tall, slight young Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, who succeeded the late John A. Johnson, made a ringing address in support of a resolution to prevent Federal Courts from interfering with railroad cases until the state courts have passed upon them. Conservation of national resources was the topic launched for discussion by Governor Quimby of New Hampshire. The quasi-public utility corporation problem was the subject assigned Governor Fort of New Jersey. The state regulation of automobiles and public roads was handled in a most practical manner by Governor Draper of Massachusetts.

The conference resulted in giving a broader significance and dignity to the gubernatorial office, which in the intense interest on Federal matters has been overshadowed. Questions of quarantine and problems relating to interstate matters were very ably discussed. The mooted question came up in the hotel lobby every morning as to the precedence of a governor or senator, in the matter of official title. The governors have it all their own way at home, but at Washington it doesn't go. The likelihood of a governors' conference convening every year with every state and territory represented is an encouraging indication of more cohesive state laws and harmony with Federal legislations.

Those present at the first and final roll call were as follows: Frank B. Weeks, Connecticut; John Franklin Fort, New Jersey; Joseph M. Brown, Georgia; Simeon S. Pennewill, Delaware; President Taft; Augustus E. Willson, Kentucky; Herbert S. Hadley, Missouri; Martin F. Ansel, South Carolina; Bryant B. Brooks, Wyoming; John F. Shafroth, Colorado; Edwin L. Norris,

Montana; Richard E. Sloan, Arizona; Aram J. Pothier, Rhode Island; W. W. Kitchin, North Carolina; William E. Glasscock, West Virginia; James O. Davidson, Wisconsin; Secretary Wilson; James H. Brady, Idaho; Judson Harmon, Ohio; Beryl F. Carroll, Iowa; Ashton C. Shallenberger, Nebraska; Secretary Hitchcock; Adolph O. Eberhart, Minnesota; George Curry, New Mexico; R. S. Vessey, South Dakota; John Burke, North Dakota.

Not once was the time-worn query propounded as to what the governor of North Carolina remarked to the governor of South Carolina. There was a spirit of fellowship that Ambassador Bryce told me was peculiar to American officialdom, as in no other country do officials mingle so freely regardless of rank. He insisted that the increasing dignity and honor of the governorships of the various states was but the fulfillment of the original intentions of the framers of the Constitution.

While the governors were intent upon their problems the Civic Federation held another most interesting congress at the Arlington Hotel. The eloquent tribute paid to the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, in the opening exercises and hours of the convention was an impressive remembrance of work well done. It was Mark Hanna more than any other one man, who made possible the permanent results of arbitration between labor and capital. He introduced John Mitchell to J. Pierpont Morgan; his sterling sense of justice and sympathy for the workingmen did more to bring about an appreciation of the rights of others than any other force in public life. The civic federation was the one organization that always commanded his best effort, and he often said, "I had rather be instrumental in harmonizing labor and capital than be President of the United States." The meeting was in a sense a forum where all questions were discussed with a freedom and a spirit that surpassed the intensity of congressional debate or the lyceum and grange. The addresses by Senator Root, Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell contributed much to the literature of civic welfare. Uniformity in tax laws, the delays of courts and the inherent rights of the individual seemed to have an interest as keen as that manifested in Revolutionary times, in the free discussions of those days.

**I**MPORTANT information collected by the Monetary Commission is shown in figures indicating the resources of the banking interests of the United States, which will engross the attention of Congress in the future. Seldom has such a detailed mass of information been placed within the reach of all.

There have been reports from 6,893 national banks, 11,319 state banks, 1,703 mutual and stock savings banks, 1,497 private banks and 1,079 loan and trust companies, representing the great machinery of financial operations in the United States. Total individual deposits in these institutions now aggregate over fourteen billions of dollars; their resources are twenty-one billions, and the depositors number twenty-five million, 8,600,000 of whom have their money in savings banks. Nearly seven billion are now lying on deposit subject to check. Five billion in savings are recorded, and the time deposits exceed a



Governors are greeted by their admirers

billion and a quarter. What more inspiring facts could be presented to indicate the wealth of the nation? The balances roll smoothly from the tongue and pen, but it is difficult to understand this great aggregation of wealth and what it really represents. These statistics of the financial banking wealth of the country are now made public for the first time in history, from all the banks for a uniform date, outside of the formidable array of census figures.

The average rate of interest paid on savings

is 3.55, and on other interest-bearing accounts 3 1-10 per cent. Over forty per cent of the banks pay no interest on ordinary deposits. The state of New York leads with a per capita wealth in bank resources of \$676, while the average of \$237.24 is shown for every man, woman and child in the United States. Senator Aldrich, Congressman Vreeland, Congressman Weeks and other members of the commission are gathering this



Senator Frye of Maine, the father of Merchant Marine

information with all the enthusiasm of a collector of relics. Every scrap of information, every detail, every fact that can have any bearing upon the adjustment of one of the great problems which concern the American people is searched for and thoroughly analyzed, and if correct is duly recorded.

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**A**N interesting fact has been brought to light concerning the food production of the section from whence hails James J. Hill. The product of the flour mills amounts to 18,000 barrels per day. Someone has dug into historic records and has found that, in the brightest days of Pericles, the swiftest flour mills produced but two barrels of flour a day. What took the Greeks two days to perform is done in Minneapolis in two seconds.

The center of the flour milling industry of the world was formerly Budapest, but it is now Minneapolis, where at the Falls of St. Anthony, two million bushels of wheat are ground into flour every year. This great flouring industry had its beginning no longer ago than 1878, when the Hungarian machinery was introduced into this country. Within the memory of men now living, Minneapolis was placed on the map as the frontier, inhabited chiefly by wolves and prairie dogs. Should the industry increase in the future as it has in the past it would be difficult to predict what this great granary of the world would eventually turn out as its yearly grist.

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**W**HEN Senator William P. Frye walks down the centre aisle of the Senate he is now pointed out as having the distinction of being the oldest member in Congress in honor of continuous service. He began his legislative career in the summer of 1871 as a member of the House, and there is only one legislator now in Congress who was there at the time when the young congressman from the Pine Tree State took his seat. That legislator is no other than his colleague, Senator Hale, who although elected to the Forty-first Congress, has not served continuously as he dropped out of public life for one term. Senator Frye came to the House of Representatives as the successor of James G. Blaine. For over twenty-five years Senator Frye has served on the Committees on Commerce, and worked on many Rivers and Harbors bills, aggregating several millions of dollars in expenditure. It now looks as though the sturdy champion of the American Merchant Marine will see a law passed to encourage American shipping.

As long ago as 1876 Senator Frye originated the continuing contract system, which enabled improvements, begun and authorized by Congress, to be effected regardless of any change in Congress. The Galveston harbor would doubtless never have been finished under any other system. The state of Maine has been peculiarly fortunate in having a representative in Congress of national proportions. The persistent policy of continuing capable statesmen in office, irrespective of factional differences, has had much to do with making the men from Maine known to the nation.

# When MINNESOTA BLED

by Inez De Jarnatt Cooper



IT was in the summer of 1862 that the Indians became dissatisfied and we heard talk of it in our homes. I was fourteen years of age at the time and the youngest of the family. My parents had been able to give Henry and Lucy good schooling—they went to New Ulm. It was decided that I should go the spring and summer terms, but in the winter there had come to our vicinity a man from Vermont, who was so well qualified to teach that my parents concluded that I would do better at home. I was in nowise displeased at this, for to me there were not many men in the world finer than Mr. Winchester, the teacher, and I more than suspected that this opinion was shared by my sister Lucy.

When the summer came, I was still more pleased to be at home, for the Indians were reported active, in our neighborhood especially, and, boy-like, I thought if there should be an uprising, I wanted to share in the fighting.

Thus lightly we thought and talked, for there had been such friendly relations for so many years that no one attached much importance to the reports.

Late in July, however, it became apparent that the Indians were in earnest. Most of the farms were on the prairie and the school stood on the banks of the Minnesota River. In all the prairie states where a river runs, there is a fringe of woods. This was no exception, and the summer term of school was closed, because parents feared to let the little children pass alone through this, as all the older pupils, save in a few cases of the wealthier farmers, such as my father, were kept at home to help in the farm work.

Mr. Winchester decided not to leave the state in vacation, as he expected to open an early term of school in the fall, and he bargained to work for my father during harvest. My mother did not approve of this, as it was plain that he returned Lucy's regard, and she had other ideas for her only daughter. In the first place, Mr. Winchester was poor and ambitious. He wanted to become a lawyer and had people depending on him. Money must be earned and saved before he even began his studies. This meant a long wait and years of comparative poverty; and for the girl who had been given advantages far superior to other maids of the neighborhood, and whom any of the eligibles of the neighborhood would have been glad to wed, it seemed to my mother a very poor prospect.

I do not think that my father shared her misgivings, for he, in common with the other school directors, seemed to hold an opinion which was not far behind my boyish estimate; but what he said was that harvest hands were too scarce to miss engaging one of the best in the state.

On the morning of August 18, my father decided to drive to New Ulm to get some reaper repairs, and bring home a newly purchased buggy, we having recently sold our old conveyance to a neighbor. It was hot and extremely dry, and as we would begin harvesting in a few days, everything must be in readiness, for the unusually dry weather told that the ripening process would be quick.

He started before daylight, and just as dawn was breaking, we sat at breakfast, my mother not having called us until after he had left. We were somewhat constrained in

his absence. Henry was morose by nature, and marks of tears, which had been seen on Lucy's face for several days, plainly made it impossible for Mr. Winchester to maintain other than dignified silence when in the presence of my mother. We had about finished our meal, when he rose suddenly from the table, knocking his chair over backwards. It was done quickly and without a word, and in horror we turned toward the door, expecting to be massacred on the spot. What we did see—though not a band of Indians with tomahawks—was alarming enough. It was the apparition of Bad Boy, waving his arms frantically and pointing toward the woods skirting the river—this but a moment, and he was gone.

We were not slow to grasp his meaning, for Bad Boy had been nursed through a dangerous spell of sickness the winter before by my mother. He had come to our house to sell buffalo skins and had been taken ill on our very threshold, and mother had refused to turn him out—had "brought him back from death," so he said, and we knew that he came to warn us.

In less time than it takes to tell, Mr. Winchester was in the barn hitching a horse to the little buckboard, the only conveyance left, save the large farm wagon, which would not be so easily managed. Henry was in the house, urging and helping the women to hurry. I, wanting to help, hurried to mother's closet, filled a large valise haphazardly with clothes, and ran with it to the barn.

Mr. Winchester was backing out the cart, and I noticed that he had hitched up Major, our fastest, but by no means gentlest horse.

"Benton," he said, "you must pretend to be afraid to drive the women, for you and I can get away better than Henry."

I have not told it before, for we never spoke of it even among ourselves, but Henry was a cripple. He had a club foot and walking was very hard for him; at least it was a slow process. They were upon us now, and Henry was calling in agitated tones:

"Jump in quick, boy, in heaven's name!"

I began to blubber, and said that I could hide in the house, for the Indians would overtake the cart.

"No time to be lost, think of the women, Henry!" said Mr. Winchester, as he aided my mother, Lucy having sprung into the cart, while I was blubbering.

My mother was hysterical and Lucy white with terror at the thought of leaving us; and with a look of surprised disgust at my cowardice, mingled with horror at the thought of leaving me, Henry jumped into the cart and gave Major a stinging cut, which made him leap into the air as they drove off, leaving my mother's frantic good-byes, mingled with Lucy's "God take care of you both!" ringing in our ears.

We then hurried to the barn to get the two remaining horses, for the others were at pasture. It was Mr. Winchester's idea that we go horseback toward New Ulm and warn my father, the others having started for Fort Ridgley.

The barn, which stood almost at the edge of the bluff, was connected with the house by a long shed, such as they have in New England. Early Minnesota settlers were much amused at this, but my father was a New England man, and he said that Minnesota was far colder, and what was good for shelter in one place was good in another. There was an outside door directly opposite the door which entered the barn from the shed, the former opening on the bluff. This door was to admit light, and also to make it convenient to carry bedding for the cattle, for, as we usually thrashed west of the barn, we had our straw stack there.

We had hardly entered the barn before we saw through this door, which was left open during the hot weather, the Indians crossing the river, which was fordable at that point in the dry time.

Neither of us spoke, but the teacher grasped my hand.

"One chance in a thousand!" he said.

In a second we were running down the long gangway, thankful for the shelter it gave us.

"The cellar!" he panted, never loosening my hand, "and on to the kindling. It is our only chance, and then we may be burned like rats in a hole, but even that is better than being scalped."

In the cellar there was a great pile of debris left from the building, and also barks gathered from the timber, which we kept in the cellar in order to always have dry kindlings on hand. This pile reached the ceiling at its highest point, and we climbed behind the peak, which hid us, still giving us an opportunity to peer between the loosely lying wood.

His last words were whispered, for even now we could hear their yells—that awful blood-curdling whoop of the Sioux, for some, swifter than the others, had climbed the bluff, instead of taking the short path around it, and had reached the barn and dooryards.

I was to go through many shocking experiences, but never did my soul reach that apex of horror, as when I saw them enter the cellar, blood-stained, some bearing scalps and—oh, the horror of telling it—the head of little Amy Hilton, a much-loved school-mate, swung by its long golden braids, over one brute's shoulder.

And this in '62! Not when the land was a wild waste, but in a state of civilization, a time easily within the memory of thousands of our state's people today.

I felt the blood oozing from my heart, as I grew cold and dizzy, and would have fallen, thus knocking down any amount of kindling and courting certain death, had not a movement from Mr. Winchester brought me to my senses. Indeed, even his motion would not have escaped the keen eyes of the murderous villains, only they had been travelling and killing all night and were hungry, and, besides, the tracks of the cart and horses showed plainly that someone had left recently, so that they were not on the alert, save to destroy property. Everybody gone and no apparent chance for more butchery, they resorted to pillage to satisfy their appetites.

After they had gone, we lay quietly in our cramped positions, fearing to move, for Indians are very treacherous, and they might be near, while pretending to go. Soon we heard a whoop and the tramp of horses' hoofs, which died away in the direction of the next farmhouse. We then felt that they were deceived as to our presence, and would make no attempt to find us. Almost simultaneously with the whoop, we heard a crackling and knew that the cry was a ghastly jollification over the firing of the house. All the doors were open, and the drafts would rapidly feed the flames. We could not then escape through the house, but most farm-houses have an outside door to the cellar, and this was no exception. Through that we were afraid to leave, for fear that someone might be lurking near. At once we heard an explosion, and knew that the kerosene can in the pantry had blown up. This was

directly over us, and the place would not be much longer one of safety, for even the stout oak rafters could not always resist the rapidly spreading flames.

Mr. Winchester painfully drew himself over and whispered closely in my ear:

"The wind is in the south. It will blow the smoke between us and the Indians, and we will be hidden."

Stiff and sore, we climbed cautiously down. The Indians were on their way to New Ulm, and we started to the fort. Of course, the barn had been fired and the horses stolen, but we had our guns, which we had taken when we started for the barn. We hid in the river rushes for an hour, when we heard the tramping of hoofs.

We soon found the riders to be United States soldiers. The news of the slaughter had been brought to Fort Ridgely by a badly wounded citizen, who had driven into camp, and Captain Marsh, taking half his men, started to put down the rebellion. He thought with hundreds of other citizens that it was the work of desperadoes, and in no sense a general uprising.

This was a natural conclusion, for the annuity Indians had been raising a disturbance, because their allowance had not come on time and they were expecting it every day at the fort.

Captain Marsh's band, of which there were about forty, had a six-mule team and provender, and were bound for the Lower Agency, about fifteen miles up the river from the fort. Of course we joined them, and they continued on their journey to the Agency, which was reached by ferry.

As we neared the ferry, not an Indian was in sight, save one, who waved amiably for us to cross. Of course all were suspicious and even I, a boy, could see by the roily condition of the waters, usually so clear in this section, and by the grass floating in the river, that something unusual must have been disturbing them.

Next, Mr. Winchester spoke. He had the most penetrating voice that I have ever heard. Whether the tones were soft or loud, it seemed to carry a remarkable distance. He now spoke to the captain in a low tone, and with his wonderful voice called his attention to a group of ponies not far away.

This was at Fairbault's Hill, three miles from the Lower Agency. Here were the



extensive lowlands of the river, overgrown with lush grass. The ferry was reached by a wagon road. When we were on this bottom, our captain allowed us to stop for a moment, having us march on in single file toward the ferry house. Across on the high bluffs was the Lower Agency, for which we were bound. The ferry boat made us still more suspicious, for it looked as though it was ready for our especial use, although we had found the dead body of the ferryman, whom I had recognized, a mile past.

Besides the lone Indian on the opposite shore, some squaws and children were seen. I whispered that I knew that the Indian was their chief, White Dog, and Captain Marsh spoke to him through his interpreter.

This interpreter I had often seen, living as we did, so near the fort, and with a boy's aversion, with or without cause, I had always mistrusted him. I had heard others speak in the same way, and I gulped as I thought of it, for he was all that stood between us and the unseen, and for that reason all the more terrible enemy.

Thus he spoke—the mouthpiece of White Dog:

"Come across! Everything is right over here. We do not want to fight, and there will be no trouble. Come over to the Agency, and we will hold a council."

While this was going on, I went with Mr. Winchester and one of the soldiers to get water for the others. In bending down, I saw the heads of several Indians, who were hiding behind logs across the river. I almost tumbled into the river—I was but a lad, and had gone through enough that morning to unnerve a stronger person—but after an effort, I controlled myself. Stooping down, as if to refill my pail, from which I had drunk, I leaned toward my teacher.

"Wait a moment," I whispered, "and then look across at those logs on the bluff."

Mr. Winchester carried his water straight to the captain, and I suppose that he told him what we had seen, for we were ordered to retreat toward the ferry.

There we saw a drunken man. How he had escaped alive, I cannot tell, but it is probable, being drunk, he had been lying in some out-of-the-way corner, and when the Indians saw the ferryman run from the house, they had supposed it to be empty. He said:

"You are all gone up. The Indians are all around you. That side of the hill is covered with Indians."

We were ordered by the captain to the ferry boat and formed into line. The ropes and posts had been tampered with, and we stood quietly while these were being attended to. While waiting thus, Sergeant Bishop stooped down over the water and leaned out, apparently to get another drink. He walked back, outwardly calm, but reported in a few words that he thought that the Indians were crossing above, with the intention of surrounding us.

Just then White Dog jumped back and fired, and Interpreter Quinn called: "Look out!" At that moment, there was a voluminous discharge from the guns behind the logs. A number of our brave men fell, and the interpreter was fairly perforated with bullets. As good luck would have it, however, most of the bullets whizzed over our heads, and the captain ordered us to take a stand at the ferry house.

On the instant, an awful whoop sounded, and there sprang from the grass, barn, ferry house and roadside, the men who had crossed the river.

Then came a terrible struggle. The soldiers fought valiantly, and the Indians, who outnumbered us to an appalling degree, like the demons they were. Soon about twenty of them lay dead, and half of our little band was gone.

It was now plain, even to me, that we would soon be crushed, and Captain Marsh commanded us to reach a little copse, which was the only place free from the red devils, and, fighting every step, seventeen of us gained the thicket. Our only hope now was that we might reach Fort Ridgley. The Indians by this time, although they fired with balls and buckshot, were not so aggressive. Perhaps, because we were not in so open a position, and perhaps, too, they were crippled by their own losses.

It was four o'clock, and we had almost reached the south end of the thicket, when we spied a detachment of Indians on the fort road, and knew that they had cut us off. The only way of escape seemed to be over the river, which was ten rods wide, and our brave captain, dismounting from his mule and armed with only his sword and revolver, took the lead. When half way over, he

found the water so deep that he had to swim. A moment later, there was a cry for help, and three soldiers, Brennan, Dunn and Van Buren, swam to him. I shall never forget our joy, as, when the captain was sinking for the second time, Brennan, a strong Irish giant, stretched out and drew him up. But our joy was short-lived, for the captain, after clutching his shoulder but for a moment, while the brave man was attempting to swim ashore, relaxed his hold, and the waters swallowed one of the truest of men. The others then came to us on the shore. It had all been done so quickly that we had not moved.

Many have criticized Captain Marsh for not returning to the fort when he saw to what lengths the Indians were going. No one who was with him that day—and they were surely the greatest sufferers—thought of so doing. He was young and brave, and his knowledge of Indians was limited. Captain Custer was once led into a similar trap and lost all his men.

John Bishop, who had been wounded, was now our commander. He thought best for us to continue to travel on the present side of the river, which was a most fortunate conclusion, for the Indians, thinking that we had gained the west side, had crossed at the ford below and were concealed in the brush. By a jutting bank we were hidden, and passed safely from what seemed certain death, carrying our wounded, of which there were two.

When we were a few miles out from the fort, Bishop sent two men ahead—brave ones indeed—with the awful account of our loss. We reached the fort at about nine o'clock, and about an hour later came a few others, they, in some mysterious way, having evaded the Indians at the fort.

At our news, Lieutenant Gere was almost stricken, as well he might be. He sent a dispatch to Fort Snelling, asking for more soldiers at once, and Private William Sturgis, mounted on the best horse in the garrison, rode away. No boyish envy filled my heart this time, for, though no coward, I was but too glad to be safe in the fort.

There naturally was intense excitement. Terrified men, women and children had been pouring into the fort all day, and before we arrived over two hundred had reached the somewhat uncertain safety, for Fort Ridgley

was not a fort as we understand it, but just a number of houses facing inward, with but one stone barrack. Among the crowd, we found all our people, save my father, quite safe. My mother was frantic, for somehow she had hoped that father and I were together. Still, we had much to be thankful for, for we had not seen him murdered before our eyes, an experience through which many a poor person had gone that day.

It was late at night before I saw my people, for, on hearing the news of our courier, Lieutenant Gere had commanded the women and children to go to the stone building for better protection. Some men, either unfitted by nature for fighting, or unnerved by the blood-curdling experiences of the day, also took refuge there. Then there were the wounded and the hospital attendants, which left us with very few men fit for active service. My gun was given to a man in whose hands it would be more effective, and Mr. Winchester was put on duty.

The Indians, drunk with success, were celebrating before our very eyes, and we could see them at their war dances down the ravine. Thus they let pass their chance to take our fort; had they done so, there is no telling what havoc they might have wrought in the land.

By their camp fires we could see them hold their council, and toward dawn addressed by Little Crow. Even now I shudder as I see him—we could not hear—making his impassioned war plea to the fiends—his small, sun-dried features, clear cut and cruel, standing out terribly in the bright firelight. While this prolonged speech was taking place, the dawn broke, and a great cry rent the air, for Lieutenant Sheehan had arrived with fifty men. So almost the last of Captain Marsh's acts bore good fruit, for he had sent for them the morning he left the fort, and they had marched at once.

The day before, at noon, when we were at our most desperate fighting at the ferry, which is called the battle of Redwood, the Indian superintendent had arrived with seventy-one thousand dollars in gold. Even at this late day it makes my blood boil to think that while the government was furnishing all that money to the Indians, they were near at hand, butchering not only soldiers, but women and children.

With Lieutenant Sheehan as commander, and sixty fresh, heavily armed men, our spirits revived, but our troubles were not over, for there were skirmishes until August 23, when a fiercer attack was made, we, because of our small numbers, being always on the defensive.

This time, the Indians had dismounted, and, with heads covered with grass to prevent discovery, had crept upon us to take us by surprise. They did, indeed, but their very nearness left them in the open and an easy prey to the volleys which we emptied upon them. One man Jones, who had charge of the guns, was so exact an artilleryman, that he was a living, breathing terror to the reds, splintering the timbers and terrifying the fiends, who could not understand, for the howitzers were stationed in the open spaces between the houses. This artillery work, placed as the gunners were, left them an easy mark for the arrows, some of which were glowing with flame, the Indians hoping thus to set afire the frame buildings of the fort.

All who had not guns were equally busy now, the women making cartridges, and I, with the men and other boys, cutting nail rods in short pieces to use as bullets. Very terrifying was the noise these bullets made, as they sung over the heads of the demons, and I remember that we boys thought with much satisfaction that they sounded as dismal as did their warwhoop.

On that day the fighting ceased, but we did not know it and kept up our vigilance for four more tedious, nerve-racking days.

After that the male citizens left by ones and twos for their homes, or what remained of them, and finally the women and children went.

Although our house and barn were gone, we still had the old log house which stood on the place when my father bought it; it was built strongly, as pioneers built in those times and climate. This we had lived in while our large house—at that time the finest in the country, now laid in ashes—was being built. This log house, which had three rooms, we commonly used for rough work, such as butchering and washing. Here, also, we used to lodge any tramp harvest hands, who were plentiful in that country, and whom we were sometimes doubtful about admitting to the house at night. I think, however, that they preferred to sleep there,

for they could smoke, something which my mother did not permit in her house.

In the cabin, then, were washing utensils and a few large ones used for cooking. The bed was used by the women, and the men, with whom I include myself, were comfortably enough couched on several buffalo robes, which had been stored for the summer in a cedar chest.

In a few days we were settled to a very primitive form of housekeeping; but still no news of my father. Mr. Winchester had gone with the soldiers, and there were Henry and myself to pick up the broken ends of the work; I with little knowledge about managing, and he, after heavy work as attendant in the hospital, with little strength.

On the twenty-sixth of September we got news that Camp Release had been reached. This was near the great Indian camp of the upper and lower Sioux, and they had been very active in the massacre and fighting. They had with them 250 prisoners, men, women, and children.

Oh, how we burned to visit on them the same cruel punishment that they had visited on our people, but Colonel Sibley, who had charge, was firm and even stern, bidding us remember that the prisoners were now to be our thought, and that, should we show so much as a breath of desire to retaliate, the prisoners would be destroyed at once.

This brought us to our senses, and his wisdom led to an immediate surrender of camp and prisoners.

We had no telephones in the country in those days, but news travelled fast, no faster, however, than my father, who reached us the next day, worn and white, but, oh, so happy at the news heard the day before from Mr. Winchester concerning our safety, for he had feared the worst for mother and Lucy.

Next came the trial of the Indians. I don't suppose that a man ever had a greater chance to show wisdom than did Colonel Sibley. He constantly kept cooling our wrath, for the Indians had acted so like demons, that we forgot that they were human beings and should be tried as such.

The Indians tried at Camb Release, he next proceeded with his court-martial, composed of some of the finest men in the state, to the Lower Agency, which, it will be remembered, was not far from our farm.

From this point we heard all the news and were able to see a great deal also. After the 425 Indians and half breeds, who were under suspicion, were tried, 303 were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder given prison sentences.

I shall never forget the time they passed through New Ulm on the way to Mankato, where they were to be put into the great log jail which had been built for them and which was of course strongly guarded.

The people of New Ulm, which had been attacked by the band which assailed our house, had hastily buried their dead in the streets, and now they were disinterring them and giving them a decent burial. My mother's sister had two sons buried there, and I had gone with my mother to help, for this was mostly the work of women and young boys like myself, the men being more than busy in getting suitable quarters ready for the bitter Minnesota winter. There was no time to spare, and indeed I would have been at the building, but they had not enough tools to enable me to have one to use.

It was an awful day. The work was gruesome—loathsome in some cases. Along in the afternoon a troop of United States soldiers, guarding the prisoners, who were chained together in wagons, entered the town. As they came into view, the people, who had all day been so forcibly having their wrongs brought back to them, were so infuriated that they lost all control.

One woman, Barbara Holt, who had seen her only son disembowelled before her very eyes, after the killing of her husband, and the taking of herself a prisoner, made a rush upon them, which was the signal for attack. Of course, the women were worn by excitement, privation and grief, and many were beside themselves. In the frenzy of their wrath they came at the reds with clubs, stones, hot water or anything that would inflict a wound. The guard, being white men and Americans, could not bayonet or shoot the women, and a panic seemed immi-

nent, when amid the shrill cries of the women there sounded the penetrating voice of Mr. Winchester, rolling over the disturbance like thunder and calling to my mother, who with a group of women taking no share in the riot was watching in alarm.

"Mrs. Amsden," he called, "cannot you control these women, who, though justly angry, must see that they set these savages the example of laws obeyed? Law, and not butchery, must ever be the course of civilization. Shall we descend to their methods?"

Rapidly, as he spoke, my mother was moving through the crowd, taking the hand of one, and clasping for a moment the waist of another, for she was well known and liked in New Ulm. Silently and with a word of soothing she went, until she reached Barbara Holt, the woman so grievously wronged.

A gasp of horror escaped her as Barbara struck once more at the stoical man in chains; and grasping her frail, worn body by the shoulders, she gently pushed her away.

"Barbara!" she called in tones loud enough to be heard by all, for it had grown strangely quiet. "You are striking an innocent man! This is Bad Boy, the Indian who warned us that morning!"

And indeed it was. Both Mr. Winchester and I had seen him at close range without recognizing him, but mother, who had looked upon him during several nights' vigils and with the eyes of a nurse, recognized in him the same man, and was afterwards the means of securing his pardon.

In a moment the horses, being loosened from the hold of the women, moved on, and this was the last time I saw Mr. Winchester for years. His charges delivered, he marched off with the fifth Minnesota, which he had joined, to the South; and when he returned in '65, decorated with what to my loyal eyes was the grandest emblem in the world—our soldier's blue—and added to that a captain's straps, I was proud and happy to be brother to the young girl to whom he was married that week.

## SPANISH PROVERB

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are ever with us, even to the end of our journey.

# WORLD'S GREATEST AUTO TOWN

By W. C. JENKINS

**W**HAT the automobile has come to stay is evidenced by the enormous demands made upon the manufacturers at the present time. Perhaps never in the world's history has an industry reached such an important magnitude in so short a time, as has the manufacture of automobiles, and it is said that the business is still in its infancy. As a money-making proposition the automobile industry has been greater in proportion than the gold discoveries of California and the Klondike. The building of automobiles has probably been the most fertile field in the world to make two—and even ten dollars—grow where one grew before. It has been a legitimate get-rich-quick scheme for many, but for the more conservative a logical, safe and enduring place of investment.

The city of Detroit manufactures more automobiles than any other city in the world, but few appreciate the marvelous growth of the industry during the past few months.

Previous to Jan. 1, 1909, there were twelve automobile manufacturers in Detroit, with a capitalization of \$7,865,000. During the year of 1909 twenty-one new companies, with a capitalization of \$4,000,000, began the manufacturing of automobiles in Detroit.

Several of the older companies increased their capitalization during the year, and a number of consolidations took place: The Cadillac Motor Car Co. sold to the General Motors Co. for \$4,500,000; De Luxe Motor Car Co. sold to the E. M. F. Co. for \$884,000; Anderson Carriage Co. took over Elwell Parker Co. of Cleveland for \$500,000, Packard Motor Car Co. bought the Electric Vehicle Co.'s plant at Hartford, Conn.; Metzger Motor Car Co. bought Hewett Motor Car Co., of New York, and the General Motors Co. bought fifty acres of land in Detroit for a new plant to employ about seven thousand men.

The number of men employed in the Detroit automobile industry has nearly doubled each successive year since 1907.

Note the following figures:—

Year	Men
1907 . . . . .	4,452
1908 . . . . .	8,430
1909 . . . . .	14,500
1910 . . . . .	Estimated 25,000

Cars produced:

Year	Cars	Value
1908 . . . . .	18,260	\$23,595,000
1909 . . . . .	45,560	54,325,000
1910 Estimated	123,000	130,000,000



FRED W. HAINES  
General Manager, Regal Motor Car Company

The phenomenal development of the industry all over the country has been on a par with that of Detroit, although Detroit is far in the lead. The reason is that Detroit-made cars have established a reputation that will follow the new products. The name "Detroit" on a car has come to be a guarantee in itself.

A recent compilation states that Detroit will build approximately seventy per cent of the estimated output of automobiles in the

United States in 1910. This means that the name Detroit will stand pre-eminent in the American Motor World, and must eventually be carried to every corner of the globe.

\* \* \*

Not the first car to be made in Detroit, but the first to carry the name of the city abroad is the CHALMERS.

was waiting for such a car, and not for those which sold for \$3,500 and upwards. That he came to Detroit to build such a car was because Detroit had become recognized as the city best suited to building automobiles.

When Hugh Chalmers showed the world the first CHALMERS "30" he was loaded with criticism. The automobile world was not



HUGH CHALMERS

President of Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company

Back of the city in its rise to prominence have been a score of makes of automobiles; back of the CHALMERS cars have been two things—a man and quality.

The man—Hugh Chalmers—while engaged in another and totally different line of business, realized the possibilities of automobile building. But he also saw the limitations of the business. He believed that the growing and constant demand was for a really good car at a low price; he believed the public

used to a high-grade car at a low price. The CHALMERS was the first in its class, and, like every innovation, it was immediately declared impractical. There had been other low priced cars but they had lacked the high-grade features which Chalmers put into his car.

"It is a theoretical car and won't work out" was the most general criticism. The two-bearing crank shaft, cylinders cast en bloc, the unit power plant and the roller-bearing construction—all of these were new

things in a car selling for \$1,500. High-priced foreign cars had motors cast en bloc; a few of the higher-priced American cars have the unit power plant. But in a \$1,500 automobile, the thing was unheard of.

Chalmers believed in his car, however. He built one big factory building, 500 by 60 feet. He marketed his car, he entered it in races and endurance contests, not because he thought the public wanted a racing car but because he wanted to prove that the Chalmers "30" was what he claimed for it.

The winning of scores of races in all parts of the country and of some of the most arduous endurance contests and hill climbs has proved that if the CHALMERS is a theoretical car, then the theory is right. Hugh Chalmers started out to show the public, and that the public has been shown is proved by the fact that since July 1, 1908, the size of the Chalmers-Detroit factory has been tripled. The CHALMERS stands today the pioneer and the greatest among moderate-priced cars, representing the only real price reduction that has ever been made in motor car values.

At the present time, despite this enormous growth, the supply of CHALMERS cars is not equal to the demand. But the original plan of "a really good car at a low price" is lived up to. The Chalmers-Detroit Company is not trying to build as many cars as possible, but to build all of its cars just as good as possible. Chalmers cars are as perfect as the modern factory equipment, the best automobile engineers, the most skilled workmen and the very best materials can make them.

The factory organization in the Chalmers plant permits no imperfections to creep into the car. Every CHALMERS machine must pass what is probably the most rigid inspection ever undergone by any automobile, no matter what the price. The result is an automobile just as good as an automobile can be made for the money.

\* \* \*

PACKARD cars were first manufactured thirteen years ago by J. W. Packard, at Warren, Ohio, in his electrical factory. Afterward, the Ohio Automobile Company, with Mr. Packard at its head, was organized, and the business continued more extensively.

In the fall of 1903 Detroit capital became interested in the project, the Packard Motor Car Company was formed and the business was removed to Detroit. The original Detroit factory, in which the 1904 cars were produced, contained about two acres of floor space. It is said that there has never been a week since that time when there have not been some additions under way. The present floor space in use, and under construction, is 26.86 acres, and there are 5,400 employees.

From the very beginning, there has been only one quality of Packard vehicle. The whole purpose has been to produce motor cars of strictly highest type. The development of PACKARD cars for thirteen years has been the undeviating pursuit of this object. PACKARD cars have been improved each season, and the PACKARD organization has grown and advanced correspondingly. The efficiency of the present immense works is insured by the fact that, regardless of growth, all effort is still concentrated upon the original single purpose.

Improvement in PACKARD cars from year to year represents the careful development of a type and not radical departure simply for the sake of change. Prior to the season of 1904, PACKARD cars were of the one-cylinder type then standard. The 1904 model "L" car was the first of the present standard four-cylinder type. Each succeeding model has been a development of this type. Those who are familiar with the PACKARD car for several years back know the results of this progress, and how, each year, the PACKARD has become better without at any time becoming a startling innovation or an untried experiment.

The engineering department works the year around and works a year or more ahead of the manufacturing department. Experimental cars are constantly on the road. In the course of a season they are driven many thousands of miles under the most difficult conditions by the engineers and other factory executives. No prospective change in design or construction is ever made until it has been exhaustively tried on the road and known to be right. The manufacturing department takes up the car of a new season as a definite manufacturing proposition, entirely distinct from engineering problems.

PACKARD cars are built entirely in the Packard shops, which are devoted exclusively to this work. The PACKARD "Thirty," and the PACKARD "Eighteen" town car are identical in design and construction, although different in size. Also, the PACKARD truck is made with the same care and by the same methods as the pleasure cars. Even the bodies for PACKARD cars are made entirely in the PACKARD shops, and are just as fittingly PACKARD in their design and quality as the chassis.

The scrupulousness of the manufacturing plan is evidenced by the system of inspection. Every single part, whether it requires the

painting, et cetera, are subject to an equally complete and rigid system of inspection. Then the finished car, ready for delivery, is given a final brief road test by a hypercritic before it is passed for shipment.

The administrative organization is like that of the factory. The whole PACKARD organization is a unit. The departments are clearly defined and organized for the best individual results, but they are closely interwoven in obtaining the whole purpose. Many of the administrative departments, such as the sales department, with its various branches, while working hand-in-hand with the factory on one side, are also closely allied with

the entire interests of PACKARD dealers and customers on the other. The connecting bond between the PACKARD dealer or the owner of a PACKARD car and the factory are exceptionally strong. From the beginning of a PACKARD design to the use of a PACKARD car on the road by a purchaser, every transaction is a part of the whole PACKARD policy, that comprehends engineering, manufacturing, selling and service for the customer, one just as fully as another.

\* \* \*

The Cadillac Motor Car Company, of Detroit, is one of the pioneers of the industry.

The company was organized in

1902 as the Cadillac Automobile Company, and in the fall of that year its first car was placed upon the market. The following year something like two thousand cars, which at that time was looked upon as phenomenal, were manufactured and sold. For some two years the Company confined its product to small cars, but in 1905 a four-cylinder model was added. For several years the Leland and Faulconer Mfg. Co., who had established a world-wide reputation as makers of fine machinery and machine tools, was closely allied with the Cadillac Company and manufactured on contract the motors, transmissions, et cetera. In 1905 the two concerns were merged into one, and the Cadillac Motor Car Co. was the outcome. The business continued to prosper and expand until 1908, when the startling announce-



INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE OF THE PACKARD WORKROOMS

finest accuracy or not, is inspected by the same rigid method, installed with the aim of making it absolutely impossible for defective pieces to get into the assembling departments. Afterward, all assemblies are inspected by a distinct and capable department of inspection, and are tested before they become parts of complete chassis units. For example, a PACKARD motor, after assembling, is first run under belt power for several days and then under its own power for final adjustment, tuning and brake horsepower testing. The bridge assemblies are likewise run and tested. The complete chassis is turned over to the road-test department where each car is run for several hundreds of miles on company tires. The testers are experts who have been thoroughly trained in the different departments of the factory. Body-building, upholstering,

ment was heralded across the continent that for 1909 the Cadillac Company would produce ten thousand four-cylinder cars of high quality to sell far below the then prevailing prices. Some conception of the confidence enjoyed by the Cadillac Company may be formed when it is stated that before a single car had been finished, orders had been accepted for the entire ten thousand cars.

The Cadillac is a company which manufactures practically its entire car under one roof. The plants and contents represent an investment of some two millions or more of dollars. A trip through the wonder workshops has been the delight of many of America's most noted mechanical engineers, who saw about them the evidences of a great organization which moved like clockwork. They saw machinery which was all but human, and tools and test gauges, the existence of which many had never heard of before.

Up to January 1, 1909, there have been manufactured and sold approximately 30,000 CADILLAC cars, distributed over a period of about eight years. It is the pride of the company that not to its knowledge has a single one of these cars gone out of commission.

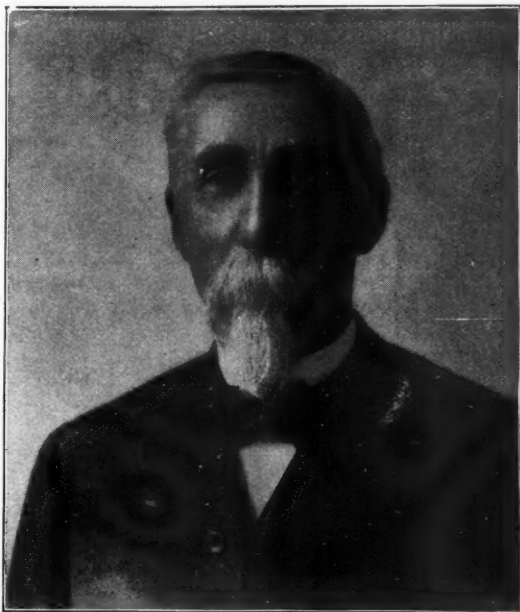
"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—Emerson.

An article on "men of action" in the automobile world would be quite incomplete without a brief word about Fred W. Haines, a man who with his original ideas along the line of automobile manufacture has blazed one of the most traversed trails in the motor car industry today.

Give a man a high ideal, a strong determination to reach it, health, influence, personality, and there is no handicap, financial or educational, that can hold him down. The harder he strives to attain his ideal, the more fit he is to carry it out when he reaches it. How well equipped to meet the daily problems

were our forefathers who blazed their trails through New England forests; how level-headed and strong is the young man of today who has nerve to depart from the narrow beaten paths and start out with original ideas and methods to make a successful impression upon a busy business world.

Fred W. Haines is a young man who had never had the advantage of a finished high school education. No well-defined path leading straight to success lay before him.



H. M. LELAND  
Cadillac Motor Car Company

As a boy he always had a strong inclination toward things electrical and mechanical. At the age of fifteen he left school and hired out to the Edison Illuminating Company at thirteen dollars per month, having complete charge of the floor-cleaning and polishing the switches.

The first automobile had been duly constructed and was run on the Detroit streets. Mr. Haines decided that he wanted one, but realized that he would have to build it himself. He got together the parts, built a gas engine and then figured out a crude transmission with chain drive on rear wheels.

Crude as it was, it suggested to him great future possibilities. The Lambert Brothers became interested in Mr. Haines' plans and decided to go with him in the automobile business. The company was formed with Charles Lambert as president, Bert Lambert, treasurer; John W. Lambert, secretary; F. W. Haines, vice-president and general manager.

The new Regal Motor Car Co. gathered around them men experienced in gas engine construction and motor car propulsion. After many weeks of anxiety they finally turned out their first motor, set it in the chassis, connected up the transmission and placed it upon exhibition for the first time at the

The first year, 175 REGAL cars were shipped from Detroit. These cars were shipped broadcast over the country, and when subjected to various road conditions, they did not hold up as well as their manufacturer had expected them to. Every one of the 175 cars were recalled, and the original owners were supplied with new ones which were mechanically right. This entailed a great loss of money to the Regal Motor Car Company, but they were determined to start aright, or not start at all. In December of 1908 the 1909 REGAL "30" came out and was placed on the market. This car was even a greater revolution to other manufacturers

than the original model; and yet, with all the improvements in mechanism, design and finish, this car was still to be retailed at \$1,250 with magneto equipment. In 1909, two thousand REGAL cars were shipped, each one giving its owner the greatest satisfaction.

Early in October the company moved into its new four-story building, which alone has floor space greater than the total floor space of their first factory building. The output for 1910 was estimated originally at 3,500 cars, but as soon as the 1910 cars made their first appearance on the market, so great was their popularity wherever ex-

hibited, that it became immediately necessary for the company to make plans for producing six thousand REGAL cars during the year.

The great success of the REGAL car could never have been obtained had it not been built upon some fundamental principle. First of all, the Regal plant was to be operated on the principle that there is the greater ultimate profit in selling a large number of cars on a small margin, than a small number of cars on a large margin, and with a most modern equipment and facilities much waste could be cut down.

And, lastly, that the Regal Car Company was to be honest with itself, honest with its product, and honest in its dealings with its distributors and owners.

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Among those energetic young men who saw the great future for the automobile was R. C.



CADILLAC, MODEL A, WITH DETACHABLE TONNEAU

One of the first CADILLACS

Detroit Automobile Show. It had previously been rumored that this car was in the course of construction. Much interest was aroused over the product among the older automobile manufacturers. The car was beautiful to look upon and when the retail price of \$1,250 was placed on it, Mr. Haines became the laughingstock of many manufacturers. Not that they did not agree that his car was all right, but they maintained that it was utterly impossible for him or anyone else to turn out a car with the same specification as the Regal "30" and market it at \$1,250, and still allow a profitable margin for the manufacturer. They laughed at his dream of construction; his attempt to make a five-passenger touring car for \$1,250, but today he looks back upon the trail he blazed and plainly sees others beating along his original path, some of whom formerly laughed at him.

Hupp. As a common laborer, he was employed in the Oldsmobile factory, but his natural ability, his industry and perseverance soon forced him to a higher position. Later he transferred his energies to the Ford Motor Company. Mr. Hupp studied the automobile in all its details. He saw the many difficulties ahead, and his effort was to solve the problems which confronted the industry in its early days. Enthused by the fires of ambition, Mr. Hupp decided to start a factory, and with an employe of the Packard Company—E. A. Nelson—the enterprise was launched. Capital, however, was lacking, and it became necessary to interest others. J. Walter Drake, Congressman Denby and John E. Baker joined the movement, and it was agreed that Hupp and Nelson should design such a car that would immediately become popular.

When the first car was completed in 1908 its merits excited much enthusiasm, and a company was immediately organized. The car was given the euphonious title "HUPMOBILE," and it became immensely popular at once. Even Mr. Hupp did not realize the extent of the popularity this car would obtain, for his original plan was to manufacture 150 cars in 1909. The demand was such, however, that five hundred cars were built. Its popularity reached such a magnitude that it has become necessary for the company to build 7,500 cars during the present year to meet the demand.

Mr. Hupp's idea was to make a "big car boiled down," and it required a lot of calculating to carry such an idea into effect. It can be truly said that Mr. Hupp is the father of the first low-priced automobile. Of course, his ideas were ridiculed in the early days of his effort, but he was firmly convinced that by systematic factory details and economy in manufacture he could turn out a car that would meet the requirements which he had in mind at a price within the reach of all.

He said in one of the earlier announcements that the HUPMOBILE was a miniature edition of the finest seven-passenger car of the country, and that statement seems to be literally true. In a great many cases HUPMOBILE owners are also owners of larger cars of the most expensive make. They realize that this busy little runabout is more convenient for general business purposes than

the heavy, cumbrous touring car. Its extreme simplicity and readiness of operation commend it to the business men at once. It is always ready to run at the owner's bid, quick, powerful and useful alike for service on city or country road, for business or pleasure.

The new HUPMOBILE factory is a veritable hive of industry, yet withal one of the best arranged manufacturing plants in the country. From the first stroke of the hammer to the time when the finished car is hauled into the store-room, every step taken by the workmen



E. A. NELSON

Chief Engineer, Hupp Motor Car Company

is a step ahead. All the machinery is arranged so that every movement of the employee counts; hence there is no waste of labor or effort.

The first experimental HUPMOBILE was completed in November, 1908, and the first car was shipped to the dealer in April, 1909. The first days of the HUPMOBILE institution saw the company's factory a little insignificant machine shop. In order to provide shelter for the workmen, it soon became necessary to arrange awnings and tents against and adjacent to the little factory building. These disadvantages, however, were soon overcome

by the erection of a new commodious factory on Jefferson Avenue.

The little HUPMOBILE successfully stood a test last December that astonished automobile manufacturers in general. On December 27 the company started three HUPMOBILES on a thousand-mile trip to New York. The weather was zero, and the country was struggling with one of the heaviest snow storms of the year. The little cars fought for practically every inch of progress throughout the thousand miles. They encountered drifts and deep ditches, and, in many places, plowed through snow two to five feet deep. After being subjected to ten days of severe



R. C. HUPP

General Manager, Hupp Motor Car Company

abuse, they arrived in New York, every car running smoothly and apparently ready to start on another thousand-mile journey.

The HUPMOBILE is not a cheap car, only in price. Its low cost—\$750—places a car of the highest manufacture within the reach of thousands who do not care to invest in one of the higher-priced machines.

\* \* \*

Nearly every morning newspaper brings news from Detroit—that hot-bed of motordom—where new concerns are hatched out over night of another automobile company.

One is apt to ask if the new company's inception is based on an idea, some broad liberal policy or principle. One wonders what particular field they intend to cover. If

their business is based on a policy, he wonders if this policy will mean more to those who use motor cars, or to those who would like to be able to use motor cars, or whether their products will show an advance or a new tendency in construction of cars. If their business is based on an idea, it takes time to tell whether it is good.

One of the younger concerns that laid out its business on very broad lines before the company was formed, and has demonstrated that its idea is good and its policy broad, is the Hudson Motor Car Company. The broadness of this company's policy is shown in the recent announcement of its plan to build a new four-hundred-thousand-dollar factory on a one-hundred-acre site in Detroit. That this factory would be one of the biggest in the country was one of the plans in the minds of the Hudson directors before the company was formed.

In an interview with the officers of the company, Mr. Bozner, the secretary, outlined the policy for the Hudson Motor Car Company as follows:

"All high-grade cars embody the same principles, and even in their application differ so slightly as to make a novelty in constructions nowadays a rare thing. Indeed, some years ago, we decided that the time had come to embody the standard principles of motor-car-building as exemplified in high-priced cars in a car which could be profitably sold at \$1,150.

"Our problem was not to produce anything new in design, but to take the standard features common to the high-priced cars, and, by an advance in manufacturing methods, make possible their use at a figure within the price we had in mind. The Renault type of motor was good enough for us and we used it. Sliding gear, selective type transmission, three speeds forward, exactly as used in the most expensive cars, were the only things we would consider. Cooling system, clutch, frame, front axle, brakes, steering gear, springs, control, ignition, all the important features in motor car construction, were to be exactly as used in high-priced cars.

"We are very proud of what we have produced in the HUDSON Motor Car. It is a distinct step forward in the only way in which a step forward could be made in the motor car industry today. We have simplified constructional methods, exerted every economy

in manufacture, leaving no stone unturned to eliminate waste. It has been our effort to put every dollar possible into the product and to save money for the consumer. How well we have succeeded is shown by the fact that several thousand users of HUDSON roadsters say that they are without equal at a much higher price. We regard the HUDSON as the greatest yet accomplished in motor car production, giving to the public, as it does, a big, fast, powerful, beautiful, roomy touring car, standard in every particular, at \$1,150.

"Our aim will always be to give the buying public a standard car at the lowest price compatible with a high-grade product."

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The wonderful demand for automobiles in the last few years has attracted the highest engineering skill to all departments of the industry. Three or four years ago the principal efforts of the designers were directed to producing machines that would run and had attractive lines. The selling price of the machines depended, as a matter of course, upon the cost, but as compared to other commercial commodities the cost was totally disproportionate. The result was that automobiles were only for the favored few. But the beginning of 1909 saw a change in the conditions of manufacture. The cost of production was decreased from one-half to two-thirds by the introduction of manufacturing methods that were followed in other lines where competition had forced the adoption of every means to produce at the lowest possible cost.

The manufacturer had to be first absolutely sure that his model was free from errors. One mistake in design and materials would wipe out the capital of the company in replacing the defect. Therefore, only the highest degree of practical and technical skill could be considered.

All branches of manufactures were called upon for men who had brains and experience that could be utilized in taking advantage of every short cut. Where, heretofore, engines had been made up of several castings, technical skill had produced methods by which these many castings were combined in one, thereby cutting down the labor cost.

The cost of finishing castings, shafts, et cetera, was greatly decreased by the introduction of automatic machinery that would produce any quantity of any part absolutely

without variation, and at a fraction of the time that had been required when the earlier wasteful methods were in force. To fully illustrate this, the finish of the cylinder castings of the EVERITT THIRTY can be described.

The former methods pursued in finishing a cylinder was to place the casting in a planer which carried the part back and forward against a stationary cutting tool that would only remove a fraction of an inch at each cut. To cut down the casting to its proper size



WM. E. METZGER

Secretary-Treasurer, The Metzger Motor Car Company  
Manufacturers of the EVERITT THIRTY

would require a skilled, high-priced mechanic and expert and an expensive piece of machinery for many hours. This is now eliminated by the use of special machinery equipped with multiple tools that complete the work much more accurately in the same number of minutes that formerly required hours.

This same system of production holds good in every respect, no matter how small or insignificant it may be. And this explains, in brief, why the EVERITT THIRTY is sold for \$1,350, where three or four years ago it would have been looked upon as a marvel at three times that figure.

Skilful methods and quantity production tell the story.

\* \* \*

The ABBOTT-DETROIT is one of the most noteworthy of Detroit's new debutantes in Motordom. The car has a family tree of considerable importance, the designer being Mr. John G. Utz, who is also widely known as the designer of the CHALMERS "30." Mr. John B. Phillips, who is in charge of the manufacturing department of the Abbott Motor Company, was also formerly with the Chalmers Motor Company in the capacity

branch in New York. Mr. O'Connor is widely known throughout the trade, and his experience and extensive acquaintance will be of considerable value to the new company in the establishing of agencies throughout the country.

Mr. O'Connor is using great care in the assignment of agency territory, choosing the dealers who have had long experience and a reputation for satisfactory dealings with their customers, rather than those who offer to take large assignments of cars.

The policy of the Abbott Motor Company in regard to deliveries is one that will be appreciated by every dealer and prospective owner in the country. The factory organization has been carefully planned. The men in charge of the building of cars have been in the thick of the fight for years, and they are in a position to assure that early delivery dates will be given and their promises in this regard adhered to with the greatest fidelity.

The motor is of four cylinders, cast in pairs, bore four inches, stroke four and one-half inches. Following present tendencies of design, the compression is fifty-four pounds gauge, giving flexibility and good pulling power. The inlet and exhaust valves are unusually large, having a clear opening of two and one-eighth inches.

The wheel base of the car is 110 inches, but as the power is carried well forward under a short hood, the seating and leg room, both in tonneau and at the wheel, is unusually liberal, promoting the comfort and ease of the occupants.

In the refinement of detail, and in the lines and finish of the car, the ABBOTT-DETROIT represents the latest ideas in motor car construction, and although forced by circumstances to be absent from the recent Chicago exhibit at the Coliseum, it nevertheless attracted considerable attention at the Ajax Auto Company at 1610 Michigan Avenue, who are the representatives for the car in Chicago and vicinity.



One of the newer cars that was first shown to the public at the recent Detroit Automobile Show is the ABBOTT-DETROIT, made by the Abbott Motor Co. of Detroit, Mich. The accompanying picture shows John G. Utz, designer of the car, at the wheel, and A. T. O'Connor, sales manager. Mr. Utz is widely known in the motoring world as a designer of the CHALMERS "30." He left the Chalmers company to take his present position as designer for the Abbott Motor Co. Mr. O'Connor was formerly the assistant sales manager of the Packard Motor Car Co.

of factory superintendent. Mr. Phillips is backed by every facility for the proper building of the new cars. A new factory, 155 by 600 feet, has been built and will be ready for occupancy in a short time. The new building is fully equipped with the latest machinery and is manned by a small army of workmen, carefully selected for their skill and experience from some of the older organizations in Detroit.

Another acquisition of note to the new company is Mr. A. T. O'Connor, formerly assistant sales manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, and in charge of the Packard

The new factory of the Abbott Motor Company, at Detroit, Mich., is being rapidly pushed to completion, and it is figured that the makers of the ABBOTT-DETROIT will be in their new home within a short time. The new building, located at the corner of Waterloo and Beaufait streets, is 155 by 600 feet in dimensions, and gives a working floor space of three and one-third acres.

The factory was designed and laid out by John G. Utz and John B. Phillips, both men of experience in the automobile manufacturing business. The structure is of brick and concrete and will be one of the most completely equipped automobile factories in Detroit. This modern building will do much to insure the success of the Abbott policy—"The car you want, delivered when you want it."

\* \* \*

One of the recent additions to the automobile kingdom, which bids fair to create a sensation, is the SWIFT.

The Swift Automobile Company, of Detroit, bases its features and improvements upon the greatest of all instructors, experience, and their car is one which will embrace, in addition to several new original ideas, the best and simplest features of many of the leading cars of today. The company is building three distinct types of cars—a model "A," forty H. P. four-cycle touring car at \$1,750, Model "B" 25-30 H. P. four-cycle roadster, and a patented delivery for light use.

The company owes a large share of the quality of its product to the transmission which it is using—the Potts Selective Transmission. This is the transmission which created such a stir among the automobile men of Detroit just previous to the organizing of the Swift Automobile Company, and for which several firms were bidding against each other almost up the sixth figure mark for the privilege of using it in their car. This transmission will prove a revelation to the hard driver who has to replace his present transmission three or four times a year. Its main features are that the gears are always in mesh and there are no gears running on direct drive. The advantage to be gained by these two features can be readily appreciated.

In the commercial car the SWIFT has a vehicle that will not fail to prove a solution to the light delivery problem, a light, smooth-

running, speedy car, run and control identical with the ordinary pleasure vehicle, and still capable of carrying a ton load. The body of this car is constructed on the lines of a cabinet, or a receptacle to receive drawers. The car so constructed permits of the maximum carrying capacity, as every inch of the body is available. An extra set of drawers is provided, which may be refilled as the driver is disposing of one consignment, thus greatly increasing the amount of work accomplished.

Several other excellent features are being held in abeyance by the company for the 1911 model, the merits of any one of which commend the SWIFT to the endorsement of persons desiring a thoroughly practical, durable and economical car.

The company is exceptionally fortunate in having the service of E. W. Potts as superintendent and mechanical engineer, assisted by his two sons, Frank and Edwin, all of whom, in addition to being high-class mechanics and inventors, are thoroughly practical automobile men. It is to the perception and ingenuity of these men that the public is indebted for the advent of a car which will fill more than one gap now existing in automobile construction.

The Swift Automobile Company have made a careful study of the grocery and delivery subject, and think their Model "C" interchangeable body feature has met the requirements. By this interchangeable system one man can change a car from the commercial or delivery body to a touring car in twenty minutes, which puts it within the reach of the small dealer who may be able to outstep his competitor by quick delivery, or he can enjoy the pleasures of a motor ride for his family at a comparatively small expense. The company expects to put out a thousand cars—five hundred "Fortys" and five hundred and twenty-five "Thirtys"—during the year 1910, and hopes to increase this amount to five thousand in 1911.

The officers of the company are William A. Montgomery, president; S. T. Allen, vice-president; A. J. McKinnon, secretary; Wm. F. Donnelly, treasurer.

\* \* \*

The primary causes which may prompt a business man to make a decision for or against a proposed undertaking are of the most varied nature. It has often been re-

marked that the success of one man compared with the success or failure of another has not been due so much to the particular element of chance or of good luck, as to the fact that one person will be able to discern in a farsighted manner what the future developments of any particular business problem may bring forth.

One business man works against great odds and with continued cheerfulness and wins success from an undertaking which other business men and perhaps his business associates can see little hope in, or reasons for his continued efforts. To him, however,



DETROIT ELECTRIC  
Made by the Anderson Carriage Company

the pathway seems clear, as he believes that as a result of his efforts a commensurate reward will be found.

History has revealed that men of this type are pioneers in business ideas.

It was only a few years ago that many of those who now admit that the automobile business is here to stay and has its proper and legitimate position in the development of the world's history thought it was only a temporary affair and that the invested millions in plants and equipment would prove to be mistaken business judgment.

The courage of those who made a success in this line is based upon their faith and foresight.

As a result of the development and changes in the automobile business, the electric car

has now come to the front. It was only a few years ago that those who favored an electric car did so with some sense of apology, and it was right at this period in the development of an electric car that the Anderson Carriage Company, with faith in the future of the automobile business in general, and in electric propelled autos in particular, decided to manufacture exclusively electric cars. It was not an easy matter to give up a carriage business built upon fifteen years of hard effort, and which amounted to an output of sixteen thousand vehicles a year, to make the change.

The decision to do so, however, was based entirely upon the judgment of the company that electric cars, if they could be improved upon from what had been their history in the past, would grow in popularity. The company took into consideration the fact that as the automobile business developed, it would reach a point where the proper consideration of the needs of women and their rights for a car suitable for their use would be taken into account. The last few years have seen women in the professional field and entering colleges, which has heretofore been forbidden to them, so it would not be hard to believe that, as soon as the wants of the husband and brother of the family were supplied with a gasoline car, they would be

liberal enough to provide for the wife, mother, daughter or sister.

The plant of the Anderson Carriage Company occupies seven acres of floor space, is capitalized at one million dollars and is devoted exclusively to the building of DETROIT ELECTRICS. The company build every part of the car complete, except the tires. It does this with the object in view that all parts of the car must work harmoniously. It is due to this fact, together with the unusual beauty of style, that the DETROIT ELECTRIC has in its four years of existence reached an output in the point of sales greater than that of any other electric car on the market.

\* \* \*

The Buick Motor Company of Flint, Michigan, is recognized as one of the prin-

cial automobile manufacturing plants in the world. A few facts concerning the immense industry at Flint cannot fail to be of interest. In 1904, the first year of the existence of the Buick Motor Company, the plant turned out eighteen cars—in 1905 it manufactured 350 cars; in 1906, 1,400 cars; in 1907, 4,100 cars; in 1908, 8,750 cars; in 1909, 18,000 cars; and the output during the present year will exceed 40,000 cars, or more than a hundred cars for every day of the year.

The Buick plant comprises thirty-six acres of factory buildings, all of the most modern construction; one of the buildings alone, one story in height, covers six acres of ground. The floor in this building, of asbestos, covered with thin flooring, cost \$73,000—the whole representing an investment of \$10,000,000.

Six thousand, one hundred men, most of them skilled artisans, are provided with employment in the Buick plant; the bi-weekly payroll of the company is approximately \$192,000. In Flint last year there were built 2,000 new houses for workingmen employed in this phenomenal twentieth-century industry. Today all these houses are occupied, and many more are necessary.

W. C. Durant, general manager of the Buick Company, is a strong believer in the future of the motor car. He is convinced that "the ground has only been scratched" as far as the industry is concerned. Mr. Durant and his two associates believe the obligation to build as good a car as possible is not the only one that rests on them, but

that it is their duty to give to the purchaser good service and every facility for economical maintenance. Probably one of the greatest orders ever placed for automobiles was recently given the Buick Company by the Pierce Automobile Company of Minneapolis. The order was for 3,750 cars, representing over \$3,000,000.

No question can be raised as to the endurance qualities of the Buick, with the knowledge that three of their cars have for three and a half years been engaged in what is doubtless the greatest endurance test in the history of motordom. Nearly four years ago the holder of the United States government mail-carrying contract, between Torrance and Roswell, New Mexico, purchased three Buick cars. Those cars have been in constant service over the roads—or rather tracks—of that desert region ever since, and have covered the 110 miles a day required of them on an average of 300 days each year. They carry passengers as well as mail, and have had some most strenuous trips during the deep snows of the winter months. The total mileage made by each of these cars has already reached the 110,000 mark, and they are in good condition at the present time.

The Buick is certainly a monument to the successful conduct of a sane business in a sane way. Time was when motor-car manufacture was regarded as a sort of gamble, and was to some degree in the hands of men who added little stability or prestige to the industry. The Buick is a shining example of what may be accomplished by intelligent effort.

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## THE BRIGHT SIDE

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.

## A BUSINESS SCIENCE AND ITS FOUNDER

MEETING Arthur Frederick Sheldon, founder and President of the Sheldon School, one feels that salesmanship is more a matter of reciprocity than is usually supposed—a salesman has something to sell and also something to give, and the purchaser, in turn, gives something—his time—and it is time that counts in business today. A busy man may give five or ten minutes several times a day to various callers, and these fragments multiplied amount to hours before the week is over. The true salesman is educated to utilize to the best advantage, first for the purchaser and then for himself, every moment that a busy man can spare to talk with him. On such a proposition is founded the curriculum which Arthur Frederick Sheldon teaches.

Born on a Michigan farm, educated in the district school, of which he became teacher when only seventeen years old, young Sheldon longed to acquire a college education and the broader scope of university life and influences. A book agent called one day at this time, and the young teacher listened to his canvassing with close attention, for until then he had never heard anyone try to sell in that way. Greatly interested, he followed the man to the gate and asked him how many books he could sell in a week. After he had figured out the commission per copy on the gatepost, he discovered that the book agent was making twice as much money as he earned at teaching. He became impressed with the idea that he too could sell things, and inquired if the agent could get him a job. Inside of a week the regular man had left the field, assigning it to young Sheldon.

He first canvassed successfully among the school-teachers and students, and then began to feel that he could sell to anyone else if he tried hard enough. A trip across the continent landed him in Humboldt County, California, where he found that he was trying to glean in a field that had been well harvested in the way of book sales. Learning that the agent who had preceded him was a woman, he reasoned that she would not be likely to canvass the country districts, because it was the

rainy season and the roads were almost impassable. So the energetic agent made for the redwood lumber districts, working the farmers, dairymen and lumbermen.

The money so earned was sufficient to pay Mr. Sheldon's university expenses, while the experience gained made him a free and accepted member of the noble order of energetic book agents. Later the young man worked with a large publishing company, which in a short time gave him the management of a branch office. Here he was required to train young book agents for field work. In this line his practical experience counted for much. Later he became general sales manager of the company, having control of all the offices of the United States and Canada. The sales of this company mounted into millions annually. Mr. Sheldon resigned this position to organize a publishing business of his own. He began with one man and a bookkeeper, and inside of three years he was doing a business of sixty thousand dollars a month through a sales force which he had personally organized and drilled.

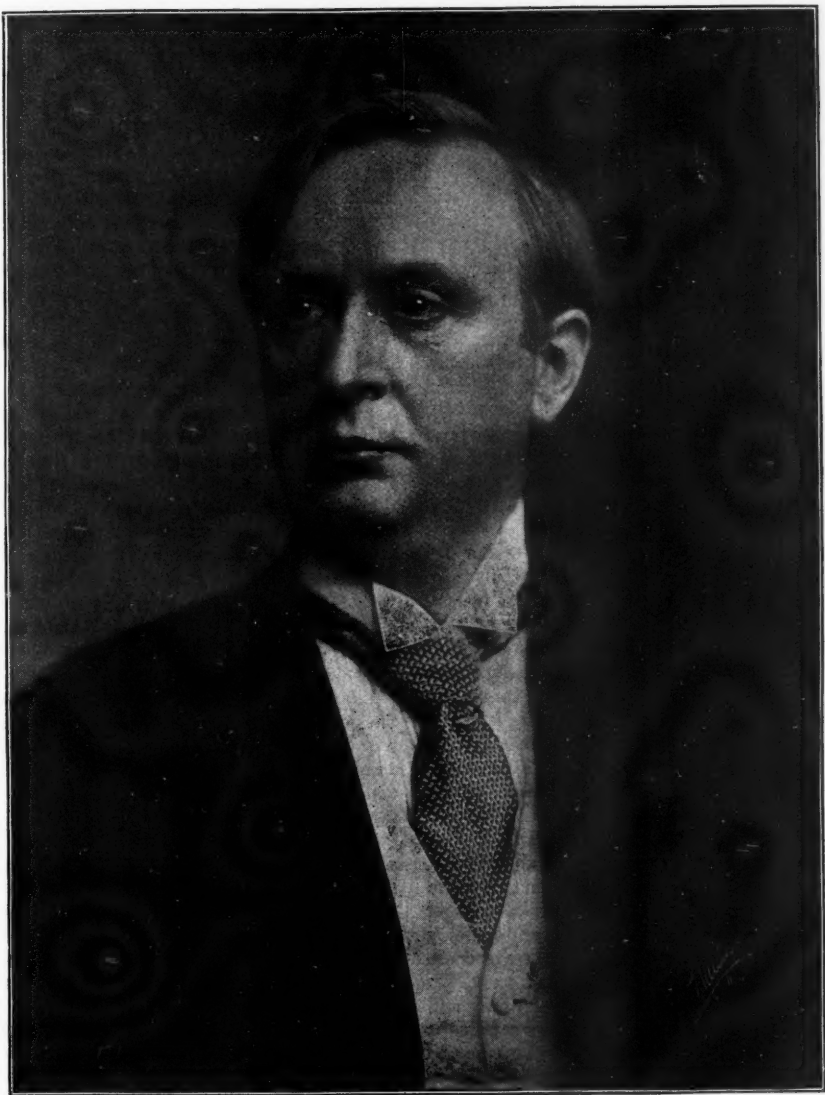
During all these years young Sheldon was carefully considering plans which have matured into one of the first and most successful schools of salesmanship.

Naturally of an analytical turn of mind, he analyzed many of the sales he had made or attempted to make and the experiences of the other salesmen which came to his attention.

From the time he started out as an inexperienced salesman, Sheldon studied the efforts of his associates and later of the men under him, trying to discover the fundamental reasons for their success or failure.

Mr. Sheldon was a student of law, and Blackstone's work in systematizing the Common Laws of England greatly impressed him. He believed that there was a Science of Salesmanship underlying the art of selling—a science which could be formulated, just as Blackstone formulated the Science of Common Law.

Abandoning all thoughts of adopting the legal profession, Mr. Sheldon deliberately



ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

and logically chose salesmanship as a lifelong avocation. He firmly believed that the science of perfected selling was intimately associated with the progress and development of modern trade and commercial prosperity. He sought tirelessly for the basic principles of all economic and social transactions, observing the

needs of business men and the ability and possibilities of the average salesman.

More than ninety per cent of the scholars of all schools sooner or later engage directly or indirectly in commercial life, yet, as Mr. Sheldon observed, little or no care was given to developing ability for such life work in the

curriculum of the ordinary public or private schools. All other professions had their distinctive courses, or special training, but in business the one great purpose interwoven with all forms of obtaining a livelihood and keeping alive a centralized civilization—the most important of all avocations—there was no literature, but every salesman was forced to evolve for himself a system of successful commercial intercourse.

He sold out his business and set to work.

At last, in 1902, Mr. Sheldon got his idea into concrete form in Lesson Books, prepared with the assistance of able writers, teachers and business men. The Sheldon School was organized in the summer of 1902. A small room in the McClurg Building was sublet, and in this little room, with the assistance of one stenographer, whose services he shared with two other firms, the Science of Salesmanship was launched.

On July 24, 1902, the first regular student was enrolled. One year almost to the day from that time one thousand students were enrolled. The growth of the school was remarkable. Large institutions became interested in the work, and enthusiastic student salesmen were assigned to sell enrollments.

In February, 1905, a three-day convention of Sheldon representatives was called, and on the closing night a banquet was held which included the office and sales divisions and every employee. From his seat at the head of the table the founder and president saw ninety-five persons who were working with him for the success of his undertaking.

Sheldon's philosophy includes not only such training of salesmen as any sales manager might give, but the laws of ethics and economy which lie at the base of business success. Since the publication of his first work, the course has been revised several times, and while the basic principles must ever remain the same as those upon which the first course was built, students say that each revision has made them more clear and broadened the scope of the work, until today it represents the practical evolution of barter and exchange. More than forty-three thousand students have been enrolled in these correspondence courses representing enterprises handling millions of dollars worth of business.

It is an inspiration to hear Mr. Sheldon expounding his philosophy. "Knowing, feeling and willing" are three cardinal principles

upon which Mr. Sheldon always insists. He insists on developing the positive side of the intellect, and not neglecting the emotions and feelings; in short, he believes that "in true education lies the solving of the difficulties of the entire business world." He also points out that while the Greeks developed physical and intellectual giants, they were largely deficient in sincerity and persistent enthusiasm and sympathy in the minor matters of life.

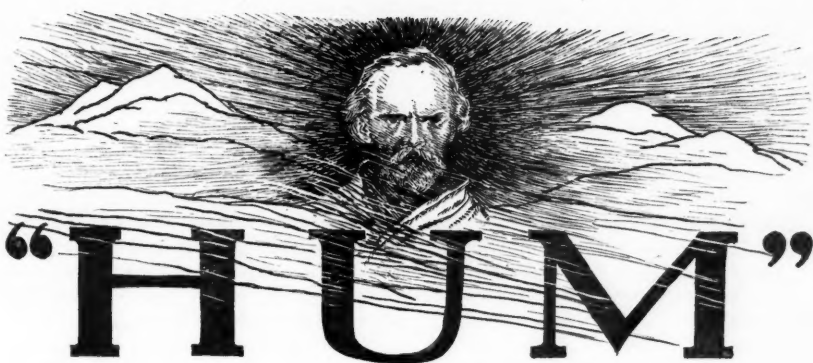
The problems the school has had to meet in promoting its business have been the problems peculiar to every pioneer movement. The school has had to blaze new paths for itself. Every new thing, good or bad, is opposed at first. The good things survive. Sheldon does not try to be technical in any particular business. He does not claim to know more about dry goods than the dry goods man, or more about automobiles than the automobile man, or more about bonds and stock than the bond and stock man, or more about any man's business than that man himself knows. But he does claim to have organized a science, the principles of which apply in any line of business and make for increased efficiency and lasting success. There is no denying that results justify the claim.

Like the great oak from the little acorn, the Sheldon idea has been growing and taking root deeper and deeper in the soil of success, and now the ideal toward which Mr. Sheldon and his associates have been working is nearing realization.

Some years ago Mr. Sheldon purchased six hundred acres of land near Libertyville, Illinois, the site for the Sheldon Commercial University. The first building is just being completed and on March first the office and headquarters of the correspondence school will be moved from Chicago to their own new office building.

The correspondence school of salesmanship and business-building, the commercial university, and the publishing plant will form a single institution for business education along the lines laid down by Mr. Sheldon.

The curriculum of the Sheldon Commercial University will include all the technical branches of business practice, and into this will be woven the great idea upon which the Sheldon Science is built—the development of the all-around man—the development of Endurance plus Ability, plus Reliability, plus Action.



A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XII

**S**ILENTLY we returned to the lake. The sun was nearing meridian, and the face of the water was golden. The gay warblers were gone. The tiny cascades no longer ruffled the calm surface that extended to its frame of multi-colored verdure where stood, here and there, solitary cranes gazing into the liquid depths.

"Let us tarry here awhile," said Loredo, seating himself on a moss hummock. "The events of the morning have the deepest interest. Audofa may be the only one of the lost race in whom the distinctive marks are manifest. That he should have been guided to us—it absorbs my thought."

"You believe that he was so led?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly. The Father's hand is everywhere visible. Nothing so great, nothing so minute, as to be beyond His constant care."

"Your thoughts are spiritual, Loredo."

"Nay, not my thoughts, Feanka, they are the imperishable words of the Subagino—the divine manifestation: Kesua, our Master."

"Loredo, are we not all manifestations of the one divine principle?"

"Yes—dimly so."

"May it not be the veil of our imperfect humanity that conceals the divine image?" I asked.

"Your question is momentous, my brother. It may be that one's spiritual condition is at times too low for him to see what a more exalted state would disclose."

"But your entire nation recognized the Subagino in your Master," I said.

"True, Feanka, but the case is somewhat different. Kesua was a light within himself. No veil of animality obscured it. His personality was like the diamond which radiates its glory. Besides, we are by nature receptive, trusting, and to a degree, psychic. Our people never doubted the manifestation."

My mind reverted to the rejection of the Christ on the Judean hills.

"You have thought of these deep things, I think, Feanka."

"Yes, especially since I have been here."

"They are very uplifting," he said, a smile crossing his beautiful face, "and Tooma, he too—"

As he spoke, a crane, standing close by, spread its wings and rose. For the moment, it engaged Loredo's attention.

I felt grateful to the bird.

"The crane has been standing near us while we talked," I said. "It is strange that our presence did not—" I paused, unable to recall any word or symbol in Zoeian, for the word "frighten."

"Cause it to fly away?" he asked.

I assented, wondering what would be his explanation.

"Why should it? For thousands of years, no living creature has been molested by us. They recognize and trust us as kindred."

"And you so regard them?" I asked.

"Yes—all members of one great household."

I mused awhile undisturbed. "Will Oron heal Audofa's infirmity?" I finally asked.

"Yes—in a few days it will disappear."

"Are there other powers which your race possess, Loredo?"

"There are others," he replied, looking at me intently, "but they are seldom exercised. Some one at the College is calling me," he said, rising.

"One more question, Loredo: How came the mark on Audofa's head?"

"That mark," he said, "is placed on the head of every Zoeian at his or her birth. Audofa's mother, doubtless, placed it on him. The three lines," he said, closing his robe, "signify the triune nature of the Father."

\* \* \*

Upon my return to the restafa, Moto gave me a message from Oron, informing me that Audofa was with him, and inviting me to join them at the Pavilion a few hours later. I called Soratiya, and told him the event of the morning.

"I know it—I know it," he replied gaily. "I am not surprised. I rejoice with you all."

How did he know, and why was he not surprised? These, and like questions, held my thoughts until Tom rushed in, tossing and catching his hat.

"Hey, such times as we have had this morning! Such music! Why—we could draw a full house anywhere! Had a curious game. You start at a certain place, but when you get to the middle you don't know where you were when you started; and when you reach the end, you don't know where you are any way—but it's great fun! I came out somewhat below even Isa. However—are you following me, Fean?"

"Yes, Master Mercury," I said, with the soberness of vivid contrast, "but whither does it lead?"

"To the new leaf I am going to turn over today, my comrade."

"For what reason, Thomas?"

"Oh, I guess I have too much too-muchness, Hat."

"Well, now see here, my old schoolmate, I wouldn't turn over more than one-half of that leaf. Why, I should have to ask who you were. Don't erase your hall-mark. However, if it is anything in the way of a resolution, you could not choose a better day."

"Why today, Fean?"

"I will tell you later. By the way, are you going to Oron's this afternoon?"

"Yes, I reckon so—for a time, at least. Relso wishes to show me a curious contrivance for burning things."

"Burning things?"

"Yes, you know we haven't seen any garbage carts. Well, they have none. They burn all their trash. Big thing!"

"How large, Mr. Selby?"

"H-m," he laughed, "I will tell you later."

"Well, now for luncheon, and then a walk," I said. "I have something to tell you."

But there was no lateness. My heart was too full and my comrade too eager to hear my story. I told him about the old sailor's exaltation.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Well—I wish one of my ancestors had been a person of—mark. How curious! Here is a man who has been under the hammer all his life; and now, though enriched, will become more straightened. Wonderful fulfillment of prophecy."

"What prophecy, my chum?"

"Why—and the crooked shall be made straight." Better brush up your Isaiah, dear boy. Don't look at me that way! Be generous—don't count this time. Well—there is no one, not even you, who is more glad than I am. Dear old Hum! He has earned it all, and, by Jove! I guess he has got all there is worth having in life. Let's be off—I want to see him."

As we entered the park we saw Oron and Hum walking in advance of us. Tom dashed ahead. "Dear old comrade," he cried, throwing his arms around our shipmate, "it gives me joy! This is the red-letter day in my life!"

"The crowning one in mine, Tooma," returned Hum.

"Audofa and I have been making plans," said Oron. "He will enter the College to complete his education, and in due time will have his own house. You also will receive

instruction at the College; but meantime, I wish you to go with me to many places on our island. We will first visit Bacca, where the observatory and accumulators will interest you."

"Oron, I want to work!" exclaimed Tom. "I wish to do something in return for all the benefits I have received here."

"You owe us nothing, my brother, but your words are gladsome. Work is ennobling; wholesome activity contributes to happiness and well-being. Our people early found that useful labor was a factor in the development of the contentment that has become a national trait. When I say work, I do not mean prolonged, exhausting toil; for that is prejudicial to man's physical and mental condition. Our time is divided equally between rest, labor and refreshment. There are many ways, Tooma, in which you can be useful to us; but you must first see our country and teach us your language."

"Oron, your plan has our approval," I said. "Our lives must flow smoothly when guided by you. This reminds me to ask about your fine water. Where does it come from?"

"From numerous springs," he replied. "It is conveyed through stone aqueducts to central reservoirs in each district, and thence distributed, through vitreous lined metal pipes, wherever required."

My inquiry suggested to our host many questions concerning our hydraulic engineering, heating and lighting systems, sanitary measures and the power used in our various industries. He was much interested in my description of our steam engines and turbine wheels.

"The singular wheel is new to us," he said, "but steam-gas was our only power until, about two thousand years ago, our science men succeeded in utilizing the solar energy. Since then we have used no other motive power."

His statement awed me. We were with a race who, in our year one, had solved the problem that as yet thwarted our ablest minds.

Noticing my absorption, he asked the cause. I explained to him our ineffectual efforts to control the solar heat.

"I understand," he said thoughtfully; "you get the radiant energy indirectly. But your nations are progressive, Feanka. Some day, the efforts of your scientists will

be rewarded, provided the motives which actuate them are noble ones. Otherwise, nature's profound secrets will not be revealed to them."

"With our people," said Tom, "the chief value of an invention, or in fact, of anything else, is what one can get out of it for his personal benefit."

"Is it so, Tooma? I have high regard for the race represented by such worthy sons; but not until they consecrate their energies to the glory of their Creator will He cease to withhold the deeper mysteries. Our Master taught that much should be given to whomsoever did the will of the Father."

"Aye, and from our Christ came the same blessed promise," exclaimed Hum, "but we have not heeded it."

"Loredo would hold further converse with you at the lake, Audofa," said Oron. "I will walk a way with you if Feanka and Tooma do not—"

"By no means," I said, anticipating his apology. "Tooma is going to meet Relso, and I will meditate until you return."

I looked at the two men as they walked away. I could feel the vibrations of love in the Hungarian's breast at the thought that he, the homeless wanderer, the old iron-smith, had been raised to the peerage in a mighty realm; at the consciousness that his affliction was already passing from him. No wonder his face beamed with affection and trust when he looked at his benefactor.

While I mused, a small blue songster watched me. Did it divine my thoughts, that ever and anon its throat swelled with melody? As I gazed at its azure breast, my mind reverted to the dark blue eyes that watched me so earnestly in Huan—to the maiden whose beauty had been so emphasized among her stately sisters.

\* \* \*

When Oron returned, his face shone. "Meditation is the key which unlocks the chamber of mysteries," he said; "the power that lifts us above the clay; the link that connects us with the unseen. It is the road to the divine presence. See, Feanka, one of our little brothers!"

The companion of my solitude had returned and perched on a near-by twig. Oron held out his hand. The tiny creature accepted the invitation and showed pleasure at the closer intimacy.

"A beautiful manifestation," he said, raising it to his cheek.

"Yes," I assented. "Its soft eyes recall an equally bright pair in the maiden who

small child with him. The way he obtained it we deemed a crime, for which he was debarred progression to the third degree. He claimed that he was seized by an irresistible



*There was the name—"Josephine"*

attended our addresses in Huan—a strikingly handsome girl with golden hair."

"She is our foster-child, Feanka."

"Your foster-child?"

"It is a strange story," said Oron, "one filled with romance. I told you about the wild adventure of one of our people, but not all. When Termal returned, he brought a

impulse to take the child, and told us of some peculiar experiences he had. He brought her here—how, I do not know. She grew into graceful womanhood, and developed the noblest qualities. She has endeared herself to us all. We are very fond of Fulma."

"Fulma?" I gasped.

"Yes, Feanka—have you heard the name before?"

Then I told him the incident at the fountain, with Oronena.

He looked at me a moment, then seemed lost in thought. Presently, he smiled as he said gently: "My son, when you have progressed further you will understand."

"Does she know her early history?" I asked.

"No. The secret of her infancy has been guarded by our nation. We thought that the knowledge of the tragedy would embitter her life and awaken a dislike for Termal, who, she supposes, is her father, and who loves her the same as his daughter Zenia. Aside from this act, Termal is without reproach. For more than—yes, it was during the third subsidence before you came—twenty-one years, she has been the object of our tenderest care."

"But the absence of the racial mark, Oron?"

"I understand, Feanka. For a long time it was a troublesome subject, one difficult to explain to her. You can readily comprehend what an object of interest this infant was to our science men."

"Was there no mark on her clothing, no clue, whatever, to her history?"

"No. The poor child was nearly naked when she reached here. Termal protected the wee thing, as best he could, by wrapping her in his own garment. The only thing was a little trinket tied to her neck."

"Something tied to her neck, Oron?"

"Yes, a gold ornament on which were marks. It has been in my keeping, as it could not be given to Fulma without explanation. Would you like to see it?"

"I should indeed!"

We went to his house. Opening an ebony cabinet in the library, he placed a small locket in my hand. As I gazed at it, I recalled the story told by Captain Mathers. I turned the jewel. There was the name—"Josephine."

"Oron," I exclaimed, "I know the history of this girl!"

"You know about her, Feanka? Why—what know you? Tell me all."

I repeated the skipper's tale.

"The ways of the Supreme surpass our comprehension," he said, with a far-away look; "they are beyond interrogation. The

veil so long round our darling has parted. Her parents, then, were English. She never knew them, poor child! Feanka, I will take you to her; from you she shall learn her history. The time has come when all must be revealed. Why—you are both of the same race; had events been otherwise, you would speak the same tongue! Were it not that tomorrow will be our day of rest and worship, I should urge immediate departure. Then, too, the addresses are to be on the first three evenings of the following week," he added in a tone of regret. "We must wait."

"Shall I not tell my companions at once?" I asked.

"Yes—yet stay awhile"—he waved his hand toward an inviting basket—"partake of this fruit, and tell me that story once more. It is thrilling!"

Eager though I was to share the startling discovery with my comrades, I tarried, enthralled, while Oron—using the tale as a theme—revealed to me who and what the real man is—the being created in the image of his Maker—and explained his individual relation to the human family. A revelation that made me linger until the lengthening shadows bade me depart.

\* \* \*

I was ill-prepared to meet Tom's boisterous mirth. "Draw up to the table," I said to him; "and you, too, Audofa, I have something to tell you."

"Been off on a curio hunt, Fean?"

"No—the curio came to me. Do you remember the girl with the blue eyes, at Huan?"

"Certainly, who wouldn't?"

"Well, who do you think she is?"

"Who? Why, the daughter of some respectable Zoecian; one of whose ancestors, very far back, resembled her."

"That won't fill the bill," I said. "You will have to guess again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Audofa. "I was of Tooma's mind."

"You are both a long ways off. She is not a Zoecian at all. She is the foster-child of the government."

"The foster-child?" shouted Tom. "Why, a foster-child of this government would have to come from outside."

"Precisely. That's just what happened."

"How is that?" asked Hum.

"See here, old friend, did you ever hear about a child that was orphaned when it was but a few days old, under peculiarly tragical circumstances?"

"Yes; the baby born on the ship 'Melrose,'" he replied, after some thought.

"Why—of—course!" chimed in Tom, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands. "The little tot who was adopted by the cook, or someone else. They tied a locket to its neck, and took it for a boat ride—and a big man stole it and—"

"Just so, historian. Well—less than three hours ago I held that locket in my hand."

Tom looked at me solicitously. "Hat, you are desperately ill," he said; "you have hallucinations, forerunning convulsions, coma and—"

"Stuff and nonsense," I broke in. "It is true. The locket was brought here by an adventurous Zoeian, who once traveled to a far country."

"So ho!" he exclaimed. "The little kid was the 'burden' Termal brought up the pass."

"Yes, and her name is Fulma. Do you remember her other name, Audofa?"

"It was Josephine."

"Wh-ew!" exclaimed Tom, rising and staring at us. "Fulma and St. John had the same experience."

"In what way, Tooma?"

"Why, you ought to recall it, Audofa; both were carried to a great and high mountain."

"Aye, it is true!" said Hum. "And through much tribulation they entered the kingdom of heaven. So entered we all."

"Jove!" exclaimed Tom, "if I knew her address, I would cable Mrs. Durand."

Hum's slight cough suggested incipient laryngitis.

### CHAPTER XIII

The temple, built of white marble, was heptagonal in form. The entrances were on opposite sides, through broad porches flanked by massive columns of malachite. The whole rose majestically from a colossal foundation of porphyry that rested on a terrace overlaid with fine turf, whose emerald surface was broken by flights of broad steps.

Within, everything was of fine grained, highly polished veined marble. The rows

of seats, the fan-shaped platform, the reading-desk were all pure white. This monotone was relieved by the great gold pipes of the organ and the rose-pearl light from the lofty windows.

The auditorium had a capacity of about eight thousand, and nearly every seat was filled. The vast audience of stately men, handsome women and fair youths, robed in spotless white garments that contrasted sharply, but charmingly, with the hue of health, the dark eyes and the auburn hair of the wearers, made an imposing spectacle.

The services were characterized by the delightful simplicity and fervent devotion of this exalted people. All stood while the divine blessing was silently invoked. Then, Oron, with engaging presence and cadenced voice, read numerous passages from the sayings of their Master; dwelling upon each as if inspired. I detected a striking similarity between the utterances of Kesua and Jesus; but they seemed to possess an indefinable quality, not to be found in the records of our Lord's words. No wonder, I thought, the schismatic hand had never fouled the fair page.

The music was of the finest. The organ, immense in size, volume and variety of tone, with wide range and ravishing combinations, was ably supported by the orchestra. The Zoeians were enthusiastic lovers of rich harmonies. Their well-attuned voices rose in thrilling crescendos, as they chanted the words of their Master.

I looked at the Hungarian, as he stood by me with uplifted, radiant face—heart and voice engaged in songs of praise. This, too, among his own people. The seed of covetousness vibrated for an instant within my breast. I trampled on it.

Not so with my handsome comrade. At the moment, he was lost to all but the fine contribution which he, with Tesia and Isa, made to the service. I fancied that pleasing anticipations might be gently stimulating him, for we were to dine (or "partake") at Oron's—a place dear to Tom—where the Oronena and her daughters wove into their generous hospitality many captivating tones.

In the last song, a voice rang clear and high, as an impassioned face shone, in strong contrast, between the shoulders of two fair Zoeians. It was Moto's.

Our ride to Bacca was through a succession of alluring spots. Evidently, this government was like a good father, whose life and energies are devoted to the welfare of his children.

We learned much from Oron that morning. He told us that the temple at Hokenda was but one of many, similar in design and finish, whose combined capacity equaled their population. To me, intense interest attached to the fact that the worship in every temple was exactly at the same hour. I reflected upon the strength of the vibration that went forth from this high altar. Had it not a regenerating influence elsewhere?

He further told us of their four annual festivals, held respectively, at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, the summer and winter solstices; and known as the festival of "invocation," "recognition," "the manifestation," and "the visitation." These were held in the various cities. To meet the requirements of so large a number of non-residents, restafas were established, where guests had every home comfort and attention—a fact patent to us.

"We are nearing Fulma's home," said Oron. He drew from his robe two small cases and placed them in our hands. "You will find them useful," he said.

Moto suddenly turned from his window. "See, great light!" he exclaimed.

"The reflection from the accumulators," explained Oron.

During an animated exchange of views between Tom and Moto, I asked Oron when I should tell Fulma her history.

"Whenever you deem it wise to do so," he replied. "I have entire confidence in your judgment and discretion."

The simple genuineness of this folk was exhibited in the way Peroma, first governor of the district, and Beoteen, director of the observatory, received the nation's chief. Welcoming smiles, a few words of friendship, a warm clasp of hands—nothing more. They understood and trusted and loved one another with a love from which all self-love had been filtered. Yet the comparative worth of such an affection was, as Hum had said, "as little known to them as to the trusting child."

Then Peroma turned to us, and we knew at once, no kin brother could be closer. No need for the assurance of welcome; the

earnest solicitude for our welfare; the expressed hope that our sojourn would be long; the cordial offer of domestic hospitality. We knew it all before; but the words, as they fell from the tall Zoeian's lips, were pleasant to the ear, and lingered as sweet memories after we reached the restafa.

Tom stood at an open window gazing at the dome of the observatory. He turned with the suddenness inspired by a new thought.

"Frank," he said, "when you look at Oron, Soratiya, Loreda, and our friends here, it is difficult to realize that neither of them is worth a cent. Why, they couldn't buy a postage stamp. Singular thought! I can't get used to it. The common question 'how much is he worth,' can't be asked here."

"On the other hand, my boy, I think the question would be pertinent," I said. "They are rich in their grand personalities, their profound wisdom, and their unselfish devotion to the commonwealth. These are possessions that do not require safes and vaults."

"True enough," he assented, turning to the bountiful repast just served by a man-in-gray; "these men radiate light, warmth and love. And grand Oron—how thoughtful to give us the timepieces. Well, I have a fierce appetite, and here are lots of good things."

I sat in an easy chair lost in thought, of the past, the present, and—the possible future. My comrade was sampling.

"Move up," he cried, "things are moving down. Why so pensive? Dreading the interview? Do you know, Fean, I have an impression that the lost lamb will interest you more than the ninety-and-nine others?"

"To whom do you refer?" I asked.

"To whom? Why, to Fulma, of course."

"That name is associated with sad thoughts, Tom."

"Sad thoughts! Jove—they will lose their gloom fast enough, or I am no prophet. By the way, when did Oron say he would come for us?"

"About the fourteenth hour."

"Well, you can rest assured he will be on time. Here, brace up! Warm up a bit! Fortify! Smile, man! Now, stow that away—it will be good ballast. I saved it for you." He pointed to a savory dish still smoking. "I am on my last course. These purple grapes and fresh figs fit as though made to order. Hey, get intimate with this glass of

wine, eyes first, then—good boy! Well, I shouldn't mind a cigarette."

"What?"

"The truth, Fean. Old Adam gives me a wink now and then."

"Look out for the Eves, my chum."

"The eves? Pshaw! I shouldn't mind getting drenched today."

\* \* \*

Punctuality was a Zoeian trait. Oron conducted us to one of those rare houses that radiate hospitality at every angle. It stood in a large garden full of cosy nooks, fragrance and color. As we walked up the broad path, a young girl of some twenty summers, with dark eyes, darker auburn hair, and ripe lips just parting with an exclamation of delight, came bounding toward us:

"Oh, dear Oron!"

"Ah, Zenia, my daughter," he exclaimed, passing his arm around the bonny Zoeian, "*wohares* (how fares it with thee)? Zenia, you have heard of our brothers, Feanka and Tooma? I bring them to you."

Two small, shapely, jeweled hands went out to us—her face glowing with friendliness. "Oh, yes, I feel as though I knew them both," she replied. "Fulma talks about them constantly. Oh, I am so glad you have come! Why," she exclaimed, looking at Tom, "you are as tall as I am! I thought—"

"What did you think?" he laughed, coloring slightly. "Did you fancy we were nice little boys?"

"Oh, no no," she denied, blushing in turn, "but Fulma said you were mentally tall."

Oron evidently enjoyed this banter. "Zenia, you must remember we are a tall race," he said. "We did not realize it until—er—some time ago. You are an exception—you are but little taller than Fulma. Is Termal at home?"

"Not yet, dear Oron. Some work at the observatory has detained him. Oh, let us find Fulma!"

Entering the front door, we looked through the hall to a vine-clad piazza, thence out upon a maze of shrubbery and flower beds. A broad walk bordered by roses led to a pavilion covered with clematis.

"Wait," Zenia whispered, "let's surprise her."

She ran upstairs, but at once returned. "She must be gathering flowers," she said. "Oh, we must find her!"

We stood on the steps, while she ran down the walk, calling in a fine contralto, "Ful—ma!"

Tom grasped my arm, his face ashen. "My God!" he exclaimed in English. "Look!"

In the entrance to the bower stood a beautiful woman clad in a rich oriental costume, holding in her right hand an antique vase of flowers—the vision of the Mohegan.

My knees relaxed slightly—I put out my hand.

"Something startled you, brothers?" Oron asked, surprised.

"Yes—we were slightly startled," I admitted. "Nothing serious, however; some other time I will tell you what it was."

Meantime, Zenia and Fulma were coming up the walk. I looked at Fulma—a slight, graceful woman, her well-poised head crowned with rippling golden hair, her face wondrous fair, her color clear, and soft as the petals of a June rose, and unseen depths in her dark-blue eyes that beamed with wonder and kindness as she drew near.

"Dearest Oron!" Her eyes spoke the further welcome.

"My child," said Oron, "here are Feanka and Tooma, whom you have seen. I bring them that you may know them. Zenia, my daughter," he said, glancing at my comrade, "a glass of wine might be well just now."

Fulma transferred the vase to her other hand—the "subtle fragrance" as before. My eyes dimmed for an instant—then met the flash of a rare jewel as I received her warm, fair hand in mine.

"Feanka, since those charming nights in Huan, I have longed to hear again those thrilling tales. I wish—oh, so much—to know all about your country and your people. And Tooma," she said, turning to him with no less cordiality, "did you not notice how I enjoyed your crayon work?"

"Ve—yes—you were the one who—er—smiled when I drew the—the big guns."

"So I did," she said, "and I want to see more of those pictures. Will you draw them for me?"

Tom stared at her in a dazed, vague way. "To be sure, I will," he said. "Why, of course! I will make one of—"

His eye rested on a vision of beauty—a lithe, queenly girl with dark, laughing eyes, a mass of wavy auburn hair enfaming small

regular features, and a well-rounded form from which fell, in soft folds, a gown of creamy white; in her hand, a fragile glass of sparkling wine.

"Only one, daughter?" asked Oron quizzically.

"Pardon me," she blushed. "Why—how thoughtless!"

"Ex-treme-ly thoughtful," asserted Tom, as he watched the pleasing picture disappear through the doorway.

Oron appeared amused. A deep voice sounded in the hall.

"Ah, dear one, is it possible? We are highly honored."

"Yes, Padu, they are on the porch."

A man—somewhat less in stature than the average Zoeian, of muscular build, with broad shoulders, a countenance indicative of firmness and decision, and eyes like Zenia's, but more restless—rushed forward.

"Here they are, Termal!" exclaimed Oron. "You have them now."

"Happy day, my brothers!" he said with warmth. "As often as I have had opportunity, I have seen and heard you; but to have you in my house, and take by the hand the men who passed through that abode of blackness and terror, is an honor indeed."

"It is mutual," I said.

A momentary shade of sadness crossed the strong features. Oron consulted the time dial.

"We are quite ready," I said, rising.

"No, no," objected Termal, "all must partake with us on this joyful occasion. Zenia, Fulma, my loved ones, join in urging them to remain."

Tom's face signified entire willingness.

"Nay, Termal," said Oron, "I must keep my appointment with Peroma; but," he added archly, "I think Feanka and Tooma will not object. I shall walk. Go with me a little way, Termal. *Subaketa yune*, dear ones!"

Zenia bent forward with parted lips—one hand outstretched to Fulma—until the departing figures were lost to sight. Then, turning, she cried gayly:

"Now for flower garlands!"

"Flower garlands by all means," assented Tom, humming fragments of a ballad, as he joined our fair leader.

"Tooma has a fine voice," said Fulma, "but he sang not in Zoeian."

"No, it was an English song," I explained. "Do you and Tooma speak English?" she asked.

"Certainly, it is our native tongue. Do you like it?"

"Yes, it impresses me something like the perfume of a flower one has not seen for years. But tell me, Feanka, why did Tooma become so pale?"

I gazed into dark, inquiring eyes, and hesitated. The question was so definite, the reply so difficult. I answered evasively. "H-m—I—I don't quite know. Perhaps he, too, had an impression."

Conscious that my reply was not satisfactory, I added: "Sometime, a long time hence, I will try to explain."

We joined the gay couple loaded with flowers.

"Tooma, sing that song again, while Fulma and I weave the garlands," pleaded Zenia. "I like the sound of it."

Tom complied warmly, and at greater length.

"It is just dear," said Zenia. "There are four words that sound exactly alike. What are they, Tooma?"

"Well, they are English, you know. I can't readily get them into Zoeian. Perhaps I can—when I know your language better."

"Then hurry and learn it, Tooma. I will help you."

"Because you want to know those words?"

"It may be," she replied, as her hands paused in their work, and a thoughtful expression stole into the eyes that presently glanced up slyly. "Oh, we shall have fine music tonight!" she went on. "Fulma sings charmingly, and you, too, Feanka; you sing, of course, and Padu will play, and—oh, it will all be so nice!" The jeweled hand emphasized her enthusiasm.

"So your father is a musician," I said.

"Yes, Feanka, he is the leader of our orchestra. Oh, why not sit on the turf?" she exclaimed, gathering up the flowers and dropping on the sunlit sward; "it's much nicer than those seats. Tooma, come and hold my garlands. Fulma, let Feanka hold yours. There—but Tooma, see—it is not easy to reach you."

My comrade adjusted himself without audible remonstrance.

It was a fair picture—auburn and gold, emerald and deep brown, kissed by the

declining sun. I looked at my fair co-worker, as her delicate fingers arranged the blossoms. She was ravishingly attractive. She had been pensively silent for awhile. In fact, the voluble Zenia left but few vacancies. "Would you care to learn my language?" I asked.

"Yes—more than I can express," she smiled.

"Then I will try," I said.

"Thank you, Feanka. With you, to try is to succeed."

Tom had been silent for a few seconds. He suddenly—inadvertently, I hoped—lapsed into English: "By Jove, Fean," he exclaimed, "we are about as well paired as the lawn!"

The girls glanced up in a way to impress me that some apology was due them. "Tooma was oiling his English," I tried to explain. "He fears it might become rusty, I presume."

"Were you, Tooma?" asked Zenia.

He nodded assent.

"Do the English have to be oiled?" she pursued.

"The English? Why, yes, Zenia, occasionally. Americans, too, and all other people I have ever heard of, except the Zoeians."

"Why? Because they become rusty?"

"No, it is because they are so bright and sharp. It's this way, Zenia—but you can't understand—if there is a big something or other they want, or wish to make go, with lots of—of boodle in it. There, I knew you couldn't understand—you have no such word as 'boodle,' I suppose—no use for—"

"Yes, we have, Tooma. The same word."

"Say it!"

"*Buedaal* (resignation)."

Tom exploded. Fulma watched, with some anxiety, I thought, the contortions of my face.

"Oh, pardon me, please," cried Tom.

"The misfit was so ludicrous. Pshaw! What is the use trying to explain something way over your—I mean, far below your feet."

"Please—please go on, Tooma. I like to hear you."

"Like to hear me? Doesn't it make any difference what I say?"

"It is all lovely, Tooma. Perfectly charming!"

"Scott!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, Zenia."

"Oh, but you did. You asked something."

"No, no. I was thinking about a great American."

"As great as dear Oron?"

"Well—scarcely. Hold still, while I catch the butterfly on your hair."

"Don't touch it," entreated Fulma. "You will injure its wings."

"Why—our people catch them and pin—put them into a glass case. Don't you?"

"Oh, no. Why, they are only beautiful in their free, joyous life. Feanka, I am sure you think so."

"Yes, I do," I heartily agreed. "I thank you for the new thought."

She made no attempt to conceal her pleasure at my words.

"But you pick flowers," argued Tom, "and they are living things."

"That is true," admitted Fulma, "but they are not endowed."

"Endowed?"

"I do not think I can explain, Tooma," she laughed. "You must ask dear Oron, or Loreda, or the Madu Rea."

"There goes a bee," cried Tom. "I wonder there is not a swarm of them here."

The delightful little personality by my side seemed surprised.

"Bees go where there are living flowers," she said, "where there is honey."

Tom looked at each of our companions. "Precisely!" he said.

"Zenia, dearest," said Fulma, rising, "we must give thought to more solid things for awhile."

"Going?" exclaimed Tom. "Then we will have a procession; someone must lead. She must be crowned! Who shall it be?"

"Oh, Fulma, of course!" exclaimed Zenia. "And Feanka must place the garland. Here is a lovely one."

I placed it on the sunny head. "Fulma," I said, "I crown thee mistress of our hearts!"

My comrade looked at the dainty, radiant maidens—at the fragrant garlands on the emerald turf, over all "the summer heaven's delicious blue." "Fean," he whispered, "I feel like building a tabernacle."

\* \* \*

I knew by Termal's pressure on my arm that Oron had told him. Then, too, the shadow on his face had deepened; the little sprites that were wont to dance in his eyes

like motes in the sunbeam, had fled, but naught of his cordiality. He had, he said, selected some articles he thought would interest us, and as he spoke, he came between us and laid his strong, reliant hands on our shoulders.

"I like," he reiterated, "to touch the men who braved the perils, the lurking deaths of that hitherto unexplored pass."

My heart warmed to him. "We could not have done it but for Audofa," I said.

"Perhaps not," he said. "Audofa! One of us! I long to meet him."

"You will have much in common," said Tom.

His hands slipped away. He turned to his collection. "It may be," he said, a tinge of sadness in his smile. "Yes, it may be. Here are some fine sun-pictures of our country." He had opened a portfolio.

"Why, they are colored," I said. "Someone must be dextrous with the brush."

"They are taken direct from nature," he said.

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "They are marvelous! Our scientists have been trying for years to do this."

He appeared much surprised at my statements, declaring that by their method it was a simple process. He then showed us, through an instrument resembling our stereoscope but more complex, an azalea in full bloom. The effect was startling. "This is specially fine," he said, carefully adjusting an object. While we looked, a gorgeous parrot flew away. Even the swaying of the bough was visible.

Tom gasped. "The bird has stolen my breath," he said.

Termal took from his mineral cabinet, a very large nugget of gold. "A fine specimen of 'ol,'" he remarked, placing it on the table.

"Why, it's gold!" cried Tom. "This piece is worth lots!"

"It is a pure and useful metal, Tooma. We use it in many ways."

"Why, Termal, it is gold!" persisted Tom. "Useful metal, well, I should say so! For what do you use it?"

"Oh, for the metal pipes in our organs," said our host; "parts of our optical instruments; and in the manufacture of our time-pieces, table articles and jewelry. Its chief value is its purity and resistance to oxidation."

"Yes, it is pure," said Tom. "All the

same, it can so corrode men and women that they bear no resemblance to their Maker."

"I do not understand that, Tooma," said our host, rising. "We are coming, my daughter," he answered to a soft call. "Let us go, brothers. My girls have something better for you."

He led us to a room filled with evidences of feminine taste and woman's dexterity. The two factors that, at times, combine in a way to be recalled with all their original brightness; with all their former associations, after long years have passed; now by a flower, now by a fabric, a picture, or some deftly arranged drapery; recalled until the heart thrills with the memories—momentarily, it may be—for the resurrected image does not always bring happiness. Sometimes it speaks too audibly of what might have been.

The wreaths encircling five plates on the round table, indicated that the order of succession from Termal's right, would be as follows: Fulma, Tom, Zenia and myself. The group had been wisely arranged.

Tom's eyes wandered from the superb plate to the wall, as in search of a "time-lock," or some humbler guardian of treasure.

"I trust that good appetite awaits our repast," said Termal, turning to my comrade.

"Mine will readily embrace these good things, my host," said Tom, "but it is curious how one is at times sustained and stimulated by other things than food."

"Our fine air and water, perhaps," suggested Termal.

Tom's eyes sparkled with mischief. "They doubtless are generous contributors," he said, "but there are other up—uplifting influences."

"Quite right," assented Termal. "We are an uplifted people."

"True," agreed Tom, "you certainly have been well raised."

"When shall we see that wonderful man, Audofa?" asked Fulma. "To think that he is of our race!"

Tom glanced at me with a smile that faded before my mute admonition.

"A noble addition to our number he is," said Termal. "The four old travelers must meet under this roof. We must have a sun-picture of that group."

"Padu, the black boy, Motoo, should be in the picture," said Fulma. "Do you not think so, Tooma?"

"Yes, by all means! That is, if your Padu doesn't object to a dark background."

"Not at all," said Termal. "It often heightens the effect. The boy appeared very bright, when I saw him at Hokenda. Does he attend you well, Feanka?"

"Admirably! I have but little for him to do; not as much as would be to his advantage."

"Padu, why not take him into the observatory?" asked Fulma.

"The idea is a good one, my daughter. He can assist me in many ways, if Feanka is willing."

"An excellent arrangement," I approved. "Moto is intelligent and quick of perception. He will do well."

Then Termal talked about the observatory and described their wonderful instruments and what they revealed, until I exclaimed with enthusiasm—much to Fulma's delight, I thought—"Termal, I can hardly await the opportunity to see these things."

"I will arrange with Beoteen for an evening," he said.

Meanwhile, Tom had picked the seeds from his orange and arranged them on his plate. Zenia had watched him with interest, which would have been deeper, I thought, but for her enforced silence. Tom had cautioned against talking during his calculation.

"Now count them," he said. "You must not count aloud."

She bent forward, her head dangerously close to the seedsman.

"Now, count them backward so as to be sure of the number," he directed. "Don't hurry. All right—now we will see how many seeds there are in your orange. There should be the same number."

Again, propinquity was the dominant reason for retarding the investigation. "H-m," he said, "there seems to be one seed lacking."

"Here it is," she exclaimed. The gold nut-pick had invaded its privacy. "Well, now," she said, sitting erect, "what is it all about?"

"Oh, it's a little game."

"A game, Tooma? I should call it a puzzle. One about as easy to see through," she laughed, "as you are."

"Good!" I cried. "He has met his match."

"Am I a match, Tooma?"

"Well—you—er—are striking," he said.

"I can tell you better when I become fluent in Zoeian."

"Oh, you speak it remarkably well," she said, a tinge of mischief lurking in her dark eyes; "but I can make you more proficient."

"Now for songs and music!" exclaimed Fulma, rising. "Feanka, do you know Tooma's little game?" she asked.

"Why—ye—yes, I think I do."

"Is it so very difficult?"

She stood in the twilight glow. "That depends," I answered.

Fulma seated herself at, well—it certainly was a piano, but so different from ours in construction and tone, that I at once realized how much our famous makers had yet to learn. Fulma's voice was a fine soprano; Zenia's a soft contralto; Tom's a rich baritone; and—as the reader has been told—my own a tenor of which I once was proud. And Termal? Ah, he was a master who could play exquisite obligatos on his *vilo* (violin).

"It was glorious!" he exclaimed, at the close of the third number. "We must repeat this often."

Presently, Zenia selected a song for three voices. "That is one of the best," said Termal, glancing at it. "Feanka and I will go outside and listen."

I followed him to the porch and thence to a small bower a few rods distant.

His words were few, his voice tremulous, as he drew close to me.

"Feanka," he said, "you know all."

"Yes, Termal—and you?"

"Yes, Oron has told me. Yet, my brother, you do not know all. You know nothing of the years of torture I have endured from remorse for my unholy act. It has gnawed at my heart until at times it has seemed past endurance. Just retribution has been visited on me. My beloved wife was taken from me. She never recovered from the shock of my deed. Thanks to the Father, Zenia escaped the shadow of a pre-natal influence. I have endeavored to expiate my wrong-doing by tender care for the child I—brought here. I have lavished on her a parent's love, and she has given me a daughter's affection. And now—"

The strong man buried his face in his hands and moaned.

"Termal," I said, laying my hand on him, "do not give way to these self-accusations."

Can you not realize that you raised the little orphaned waif, from a possible, a probable death, to a glorious life?"

"There is great comfort in that thought," he said. "It is a ray of sunlight athwart a black cloud. But Fulma, when she knows all—and know she must, for Oron's word is my law—what will she think of me? When she knows my wickedness, my deceit, how will she regard me? What shall I be to her whom I so love? Truly, my punishment is greater than I can bear."

His broken voice was piteous to hear.

"You have my sympathy in this dark hour," I said. "I regret the poverty of my words. Try to believe that you were chosen to work out the divine will."

"Aye—it may be," he said, his hand on mine. "Say those words again. They are warm wavelets of hope. Feanka, my fellow-traveler, I now have some reason to think your words may be true. Well—do not delay the recital. I cannot longer endure the terrible uncertainty."

A wave of harmony vibrated through the rose-scented air. "Listen," I said, pressing his arm, "it is Fulma's voice. It speaks to you in words of consolation."

"Ah, yes—so it does—so it does. Oh, my brother," he grasped my arm, "you know not how I love that child!"

"How long you were gone!" said Fulma, as we entered the music-room. "We have needed you."

Needed by her. "We were with you in spirit," I said; "your voice came to us as a benison."

Robed in loveliness, her hand resting on the manual, she stood by the instrument beneath the soft light that seemed to come from nowhere.

"Those are sweet words," she said.

#### CHAPTER XIV

The poet has said:

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming and look brighter as we come.

So thought Tom and I when, with Moto, we drew near to "Bestofall"—as my comrade had aptly named Termal's domain—for through a screen of fragrant honeysuckle there came to us gladsome, welcoming words, and the next moment we were exchanging merry greetings with our fair friends.

"It is nice of you to come so early," said Zenia. "Padu is to meet us at the observatory. Then we will go to the accumulators and other places—and then come back and have fruit and wine and sing songs! Oh, we will have such a good time! Who wants a white rose?"

"I," cried Tom.

"It is yours if you catch me," she said, rushing down the garden walk with Tom in hot pursuit. They returned slowly and in great glee. The lapel of Tom's robe announced victory. Moto's feet recalled the dance of his people.

"You need not race for a rose, Feanka," said Fulma. "Here is a beauty for you. Now, let me fasten it in place. Oh, but I can't unless you stand steady."

Why was the caution necessary, I asked myself.

"Come on, Tooma!" shouted Zenia. "We will be the guides. We shall not have dear Oron this morning, because so many want to talk with him. I am sorry on your account."

Termal smiled at the irrepressible vivacity of his daughter, but sobered as his eyes rested on Fulma and me. I surmised his thoughts.

"Why, Padu," said Fulma, "you are not merry like the morning."

"A little cloud, perhaps, dear one," he said, "that has no business to appear when you are present. And here is Motoo. Do you care to come with me for awhile, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, Master Termal."

"Say not master, my boy. I am only your friend and teacher. Well, let us go."

The accumulator house was principally characterized by its three prodigious domes. The building—of stone, and about sixty feet in height—was located due east and west. As you passed to the second and third floors you were confronted by a maze of immense copper sheets arranged in groups on either side of long isles, huge tanks, receivers, condensers, great silver-plated disks—both convex and concave—pipes and rods; all as complicated in structure as in their grouping. On the third floor Termal paused. "We can remain in the upper room but a moment," he said; "you are not accustomed to the heat of the chamber."

He was right. There was a sensation of intense light and heat that forbade a longer



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*His broken voice was piteous to hear*

sojourn. I glanced at the domes. They were formed of gigantic lenses beneath which, at varying distances, were disks of gold supported on copper rods, that passed through the floor and made connection with the apparatus below.

Once more on the ground floor, Termal led us to an adjoining room, the "chamber of distribution and control," he said. On one side was a mass of silver arrows, on graduated disks, arranged in groups of three.

"Each group," explained our guide, "represents light, heat and power. There are as many groups as districts on our island. From each district the agents are redistributed where required. And this," he continued, in another apartment, "is the chamber of harmony. Here the solar power is harmonized to the car-ways, factories, and all other motors; also to the *kanjoots* and all devices for heating and lighting. In that recess," he pointed, "is the division which regulates all timepieces and controls the movement of the instruments in the observatory."

"But won't it ever give out?" asked Tom. "I do not know," Termal replied. "It has not faltered during two thousand years." "Great Scott!"

Tom's open mouth engaged Zenia's attention.

A slight pressure on my arm caused me to look into two inquiring eyes. "Feanka," asked the owner, "do these things interest you?"

"Greatly," I answered.

The smile that played round Fulma's faultless lips spoke of a doubt removed.

"Oh, why go anywhere else this morning?" pleaded Zenia. "I want to sing songs."

"Capital idea!" approved Tom.

"You cannot do better," agreed Termal. "There is plenty of time for the other places. Return by way of the park and the ravine. Motoo, my boy, now for a lesson."

His eyes lingered on Fulma as we parted. He was sure that before he saw her again, she would know her history.

The ramble through the park was charming, but Tom and Zenia were more attracted to their songs than to the floral beauties.

"It is so lovely here," said Fulma, "I wish they would not hurry away."

We were at a little bower, nestled among fragrant vines on a green hillside.

"Why not tarry awhile in this attractive spot?" I asked.

She hesitated. "I will," she said, "if you will tell me one of those wonderful stories."

The hour had struck! I wavered an instant. Why should I change the current of this fair life? Oron had so directed.

"Well, Fulma," I said, "I will tell you a strange story. Let us make ourselves comfortable. It is a long one."

"I am glad it is long," she said, nestling in a corner of the bower.

"It is a tale of the sea," I said. "A story of a man and his wife and their little child who were in a ship on a great ocean. Audofa told you about ships and oceans you—"

"Yes, and Padu, too," she interposed.

"Ah, did he? Well, this man and his wife were very fond of each other," I went on.

"Why, Feanka, are not all married people fond of each other?"

"Well, not all, I am sorry to say. If you were married, would you love your husband, little woman?"

"Why, of course I should. I would love him better than—"

"Better than Padu or Zenia or Oron?"

"Yes, Feanka, I would love the man I chose next to Kesua, my Master. Please go on."

Then I told her the entire story as I heard it from Captain Mathers. While I was talking, her expressive eyes often overflowed and the small hands trembled in her lap.

"And you heard this wonderful story?" she asked.

"Yes, Fulma, the mate of that ship—afterwards captain of the one on which we came to Africa—told me, himself."

"Why, Feanka! And no one knew what became of the little girl?"

"Not for many years," I answered with hesitancy. "That is the most remarkable part of the story."

"Oh, tell me," she exclaimed eagerly, drawing nearer.

"The man carried the child hundreds of miles through perils and hardships and finally took her to a great and good people, far away, among whom she grew to be a beautiful woman loved by every one."

"And the bad man?"

"He wasn't a bad man at heart," I said. "He always claimed that he was impelled to do as he did, by some strange force. He

adopted the waif as his daughter, and has cared for her lovingly."

The slender hand toyed with the vines and, now and then, sought to conceal a falling tear. "Do you suppose she is living today?" she finally asked.

"Yes—I think she is."

She sat silent and pensive. A ray of sunlight stole into the bower and caressed her. She had never before appeared so bewitchingly beautiful.

"But the captain could not have told you the last part of the story," she suddenly exclaimed. "Who did?"

I rose, and going to the entrance of the bower, gazed at the far-away blue horizon. I was at the threshold—I must cross it.

"You did not answer me, Feanka."

"No, Fulma, I did not. Come out into the glorious sunlight," I said, extending my hand. "Come, sit on this soft carpet, and I will tell you."

She rose and went with me. "Now tell me," she urged. "Why do you hesitate?"

I passed my finger within my collar. Loose as it was, it seemed to strangle me. I strove against my weakness. "Fulma, my dear," I gasped, "it was—Oron."

"Oron!" she repeated, as her brow knit, "not our Oron?"

"Yes, Fulma, our Oron."

"Why, how could he know?" she asked.

"Why should he not? The little child was brought here."

"Brought here? To Zoeia? To Bacca? Why—it is within my life. How strange I never heard of it. How—"

The glow on her face gave place to a pallor that alarmed me.

"Why—why," she cried, an expression of terror in her eyes, "beside you and your companions, there was but one—oh, no, no—it cannot be! My dear, kind, loving Padu. He could not—he did not do it! It is impossible!"

I took the trembling hand that went out to me in her agony.

"Try to control your emotions, my sister," I implored. "Do not give way to them. Of what avail now?"

"You are right, my brother," she said, drying her eyes. "Quite right. I was powerless beneath the terrible blow. But where is this child? This woman, she must be now? Do you know, Feanka?"

"Yes—I—know."

"Then tell me at once," she cried, her eyes gleaming with intense excitement. "Where is she? Speak!"

"Be calm," I said, "and I will tell you. She is sitting on a green hillside—her hand rests in mine."

"I?" she cried, springing up. "It is incredible! Why—if it were true, I would be Josephine Jerome!"

"You are."

She stood in front of me, her hands pressed against her temples, gazing at the cloud billows floating far away. She seemed as though seeking to weave, again, the frayed threads of the past.

"All is explained," she said, turning to me. "My strange impressions, my haunting dreams, the mystery of the racial mark. Now, I know all!"

"Not quite all," I said. "Come, sit by me again; I have something to show you."

She came without remonstrance, as before.

"This was on your baby neck," I said, putting the locket in her hand. "There is your name, in English."

The moment was sacred. I rested on my elbow and watched the shadow creep up the slope. . . . Watched and waited—until Fulma spoke.

"Feanka," she said, "your language is mine by inheritance. Your people are my people."

I rose and laid my hand upon the rippling waves of gold.

"Yes, Fulma; and your God is my God."

Her expression was one of ineffable tenderness, as her eyes met mine.

"Let us go at once," she said. "I must be alone with my Master."

We parted at the Clematis Bower. I lingered there awhile, thinking of Fulma, of Ternal, of myself, of the words—"the man I chose"—so artlessly spoken by her who already had found lodgment in my heart. Mrs. Durand's prediction had been fulfilled. Fulma had not chosen. Whom would she choose? I realized how fraught with happiness or misery, for me, might be her choice.

Tom's and Zenia's voices, in pleasing rhythm, told me how little the merry pair in the music room were conscious of the drama on the hillside. And a sadness possessed my soul, which deepened as Ternal met me at the door. His face, usually so joyous,

had settled into sharp lines. To his one anxious question I nodded reply and passed on to the front portico, seeking warmth and consolation in the waves of melody and light-heartedness that flowed from the joyous musicians. A soft breeze, fresh from dalliance with the roses and frolics with no sweeter but coy blossoms, fanned my face. Ever and anon, a fragment of song, a merry laugh, a blithesome word, came to me recurrently, while a gay warbler swinging in the sunbeam carolled cheerily. Singing—and swinging—swinging—and singing—

I watched the plumed beauty until my senses yielded. . . .

A touch on my arm—the flash of a jewel—and out of the domain of shadows, I met Fulma's reassuring smile.

"Ha, I have been far away," I said. "Where—er—is Tooma? Oh—wh—where is—"

"Padu, dear?" she assisted.

Then I knew that her Master had shown her the right way.

\* \* \*

Termal grasped my hand. "The night has fled," he said; "my burden has fallen—I am as one born again. Now for Oron. Ask Audofa to come today. We must all rejoice!"

I called Audofa at the College. He gladly consented to come. As I left the library I again encountered Fulma. She was clad in pure white. Her face glowed. "I have told Zenia," she said. "Both she and Padu will always be the same to me. You have been tender and considerate, Feanka."

"Thank you, dear. How could I be otherwise? Indeed, how could any one?"

She gave me her hand. The jewel's light engaged my attention. "It was this," I said, touching the stone, "that dazzled me when your hand called me back. It is a superb diamond. In my country it would be worth a great deal."

"It has great value here," she said, pressing it to her lips, "for it represents the Subagino in our Master, Kesua. Padu gave it to me at the festival of the Manifestation."

I looked at the woman who thus rated a gem for which a thousand dollars would have been a mean offer elsewhere. . . .

"Oh, it is dear Oron!" cried Fulma. "He is in the garden with Padu. Come, Feanka! Oh, there go Tooma and Zenia."

We clustered round the nation's Chief, Tom's heart and mine as full of love for him as were those of his Zoeian children.

"Feanka," said Oron, "I note a shade of sadness on your face, a tone in your voice less joyful than it should be today. Come with me, my son."

We went to the Clematis Bower. An inquisitive little songster peeped through the lattice, paused a moment, then flew to Oron's shoulders, thence to his hand, nestling a moment as if soliciting caresses. Then its pinions unfolded. Oron's eyes grew more brilliant and his smile deepened, while he watched the flight of the winged flower.

"So should man's soul go to his Maker," he said, "with song of praise, with unfaltering trust and love."

I was irresistibly drawn to this man. He was the embodiment of every lovable quality. I told him of my interview with Fulma on the hillside; of my hopes and doubts; of the remembrance of my old home, so strongly stimulated by the event of the morning; of my yearning for tidings from my parents. In a word, I opened to him the portals of my heart.

"I understand, my son," he said with tenderness. "Your emotions result from impulses imparted to you by the re-incarnating principle, the divine manifestation. They are as they should be. Your growing affection for our foster-child is a beautiful plant. Its life must be carefully nurtured. By birth and high qualifications, you should be the husbandman to bring this fair rose to maturity. That is, my brother, if she should choose you."

"But, Oron, could I not win her by long devotion?"

"I think you have overcome greater obstacles," he smiled. "Now, if you could be assured that your parents were living, would you be comforted?"

"Oh, yes—but that is impossible."

"Perhaps not," he said consolingly. "If they are still within the plane of our vibration, you will see them. If not, you cannot cognize them in your present body. Place your hand in mine and concentrate your mind upon them."

In a few moments the bird voices came to me as from high altitudes. The heavy perfume of the garden receded, fading—fainter—gone. . . . The back porch of my

old home came into view. My mother sat by the familiar table knitting, the sunlight on her face. She looked anxiously at my father, who stood holding an open letter. "What news from our nephew, Francis?" I heard my mother ask. "The old story," my father replied; "he is restless and wants to go to the South seas. It's a family trait; the same spirit that possessed Frank." "Don't let him go," my mother pleaded. "Our own boy is lost." "I don't believe that, mother," my father said, with a stamp. "He has the will and the strength to overcome obstacles; the affection to bring . . . I lost the closing words. The letter, the hand, the faces, dissolved. . . . From far away—the bird's song, the flower's breath; nearer—stronger—clearer—I opened my eyes. I saw the waving clusters of clematis and felt the unclasping of Oron's hand.

"Did you see them?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "It was marvelous, marvelous!"

On our return, Oron gathered a perfect crimson rose.

"Give this to Fulma, my son," he said.

I wanted to ask why, but hesitated. Enough that he so directed. His word was fast becoming my law.

As we neared the steps, Fulma left a merry group and came to us.

"What a beautiful rose," she exclaimed. "Where did you find it?"

"Oron found it," I said. "He asked me—er—told me to give it to you. May I place it in your hair?"

"He told you to give me this?" she exclaimed.

The Chief Executive strove to look grave when we stared at his mute compressed lips, but the telltale smile escaped control.

"Feanka," she said endearingly, "you may place the flower where you will."

\* \* \*

Tom moved we all go to the car-way to meet Audofa. Termal pleaded business at the warehouse with Moto. Oron declared he would walk and meditate during our absence. The rest agreed with my mate that it was "a great scheme." On the way we came to a vineclad house encompassed by foliage and flowers. Fulma paused.

"Let us stop and see the Madu Rea," she proposed. "A few moments with her is a blessing."

"The right thing to do," approved Tom. "I feel unusually receptive to good things today."

The Madu Rea was a Zoeian of the Zoeians, large of stature, dark eyed, soft voiced, stately and gracefully courteous. She impressed me as being much older than the women I had met.

"Oron has told me so much about you," she said, "I have wanted to meet you. I seldom leave home. Perhaps you will come sometimes with my daughters" (as she spoke of Fulma and Zenia) "and tell me about your journey to our country."

I felt that the indulgence would be hers, the pleasure ours. There was an indefinable attractiveness about her that would have held us captive for a long time, had I not observed Tom glance furtively at his time-piece.

"Madu Rea," I said, "we go to meet our fellow-traveler at the car-way."

"Yes, and our brother, by inheritance," she said. "Say to him that an old Zoeian sister wishes to see him; that I have much to say to him."

At parting, she gave to each of us her hand, and, with it, words which confirmed what Fulma had said, "a few words with her is a blessing."

At the station, the coming light announced the train from Hokenda.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom. "Here comes the dear old chap! It seems an age since I saw him. Heavens! Can it be—" (A comely appearing man had stepped from the car.) "What on earth! No—yes, it is Audofa."

We pushed forward, to receive a greeting as hearty as ever a soldier of the Empire gave to an old comrade. The pleasant incidents common to such occasions the world over gave place to realities when we left for Bestofall. For reasons, idle to explain, I was not sorry that Zenia and Tom took possession of Hum. To tell the truth, I was pleased.

"Tell me about the Madu Rea," I said to Fulma, as we slowed our pace somewhat. "Is she not a remarkable woman?"

"Yes, a holy and devout woman. She is very wise. Oron and Loreda and Paerco are often with her. Have you met Paerco, Feanka?"

"Not yet. What about him?"

"Oh, Paerdo is a sage. He is the oldest man in the College; as old as the Madu. He knows all about the beginning and end of things. He is always studying and thinking. Sometimes he talks about things I do not understand. However, there is a reason for that. I am not a Zoeian."

"True, Fulma, but you come from a race known and honored throughout the world."

"Your race, my—my brother?" she said tenderly, her soft blue eyes fixed on mine.

"Yes, thanks to the Father!" I said.

"Well—about the Madu—how old is she? I should say she was about seventy."

"Why, Feanka! The Madu is two hundred years old. She and Paerdo were born the same day."

"Who is two hundred years old?" asked Tom. He had caught the words.

"The Madu Rea, so Fulma says," I replied.

"Fulma! Well, who would have thought—"

"It is true," interposed Hum. "She is a direct descendant from the family in which Kesua was born."

"Did you know this, little woman?" I asked, as we resumed our walk.

"Yes, and I would have told you some other time."

I sought the small hand by my side—the hand that each day became dearer to me. It did not resist. "Will you take me to the Madu's sometime?" I asked. "Just you and I?"

"Would it please you?" she almost whispered.

"Do you need to ask?"

The gentle pressure of her hand, the tender look in her eyes—told me. And thus we walked on in silence, until from his watchtower—the crotch of a tree—a dark sentry

descended nimbly and rushed to us. Faithful Moto!

"Listen!" said Zenia, at the garden. "Padu is playing for dear Oron."

"With a master's skill," said Audofa. "Let us tarry awhile."

"Fulma," I said, "the Padu's heart is overflowing with happiness."

She drew very close—as though she loved my words.

"Heavens! If I could play like that!" exclaimed Tom.

"Padu will teach you," said Zenia.

"No he won't, my keen Zoeian. That is one of the things no man can teach."

"But you have a beautiful voice, Tooma."

"H-m, do you think so? Not every one would say so."

"Do you want every one to say so, Tooma?"

"Well, no—but I wouldn't mind if some one said so often."

The music had ceased. Through the open door came Termal's voice, broken by a chuckle:

"True enough, Oron, but suppose she shouldn't choose him?"

"But she will choose him, Termal. It is written."

Of whom were they talking? I had but slight doubt. My fair companion and I were quite behind the others. My arm went out to bring the sweet vision closer.

"Feanka, did you hear what Padu said?"

"Yes, dear," I replied with emotion.

The night veils were gently closing—the floral fragrance fell softly. Another instant, and my strong clasp would have held the little treasure close, had not her merry laugh stayed me.

"Why, Feanka," she said, "perhaps they were talking about Elida."

(To be continued)

## TWO VIEWPOINTS

A flower on a hillside bare,  
Within a shadow—touch it not!  
To us it is a thing forgot;  
To God, a creature in His care.

—Henry Dumont.



# COME BACK TO ERIN

by Catherine Frances Cavanagh

THE editorial elevator of "The Voice" Building was so packed in its descent that little Miss Erin Fitzgerald was wedged into one of the rear corners, with the broad back of the sporting editor forming a bulwark in front of her. His coat smelled strongly of horses and tobacco, much to her discomfort, for her arms were so tightly pressed to her sides that she could not reach her handkerchief, or take a comfortable sniff at the violets which "an anonymous contributor" had placed on her desk that morning. So, she relieved her feelings by wrinkling her pretty nose. Jimmy Carroll, the London correspondent, who lost his big, warm heart to Erin when she first joined the staff, often remarked that she had the most expressive nose in the world; for it was so changeful—now as prim as a saint's; now resembling that of a haughty beauty; now like that of a saucy boy, and ever and always, dear and charming—like no other nose in all creation!

As Erin's ears opened to the conversation around her, her expressive nose changed from discomfort to scorn, and her gray eyes turned black as her thin red lips turned in and down at the corners. Wertz, the city editor's assistant, was speaking in his most engaging manner to the managing editor, who was also a large stockholder in the company:

"All women are lacking in humor, so you cannot expect much humor in the work of a woman reporter. They'll pour in plenty

of tears in their copy but few smiles. They seem to be reluctant to hoax the people into laughter."

"It looks that way," agreed the Managing Editor, "but, come to think of it, the boys have been asleep lately. Either all the good fakes have been used, or the public has grown wise. I'd give a cool thousand for something to fool the public so harmlessly that it'd pat us on our backs and serenade us with a brass band!"

"And boom our circulation!" put in the Advertising Manager. "Whyn't you chase up that fellow Nire, who sends us in those side-splitting skits?"

"Can't get my hands on him, he seems busy elsewhere whenever I ask him to lunch with me, to drop into the club, etc. I don't even know his right name, for I don't believe that *is* his name, and he seems timid about getting out with the boys. Guess he's like lots of funny writers, grumpy company."

The elevator had reached the ground floor, and as Erin followed the men her smile was so illuminating that the elevator man, who was Irish to the core, could not resist this blarney:

"Always wid the smile of May in yer face, Miss Erin! Did ye listen to that omathawn say no wimmen has wit? He niver haard an Irish woman spake, or, if he did, wid all his Dutch dumbness, he couldn't tell *rare* wit whin he haard it!"

"That's his trouble, Mr. O'Leary," assented Erin. "If he did hear a witty remark

from a woman, he'd not own it *was* witty because it came from a woman. There's none so deaf as those who stuff their ears with cotton of the prejudice brand. Well, goodnight!"

"Good-night to ye, Miss Erin of the smiles! Ye know 'tis said in the poem—'Erin of smiles and tears,' and 'tis as Erin of the smiles I think of ye!"

"An' sure and 'tis yerself as has kissed the Blarney stone, Mr. O'Leary," she said, trying to imitate his fích brogue, as she again laughed and said good-night.

Out in the narrow streets, dark as twilight from the shadows thrown by the skyscrapers, Erin walked almost joyously through the hurrying army of workers. Her heels seemed to have sprouted wings, and, as she told herself, were she only on a good, springy country road she could walk at least fifteen miles before going to bed. Her little nose assumed a triumphant expression, its nostrils dilated like those of a man riding into battle feeling that he will come out of it a conqueror.

"Oh, it is too good for anything," she was saying to herself. "Think Nire is a smart fellow, does he? Wonders why Nire won't drop in to see him or take lunch with him. Asked Nire to come some time and have a night of it with the boys, too! Oh, I think Nire's mamma would object. Perhaps some day I'll tell them, the whole kit-and-bang of them, when they are making slurs at the expense of women's wit, that if they took the trouble to spell Nire backwards they'd find out more about the humorist—and women's wit, so they would!"

"But I must find a way to prove it in a big way that women can perpetrate a joke on the public, as well as men. But how? Oh, inherited Irish Mother Wit, come to my aid! What were all my infant sufferings for, the time my dear daddy and his brother exiles christened me, if it wasn't to endow me with wit, too? My American mother always speaks indignantly of that christening, but, poor dear, she comes of such wayback New England stock, and has a horror of anything that's sacrilegious—as she thought that was—and, too, she is one of the women who haven't one grain of humor. I can see her, in my imagination, of course, for I bet my poor little eyes couldn't see her that day, even should my brain remember. How those dear, rollicking Irishmen, making

the best of me, even if I, the firstborn, wasn't a boy, placed me on a sod of turf brought from Ireland, pinned a moist Irish shamrock over my heart and poured water from the river Liffey over my poor little bald head, as they christened me 'Erin.' And daddy always tells with glee that I didn't cry! What makes me regretful is that I was not old enough to *laugh*! Oh, but here, I must get down to business and think of a way to do the public and those hateful men.

"Jimmy Carroll was the one man on the staff who did appreciate my wit and women! Jimmy is such a dear! If only he didn't make love! But when I do have to marry—*have to*, because old maids have such a hard time among a lot of married sisters and brothers, who think the old maid must be thankful because they let her wait hand and foot and pocketbook on their progeny—when I do marry, it will be a man like Jimmy, only much shorter, of course. Jimmy's too tall for poor me. I feel like a little Fido dog trotting along by his side. Imagine going through life feeling like a Fido dog! No, thank you, Jimmy, dear! But I do hope the man I marry will be as full of fun as you are, Jimmy, then life will be one huge joke! Of course, I'll have some crying spells—all women must, and days will come as they do now, when all the world seems a streaky blue, but I'll lay it to my Celtic temperament and hope that the smiles will soon come back! Dear me! *This* won't do, thinking of getting married, and I haven't even planned that big joke. Oh, I don't care, I'll trust to luck and hope something will pop up before my eyes. Remember," she said in mock severity to herself, though she did contend she had two selves that talked back to each other, "remember *Erin Go Bragh*! Humor is spontaneous, and humor plotted is humor flatted."

The next day, as she was seated at her desk writing, as she often said, "beauty hints to homely women," her eyes fell upon the bright green stamps pasted on the letter from Jimmy which had just reached her that morning. As she gazed upon the engraving of the King of Great Britain, a flash of laughter came over her face, as she mused—"Little did the Irish think that the day would ever come when the King of England would wear the green!" Then,

"Oh, that is too delicious! I must write Jimmy! Oh, yes! that's it—that will do! Oh, Jimmy, if you refuse to help me out, I'll never speak to you again! Oh, I can't wait another second to write him," and she whirled around her typewriter and soon had turned out two long copy sheets to Jimmy, ending with:

"Now, Jimmy, don't go back on me! I know there's danger of us both getting bounced—but think of all the fun we'll get out of it, Jimmy, and glory, too! Bring out your latent devil, Jimmy, and do this thing. Don't go back on that dear, latent devil, which you know I said is in everyone by the name of Jimmy; a delicious, fun-loving devil. Yes, I suppose that cable will be rather expensive, but, Jimmy, remember that old wood engraving I showed you, the one which belongs to Daddy, where the Irishmen in danger of putting their heads inside the hangman's rope for plotting against England are on the night of the final step, standing up, glasses in hand, singing, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die!'

"Remember that, Jimmy, and just don't care a button about expense, getting bounced, or any of those little things which are forgotten in a year and a day, or less. Remember, Jimmy, I think you are too chivalrous to go back on womankind, and this will vindicate my sex. I'll arrange for the cables from Canada to the London edition, and they will cost me the price of my Easter hat. But I don't care. I'll trust to luck that it will be the fashion to go around in our crowning glory, excepting when it is raining. And, say, Jimmie, do you think I could hold the managing editor to that statement of his that he'd give a thousand dollars for a good fake? If he does, I'll *divvy* with you, 'deed I will. I know you'll say you don't want it, but we're pardners in this."

When Mr. James Carroll read all through this letter, which came so swiftly over the seas after his last letter had gone forth, as Erin usually made him write six letters to her one, he brought his long feet down from the desk to the floor with a thud and smote his left palm with his right fist. And then he doubled his long body with unholy glee.

"Oh, you delicious darling!" he said aloud.

"Mean me?" sarcastically asked Johnny Brand, whose desk was next to Jimmy's.

"Of course," said Jimmy with a scowl, which, however, was soon flooded out by a merry grin, as he looked at the letter in his hand. Then he swung himself around to his desk and wrote on a cable blank addressed to Miss Erin Fitzgerald:

"Primed."

When Erin read it, after mentally scolding Jimmy for wasting money on this cable when there were others to be sent inside the next month, she laughed softly to herself. "Oh, I knew you would be with me, Jimmy!"

\* \* \*

It was the morning of the seventeenth of March. Flurries of snow, smitten by bright rays from the coquettish sun, caused the elevator man to remark to Miss Erin as she boarded his car:

"Tis a rare St. Patrick's Day, God bless it! St. Patrick always acts that way. Me mither said, 'twas bacause he is always mad that they added his two birthdays together to make this wan. Sure, ye naydent laugh me dear! I know as well as yerself that no man born of woman can have two birthdays, but sure a saint can!"

"He didn't have two, he had them thrust upon him!" smiled Erin. "Are you going out to see the parade this afternoon, Mr. O'Leary?"

"To be sure, I am. They have got a naygur in me place for the time. Naygurs have no business at an Irish parade, but Irishmen they won't stay in unliiss they haven't anything to wear save an orange-co'ored coat, if any Irishman iver had such a thing!"

The elevator had crawled up to the tenth floor when the bell rang persistently from the ground floor, causing the Irishman to remark:

"What the divvil is the mather, down there! Wan would think 'twas a chanct ye'd have of gettin' to hiven by this car an' ye didn't want to miss it!"

He looked for Erin's wonted smile at his sally, but she looked strangely sober and excited as the bell still kept ringing.

"Tin to wan 'tis a dispatch," muttered the Irishman. "Do ye mind if I drop you off a floor below, Miss Erin? Ye won't mind walking up wan flight, will ye?"

"No," she assented quickly, and then, as

the car stopped, she stepped out and almost flew up the stone steps to the next floor. She had just removed her gloves and had her hands on her hat pins, when in rushed a boy with a cable. The Managing Editor tore it open; he chewed on his black mustache with excitement, then called to one of the assistants:

"Here's a go! Cable from Carroll, just in the nick of time to get an extra out on the streets when the St. Patrick's parade and its crowd are in the mood for it. Gracious, what a scoop!

"British subjects mutilate millions of the King's portraits because he wears the green! Particulars later."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"But the particulars," burst in the assistant.

"Oh, darn the particulars," shouted the manager. "We'll get this on the street first, and then have particulars in the evening edition."

"A serial scoop," commented the humorist of the staff.

Erin sat down at her desk, her heart thumping violently. Now that the game was on, she grew cowardly weak. A small voice whispered that it was not too late to retreat, but a bigger voice said stoutly:

"No, I will not run! I come of a race that never retreats, and if blood counts for anything, it must count now. Only think, my dear, of being jester to two continents!"

If she needed any assurance in her determination to let the merry game proceed, she found it in a letter from Jimmy Carroll which was lying on her desk. It contained a moist sprig of shamrocks and a small photograph of himself taken at Dublin, where, he informed her, he had spent a few days in early March. He said he anticipated no end of fun from the "plot of green" and hoped she wouldn't come in too heavy for it, on her side of the Atlantic.

She pinned the moist bit of shamrocks over her heart and looked surreptitiously at the handsome, eloquent face of James Carroll, utterly ignoring the pot of "florist's shamrocks" which the Anonymous Contributor had placed on her desk that morning.

"Oh, Jimmy, dear!" she sighed to herself, "I simply can't help loving you, you are so big, so handsome, you look like the best

portraits of that unlucky Bobby Burns, and you are so full of fun and dare! Oh, Jimmy, if I wasn't so small and you so tall! We'd look like that picture of the protecting St. Bernard and the kitten if we wed, indeed, we would! Well, here's looking at you, *mavourneen*, and may you give me courage to see this thing out! I'll be rated either a fool or a humorist by tonight, Jimmy, dear!"

Just then the voice of the managing editor called her back to her duties:

"Miss Fitzgerald, I'm going to send you out on the street to see if you can get a good story out of this. As this is the first assignment I have given you, I hope you won't fall down on it."

"Don't you think," put in the city editor's assistant, "that it would be wise to send out one of the boys, too, in case Miss Fitzgerald failed to catch the spirit of the thing?"

Erin threw up her chin and her nose took on a wicked look as she quickly replied:

"I think you'll know before this time tomorrow that I have quite caught the spirit, Mr. Wertz."

The managing editor interposed hastily: "Oh, I don't doubt that you will, Miss Fitzgerald, your Irish blood should tell there, but Wertz means you might not put all the fun into it that one of the boys would. However, I trust you."

"Well, be out on the streets at two o'clock, the biggest part of the crowd will be out by then. Mind you be back here in time to catch the late edition. We may hear from Carroll by that time."

Erin left the office at once in order to eat her luncheon before starting on the long walk through the crowded streets. The sun was shining brightly, and the March winds that swept around the corners at an uncertain interval seemed to bring promises of flowers and birds, even here in the great city. The street corners were ornamented with flower-venders, who, in addition to their usual wares of violets, carnations and daffodils, cried shamrocks for sale. When Erin took notice that German, negro and Jew sported the green, she sniffed indignantly, telling herself that instead of this being a compliment to the race from which she sprang, she considered it an insult. Then she reasoned with herself that these folks merely desired to be in the spirit of the holiday, and, in a country where new

families appropriated coats-of-arms belonging to those of ancient lineage, wearing false colors was not so very strange, after all!

Into the grand avenue up which the parade was to sweep she turned, and her eyes shone as she saw hundreds of green and gold flags fluttering proudly in company with the Star-spangled Banner. She mused on the strange perversity of history that this green flag, which in reality has no lawful right to exist at all, should so persistently live, should, more than any other flag in the world, be associated with the beautiful flag which spells "Liberty" wherever it is seen. A band marching through one of the side streets leading to the principal route of the parade was playing, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall," and as she framed in her heart the words to the music, her eyes filled with tears. Gone was the holiday crowd, dim the spires of the great cathedral where the crowd was thickest; the rush of the big city failed to hold her as she swept with all the poetry of her Celtic imagination back to the glorious days of ancient Ireland.

Suddenly, as she was crossing a street, she was brought back to the present by being almost knocked down by a fruit-vender, who, totally ignorant of the prejudice of many of the Irish race for anything colored orange, had been trying to sell oranges from his push-cart, with the result that he had been set upon by a lot of wild young Irishmen and pelted with his golden fruit. The poor unfortunate fellow, in trying to get away, did not seem to care whom he ran over, and as Erin breathed a sigh of relief when she reached the curb, she determined to stop dreaming and take in the crowd so that she could report fully to her paper.

She traveled the length of the avenue, then retraced her steps to the great cathedral and edged her way through the mass which filled its steps, until she was in the interior of the gloomy, awe-inspiring edifice. But, she came not to pray for her sins. Indeed, her sins bothered her very little just then. She selected a secluded corner, yet not far from the colored lights of one of the beautiful windows, and opening her note book began to write rapidly. She smiled as she wrote, remembering the excitement she left behind in the streets.

The *Voice* had come out with its extra,

and the commotion it caused fired her blood, when she recalled that she had wrought this miracle, to make a race that hated England flame with excitement when it learned that the present king, the king that ruled Ireland, too, was insulted by his own subjects for wearing the green! Some had cried that "it served him right, he shouldn't try to conciliate the Irish people, that, when a man tried to sit on two stools he generally fell down, etc." Others, with deep sympathy for him, showing that we are never so virtuously inclined to our enemy as when he is in trouble, said, "Sure, it is a hard thing to please everybody!"

"They have bitten hard," said Erin to herself. "How there came near being a riot as they fought to buy the paper. The *Voice* never had such a scoop before, and maybe never will again. I wonder how Jimmy will fare at his end. Poor Jimmy, I hope that I haven't gotten you into hot water!"

Meanwhile, as she scribbled on, determined not to go back to the office until the last moment, the office was in a great stew for another cable had come from Carroll, bidding the managing editor

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald."

"What the devil does he mean?" said the Managing Editor.

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald," sputtered the Anonymous Contributor, who loved Jimmy much the less because he loved Erin all the more. "He's asked Miss Fitzgerald so many times himself, and got turned down, that he's got asking her on the brain, that's what!"

"I wonder," said the Assistant Editor, "if he's been drowning his shamrock and got a muddled head."

"I'll cable him," said the Managing Editor savagely, as he swiftly wrote out his message and handed it to the boy who read as he ran:

"What the devil do you mean? Send particulars of outrage to king immediately."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy, "I bet that cuss will cost the old man as much as a dollar an' a half."

In the editorial rooms, they waited breathlessly for Carroll's reply, which came in words that made everyone in the office long to lick him on sight:

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald. Sure thing."

"Is she?" snorted the Anonymous Contributor, "I tell you he's drunk."

"I don't know about that," put in Miss O'Hare, who knew something of the kind of deviltry Jimmy Carroll and Erin could hatch between them. "I think maybe she knows something about what he says she knows. I'd find her if I were you."

"Knows something about what she knows," snorted the Managing Editor, "your remark is certainly lucid, Miss O'Hare."

"Take my advice and find Miss Fitzgerald," she said, and swung around to her desk again.

"Well, here's for a wild goose chase, boys," said the Managing Editor. "The tallest of you fellows go out to seek that little girl in this big St. Patrick's crowd, and don't rest until you bring her back to the office. Good Lord, and it is so near press time! Talk about your Irish stews, if this isn't one! How will we explain this thing to the people who are waiting for those particulars?"

"Ask Miss Fitzgerald," mimicked the Anonymous Contributor.

Miss Fitzgerald, in the calm seclusion of the grand cathedral had little conception of the wild hunt for her which was going on that afternoon. The tall young reporters chased down numerous slim girls who looked like Erin "from the back" only to be disappointed. Francis, who was so certain that he laid his hand on the shoulder of a young woman and told her to "hold on," almost came within the clutches of a big Irish policeman, who told him he'd "t'ach" him to be "insultin' pretty girruls!" He apologized to the girl, and explained to the policeman, who said sympathetically:

"'Tis loike lookin' for a nadle in a haystack to try to find a pretty girl this day from 'mongst all there be out."

Weary of waiting for the reporters to report, the Managing Editor sent numerous office boys scurrying to the paternal roof of Miss Fitzgerald; to soda fountains, cafes, libraries, any of the many places where she may have stopped on the way. They all



*The anonymous contributor's heart sank*

came back spent, and joined with the incoming reporters in saying that she was the hardest girl to find in that whole city.

"And now it is too late for her account of the way the news was taken, too," groaned the Managing Editor, "for by the time she has it written out, it will be time for the paper to be on the street. It's the last thing *she* gets in that line."

Just as he uttered her doom, Erin twinkled along the hall, her manuscript in her hand. They pounced upon her as one huge beast, with many yelps:

"Where have you been? What's the matter with Jimmy Carroll? Why does he say ask *you*? What's the matter with Jimmy Carroll?" and as the Managing Editor asked this again and again, he shook poor little Erin in his excitement.

Instead of crying out against such treatment, Erin laughed until the tears came into her dancing eyes, and managed to shake out the words between the shakes the man gave her:

"What's—the—matter—with—Jimmy Carroll? Why, he's all—right!"

"So you seem to think!" said the Anonymous Contributor, under his breath.

"He said you could give us particulars of this outrage to the King of Great Britain," put in Miss O'Hare, who jumped with womanly intuition to the fact that Miss Fitzgerald was at the bottom of the mystery.

Suddenly, the humor of it all swept over the girl, how fine it was of Jimmy to leave the centre of the stage for her, and how she had anticipated this, as she scribbled away in the gloomy cathedral. She threw her copy down on the Managing Editor's desk. He picked it up and read the leader, then cried, as he thumped the desk again and again:

"Good Lord! Good Lord! Good Lord!" And then to the amazement of the force, he picked little Miss Fitzgerald off her feet and stood her on top of his sacred desk. Erin tried to look indignant, but did not succeed, for her clear laugh rang out with the roar of the Managing Editor. The Assistant Editor seized on the copy to see what was the joke, and then he said eloquently:

"Well, I be dashed! And so this is the game, Miss Fitzgerald? You have fooled the American public."

"And yourself, my lord," she said bowing low from her stage. "You will own now that a woman may perpetrate a huge joke on the public."

"I cave! Here, rush this—" to the boy—"Say, and so Jimmy Carroll is stirring

up all London now with this wild story!"

"Please tell me what it is all about?" asked Miss O'Hare coming to Erin's throne.

"It's a sell," said Erin. "Yes, thousands of portraits of the King of Great Britain were mutilated, because he wore the green, on postage stamps, and, of course, British subjects, as postmasters, mutilated them."

"And you and Jimmy Carroll, between you, have fooled two nations," breathed Miss O'Hare. "How glorious!"

"Yes, just wait until you hear how all Americans and Irish laugh when they learn the truth!" exclaimed the Managing Editor.

"I'm more anxious to learn how England took it," sighed Erin. "I know how to count on my own, but not on the English."

She was soon enlightened. When her triumph was most intoxicating, as she read the damp paper that told the hoax was the plot of a young woman—a mere girl, in fact—a cable from Jimmie was handed to her. With sinking heart and dewy eyes, she read:

"Merrie England is a misnomer. British bit. Manager mad. Bounced, yours truly, Jimmie."

With an eloquent gesture, she handed the message to the Managing Editor, who read it, laughed almost noiselessly, then remarked aloud: "Just like stiff-necked Richards! Well, I guess we can use Jimmy Carroll's wit on this side of the pond. I'm keeper of the eagles, anyway!"

"Are we to get that thousand which you said you'd pay for a good hoax?" asked Erin with forced boldness.

"Well" and then the Managing Editor grinned with understanding. "Sure! Say, little girl, don't you want to write the cable for Jimmy to come over?" He gently pushed a blank before her, and extended his pet blue pencil.

The heart of the Anonymous Contributor sank, for he read his doom when he saw the wild roses mount to Erin's usually white brow, as she indited the message to Carroll, and the office boy whistled in sympathy with the great happiness of Jimmy Carroll, as he hurried toward the cable office, reading as he ran:

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen!"



I PAID for my dinner at the Hotel Internationale with the pleasurable emotion of giving a dollar and getting a dollar back in change. To be sure the dollar given was an "E pluribus unum," "In God We Trust" dollar and the one given in change a dollar Mex, but the paradox of spending a dollar and having it too was agreeable. It was therefore in the best of humor that I sauntered out of the hotel and down the ragged, ratty street of C. P. Diaz.

The hungry horde, of which I had been one, that half an hour before had gushed out of the belated excursion train, was now oozing back into the street from cafes, chili tents and booths and trickling toward the bull-fight arena. As I passed the government buildings whose sleek modernity contrasted sharply with the surrounding adobes, I bumped into Brattiger, or rather Brattiger bumped into me, for I, perceiving him as a counter-advancing pedestrian, side-stepped to the right, whereat he dodged to his left blocking my way. Our recognition of one another was mutual.

"Down to see the fight, eh?" he chuckled, gripping my hand. "Too bad you weren't here last Sunday. They killed a man and nine horses."

"And bulls?" I queried.

"They always kill four," he returned, dropping my hand to grope for a box of cigarettes. "Here, have one. Yes, they're wrapped in corn husks. We'd better move along if we want a good seat."

We strolled along a ledge of sidewalk

down a narrow street lined with adobes, which served as saloons, shops and dwellings, to the bull-fight arena—a circular grandstand surrounded by a high board fence. Filtering through the mob that loosely filled the street before it, we halted before one of two ticket-sellers, a fat, whiskered Mexican, standing on a box under a big umbrella, of whom we bought tickest *sub ombra* (in the shade) and passed in the gate to the raucous racket of a green uniformed band.

I was a little startled both by the smallness of the arena, which seemed no larger than that of a one ring circus, and by my own closeness to it, although the high picket fence assured me that there was no danger of the bull's leaping over and running amuck. The grandstand as yet was sparsely filled, but across the ring the bleachers were already packed with Mexicans in straw sombreros. The bare branches of two large trees behind them convinced me against my other perceptions that it was December, for the air was soft as sultry June. The band was stationed at the left end of the grandstand, between which and the bleachers were two gates, the first of which, Brattiger informed me, was opened to let in the bulls and the second to drag out the carcasses to be sold to the cheap butchers. Scattered about the arena were boards about six feet square bearing Mexican advertisements. These Brattiger told me were shelters behind which the fighters dodged when hard pressed.

We paid for our good seats by an hour's wait. But time did not by any means drag. The Mexican crowd furnished a feast for

my eyes and Brattiger was a good talker. Had we been old friends we doubtless would have frittered away the hour reminiscing about home folk, but being merely craft that had hailed each other in passing, or, less metaphorically speaking, Pullman smoker acquaintances of a trip from St. Louis to San Antonio, our conversation was impersonal. It was confined chiefly to Mexico and consisted for the most part of interrogations and ejaculations on my part and on his of information spiced with caustic comment and sweetened with home-longings. Talk at length sifted down to C. P. Diaz.

"I suppose a good many Mexicans go over to Eagle Pass to trade," I remarked.

"They buy stuff that they can wear. Shoes, for instance."

"A man on the train told me," said I, "that there is a big mound on the Texas side of the bridge of old shoes the Mexicans discarded to wear their new ones back."

"It's all true except the mound," chuckled Brattiger. "But there was a time five years ago when they didn't throw their old shoes away. That was the time Chris Narvarez offered a pair of new work-shoes for a dollar and the old pair."

"Advertising scheme?" I hazarded.

"So he said. Said he wanted to popularize the 'Cactus' shoe," returned Brattiger dryly. "I was a custom inspector then."

"You suspected smuggling."

Brattiger chuckled.

"I did. Brazilian diamonds were leaking into the United States. The department at Washington insisted they were being brought in over the Mexican border. Have another cigarette."

"Thanks. And the diamonds?" I did not propose to spoil his story by hinting that the peons wore them across in their shoes.

"The grandstand's filling up," said Brattiger, looking at his watch. "It's twenty minutes to four. I reckon I can tell you all about Chris Narvarez in fifteen minutes."

He lit a fresh cigarette and resumed.

"You've seen bushels of Mexicans since you struck San Antonio—well, think of the most ornery, treacherous-looking greaser you saw in the tin can quarter and put him inside the best-looking, waxed mustached don you ever read about in your nickel-novel youth and you'll have Chris Narvarez. He had been a ranch boss and a cattle

stealer, but when I first came here, he was bossing a gang of peons at the San Lopez mine. The month following my arrival he was discharged for stealing gold ore, but slipped across the Rio Grande before he could be arrested. For some reason, probably because the fellow had a large following among the peons, the company did not requisition him.

"For several months he dawdled about Eagle Pass. Then he astonished the vicinity by opening a small clothing store. He gave out that a San Antonio wholesaler had stocked him because he was so popular among the miners, but those who had suffered from his rascality averred that he had some ulterior motive.

"Being warned, I kept close tab on him. But to the best of my observation he dealt wholly in American-made goods and was straight enough as far as I was concerned, though the way he bamboozled his peon customers was a caution.

"I didn't suspect any crookedness when he advertised to give a new pair of 'Cactus' shoes for a dollar and the old pair, I'd seen that frequently done before to draw trade. For six months I didn't associate him with the Brazilian diamonds. But they kept seeping in, and my chief kept dinging away at me that they were being smuggled in right under my nose. This put me on edge, and though I had no reason to suspect Narvarez, I unobtrusively watched him.

"I was not surprised to find that he disposed of 'Cactus' shoes by the gross. But I was surprised to discover that they wore so poorly, for I found that many of the miners got new shoes as often as once a week. I found further that Narvarez was partial to the peons from the San Lopez mine and that other Mexicans had trouble finding their sizes in stock. Most significant of all I found that, 'Cactus' shoes in good condition were being turned in for new pairs, and that in such cases the dollar was not exacted.

"One balmy Saturday evening in March, I strolled into the dingy adobe that harbored Narvarez's business. A glass lamp grinned through a dirty chimney upon disordered shelves of clothing, sombreros, and shoe boxes. There seemed to be no one in the shop, but as I crossed the threshold its proprietor straightened up behind the counter.

"How's business, Narvarez?" said I offhandedly.

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"I stared at the heap of worn workshoes on the floor behind the counter. He scowlingly followed my gaze.

"You no find smuggle here, *senor*," he growled.

"I'm not looking for smuggle," said I as pleasant as you please. 'I just stepped in for a box of cigarettes.'

"As he opened the small show-case at my right for the brand I indicated, I casually leaned over and picked up one of the shoes. His eyes grew ugly, and I fancied his hand quavered toward his knife. But my action after all was so casual that instead he reached in for the cigarettes and tossed them on the counter before me. Now casual as my inspection appeared it involved a thorough though brief fingering of the inner lining. As in conclusion I carelessly drummed the shoe upon the counter, a tiny hard kernel rolled out between my fore and middle fingers.

"What do you do with all these old shoes, Chris?" I demanded.

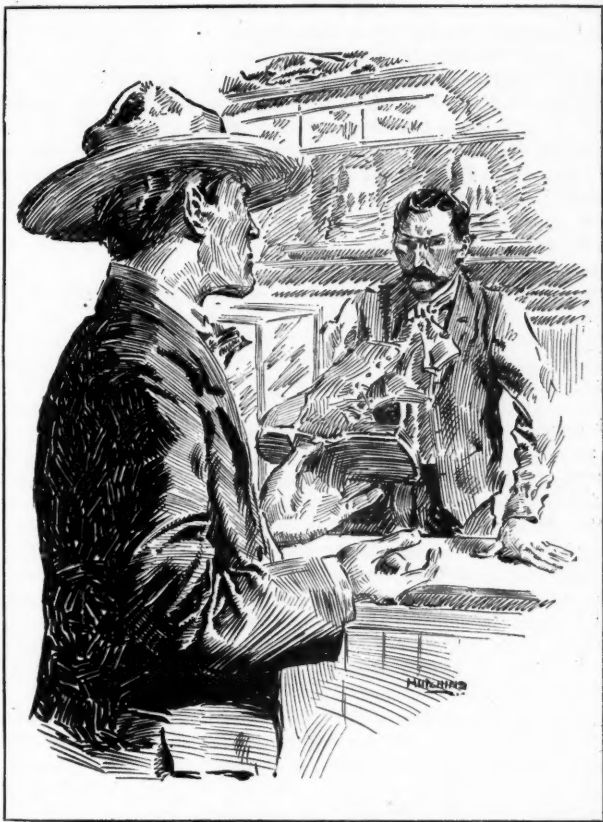
"He started, eyed me keenly and said sulkily that he shipped them back to the manufacturer for the rebate. I tossed the shoe back on the heap. His face brightened.

"What do you suppose he does with them?" I pursued nonchalantly, reaching out for my box of cigarettes.

"*Quien sabe?*" he purred, smiling shiftily.

"As I pocketed the cigarettes I dropped

the hard kernel into my pocket; and without further delay said '*buenos noches*' and sauntered out. When I was well around the corner I slyly took the kernel out. It



"What do you do with all these old shoes, Chris?" I demanded

flashed in the rays of the street lamp, to all appearances a diamond about the size of a small grain of tapioca.

"I hurried with it to a jeweler, who upon examination pronounced it to be a Brazilian diamond of good quality. I thereupon summoned my deputies and hastened back to arrest Narvarez. We found the shop dark. Receiving no answer to our summons we broke in the door. The lighting of the lamp revealed no evidences of flight, but the heap of old shoes was gone. Suspecting that Narvarez might attempt to express

his plunder I hurried to the railway station but found no evidence of this having been attempted. For two weeks I scanned all outgoing freight and express and had a diligent search made for Narvarez. One day I received a letter from a friend that he had glimpsed the fugitive in San Antonio.

"I took the next train thither and aided by the officials there rummaged the Mexican quarter for him. I had been there one day over a week when one afternoon as usual I strolled down West Commerce Street. As I crossed San Pedro Creek I noticed a dray backed up before a cheap clothing shop a few doors ahead of me. Two men were unloading a huge packing box, while the proprietor, a pudgy German Jew, assisted them with one hand and a sputtering vocabulary. As I drew near, the box slipped from the draymen's hands and crashed open on the sidewalk. I stopped in my tracks, staring incredulously, for from its shattered sides old shoes spurted.

"The Jew stood for a breath, regarding the smash-up with consternation. Then he furiously turned upon the shamefaced draymen and ordered them to carry the wreck into the shop. A dozen loafers ambled to the scene. The storekeeper kept an uneasy black eye upon them, and when a gamin snatched at a shoe, he cuffed and cursed him. Just then his nosy wife bustled out with a clothes basket—I didn't wait to see more.

"In half an hour I returned with half a dozen deputies. Sending four around to guard the rear, I entered the shop with the others. The sounds of tapping belied the nosy woman's assurance that her husband was not in. When, showing my badge, I started for the partition door, she screamed.

"Without ado we burst it in. A lithe man leaped up to turn out the electric bulb, but a big deputy buffeted him into a corner. The Jew shopkeeper dodged toward the rear door. I halted him with my revolver. The two were fairly caught. The broken packing-box loomed large in a corner, overshadowing a shoemaker's bench and two chairs. The floor was littered with shoes and pieces of ripped off heels and soles.

"The man whom the deputy had buffeted snatched up a hammer. His black eyes, meeting mine, flashed recognition.

"Drop your hammer, Chris," I ordered.

"He hesitated; then slowly thrust up his hands, letting the hammer clatter to the floor.

"While my men handcuffed the pair, I picked up one of the shoes and a chisel. The Jew paled; then hastened to accuse Narvarez. The woman, prevented by a deputy from entering, waited in the doorway Narvarez sneeringly eyed the pair.

"Pry off the heel, senior," said he coolly.

"I slipped the shoe upon the iron boot-tree, picked up the hammer and gently drove in the chisel. Feeling it strike something hard, I dropped the hammer and pried. The bottom of the heel flew off revealing the glitter—"

"Of Brazilian diamonds," I interrupted.

"Of gold," retorted Brattiger. "Grains and tiny nuggets of gold!"

"Gold!" I ejaculated, quite unprepared for this denouement.

"It was not smuggling, but robbery," explained Brattiger, delighting in my astonishment. "Narvarez had conspired with the old crew in the San Lopez mine to hide the nuggets in their shoes—"

"You couldn't hold him then?"

"I tried to hold him until Mexico could extradite him, but there was some delay and he got out on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The case against the shopkeeper was dropped, owing to the difficulties of convicting a man for receiving in the United States gold stolen in Mexico. The mining company, however, stopped further thievery by installing a rigid inspection of their miners. What they had lost they had no means of ascertaining. The value of the bullion I returned to them from Narvarez's old shoes was \$6,208.

"Of course they were grateful to me. When they asked what they could do for me, I struck them for a job. They gave me a good one and pushed me ahead as fast as I could stand the pace. I had intended to go home and finish my last year at the mining school, but promotion came so fast that I felt that if ever I got back to God's country I'd stay there, so I'm waiting till I get a fat stake to quit the mining game."

"And the Brazilian diamonds?" I demanded.

"They caught the smugglers a few months later on a fruit steamer at New Orleans."

"But the one you found in the shoe you picked up in Narvarez's store?"

"It dropped out of his finger ring. He showed me the empty setting. It fitted, so I gave it back to him. That was five years ago. He's steered clear of me ever since."

# ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THERE is a fresh and lofty inspiration in attending the meetings of the old soldiers of the Civil War, whether of those who wore the blue or the gray. The old stories told me in childhood by a father who served four years at the front made an impression which nothing can efface. True, at that time, he had placed far back in the garret the old musket, borne and used on many a battlefield. True, the old uniform, with its brass buttons, was thrown aside carelessly in those days, but as the Civil War recedes into the past, the old musket and uniform have a new value as relics. Interest in its every incident is accentuated. The details of a campaign come out more vividly as the memories of the boys of '61 are stirred, until sometimes as new sidelights are thrown upon those events of nearly a half century ago, it seems as if the real history of the war is still to be written.

One of the organizations of the Civil War which will always glow in the dazzling light of the glory of those days, an army that was never defeated, and that won the first as well as the last victory of the war on the Federal side, is the redoubtable Army of the Tennessee. In a Carolina state house a civil organization of its members was effected, and the meetings ever since have been of increasing interest. The reunion held at Columbus, Ohio, in 1909, under the leadership of General Grenville M. Dodge—that sturdy old hero of many campaigns and the only living union army commander—proved one of the most inspiring reunions on record. Who could forget that splendid audience of seasoned veterans, each member carrying his weight of years, aglow with the old-time enthusiasm characteristic of the old Army of the Tennessee. The comradeship had a gentleness and heartiness, tempered and matured with age, that reflected the glories of peace.

There might have been some repetition of old stories of camp and skirmish that had been listened to year after year, but

back of it all there was the spirit of the camp fire, where real democracy has its first impressive lessons.

At the banquet there were stirring addresses from veterans who had fought on both sides of the great conflict. There were men who forty-five years ago had charged each other with flashing sabres and bayonets now striking hands and expressing lofty sentiments, which seemed to make the old flags of the army glimmer with emotion. What a privilege to look upon those faces and realize that these were the men whose eyes had seen those harrowing sights, whose ears had heard the dreadful din of war, whose wrinkled hands had engaged in the mightiest conflict of our nation's history. The pulses of those who wore the gray and those who wore the blue beat in unison today for a common country, and in true soldierly comradeship.

The occasion, graced by the wives, daughters and granddaughters of many of the veterans—yes, there were even great-granddaughters there—was made even more remarkably brilliant. The veterans, with the chivalrous gallantry and the fire of old days in their eyes, told again the glory of valor and achievement. The beardless youths of fifteen, sixteen and eighteen, who had gone to the front almost from the school benches, were here, recalling not only war experiences but the vivid and undying memories of youth.

Gallantly the young soldiers—recruits at the Columbus Army barracks—saluted Corporal Tanner, as he passed by in his carriage. When the bands struck up and the banners floated as the new recruits of the army paraded, taking their first steps in line of march, it recalled the hurried muster of early days. The new recruit of today is not permitted to carry arms until he has been on parade fifteen days; but this rear-guard of the newest arrivals wore the uniform of the nation and thus adorned felt the thrill of martial life even if only arrayed in an

armament of white gloves. The gawky appearance of the men soon wore off as they saluted the old flag.

The old soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee mingled with the young recruits of the United States Army of 1909, bridging a space of forty-five years, presented a picture of American soldiery in the bud and well-seasoned fruitage.

Then there was the camp fire in the evening, where an army welcome was extended by Governor Harmon and ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio, members of the organization. The address of General Grenville M. Dodge on this occasion was especially appropriate as a greeting for the members of the army, at a meeting held on Ohio soil.

"Ohio as a state is dear to the memories of the Army of the Tennessee. Three of our great commanders were born here—Grant, Sherman and McPherson. The latter fell in battle when leading our army to victory on the memorable field of Atlanta; the other two stand before the world today as the greatest commanders any country has produced, and at the final conclusion of the Rebellion they so admirably fitted their actions to the necessities of the occasion as to bring prompt acknowledgment from the Confederates and the world of their consideration and leniency. Today the names of Lincoln and Grant are honored throughout the South, and that land had no greater friend than Sherman, although his drastic measures in carrying on the war at first were seriously criticized, but now recognized as the work of a master mind."

The General paid a delicate tribute to his old friend, General O. O. Howard: "The sad news comes to us of the death of another of our great commanders, General O. O. Howard. He passed away at Burlington, Vermont, on October 26. If he had lived he would have been here and made the response for our Army to your splendid welcome. I had selected him for this duty, and he accepted. When I lay sick this summer at Glenwood Springs, Colorado,

on the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta, he sent me this dispatch: 'I want to know what kind of a fight General Dodge is making for his life, on this the anniversary of his greatest battle and victory.'"

The General also quoted the saying of Sherman, concerning General Howard: "I find in General Howard a polished and Christian gentleman, exhibiting the highest and most chivalrous traits of character."

The speaker also alluded to the noble work done by General Howard since the war, working up to the moment of his death, having just succeeded in raising an endowment of a million dollars for the Lincoln Memorial University, which for fourteen years he had been building up in the Cumberland Gap, just that the poor children of the mountain men of Tennessee and Virginia might have a college education, although they might not be able to raise the funds for such a purpose.

General Dodge spoke touchingly of the thinning of the ranks, and remarked that even since the last meeting many of the society had "passed their last muster."

On all sides one heard related stirring incidents, such as rarely occur nowadays, and the words of these living witnesses of the great struggle caused a flush on the cheek of the listeners such as can only be communicated through the mediums of the eye and ear—no printed words could bring to the surface such emotion and enthusiasm. A time will come, when it will no longer be possible to mingle with the veterans of our great war—the old blue and gray uniforms will hang moth eaten and rotting on the walls, or preserved and honored in museums. While it is yet possible, we want to hear from the very lips of those who were present more of the details of that Titanic struggle, which has ultimately cemented brotherhood and a united nation by indissoluble bonds of fraternal blood. These are bonds the like of which history has never known in all its annals.





(CONTINUED)

By EDWIN COFFIN

Captain Steamer "America"

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—The interesting "Records of a Polar Expedition," begun in the February number of the NATIONAL, is an absorbing story of experiences in the Arctic regions, published through the courtesy of Captain Edwin Coffin of the steamer "America" from a diary he kept for his own use during the last Ziegler Polar Expedition. The reader finds himself gradually taken from Norway, where the expedition goes on board the "America," farther and farther into the frozen regions of the North. Only one boat, a sealing schooner, is met with to break the monotony of those vast solitudes. Working slowly along day by day in the midst of large floes of ice, with the temperature nearly always below freezing, the expedition reaches Northbrooke Island in August, where they stop to cache supplies, and then continue on their way.

**AUGUST 15.**—Light northwest wind. Fog cleared fine at 4 A.M. Got under way and steamed toward Cape Grant. Found the ice solid on the land; followed the ice off to south, where it makes off solid southwest as far as I could see, so I have to give up going this way and go back once more to the only track feasible—the English Channel—and force my way to Crown Prince Rudolf Island. Turned ship around and headed for Cape Barents, the southeast cape of Northbrooke Island. Arrived there at 10.40. Mr. Fiala, myself and a boat's crew went on shore to see if a cache of stores placed here by Jackson was all right. We found where it had been, but someone had taken it. At

this point there was a large rookery of gulls, loons and little auks, which had nested high up on the rocks. We made a short stay, and again headed up De Bruynes Sound, with a fresh wind blowing from the northeast. The ice had gone out from the east side, and we had a clear sea up to Eaton Island, twelve miles distant from Barents. Stopped at the island. Lowered one of the whaleboats for Mr. Peters and assistants to go on shore to take some necessary angles concerning the mapping of this vicinity later on. Mr. Fiala and Dr. Shockley also went on shore to leave a small cache of provisions for some parties who might touch here on the way to Cape Flora in the spring.

Mr. Fiala and Dr. Shockley started to walk toward the north end of the island, about a quarter of a mile from where they landed. Going over a ridge they saw a bear, down the slope, and immediately retraced their steps much faster than when they came, as there were no firearms carried on shore. 'Tis a small island, narrow, about one mile in length and about sixty feet at the highest point, the first one I have ever seen clear of glaciers. There was also quite shoal water around it. At 7.45 we steamed into the northeast, and succeeded in getting as far as Allen Young Sound, north of Hooker Island, by working in a bight close to the rocks. The distance made today from my first trip here, August 12, is eleven miles. Tied up to the ice to wait for it to open a little. Now solid across the channel.

AUGUST 16.—Light north wind and clear, thermometer  $34^{\circ}$  above. The farther north the warmer it gets. All the channels between the islands are unbroken leading out of De Bruynes Sound. Some of the party tried to make a landing on Hooker. Fiala, Peters, and several of the crew used the dinghey to land on the floe. After walking four miles over the ice to find open water near the rocks, had to turn back to the boat. It needs a good gale of wind to strip the ice off and enable us to work through. Some water showing over to the west and north near Cape Murray. No life of any kind in the holes of water here—not even a bird seen.

AUGUST 17.—Same kind of weather. Not wind enough to move the ice. Afternoon calm. Mr. Fiala and I went over to Hooker in the boat as I wished to see from the high land how the ice looked farther than I could see from the crow's-nest. Took our rifles along this time. 'Tis quite necessary to have them in this land of bears. Just before we had climbed up a glacier the fog shut down so I could see only a few miles. Saw fresh bear tracks and plenty of fox tracks. Little auks and gulls were quite plenty. There was a small rookery on the sides of the bluffs. Dr. Seitz shot a large seal weighing about seven hundred pounds near the ship. At 8.30 P. M. fog came in thick. Thermometer  $27^{\circ}$  above. I hope the cold will hold off until we can get into good winter quarters. Looks as if we would have some cold fingers before we get settled for the winter. Have seen no good harbor yet.

AUGUST 18.—Moderate, variable southerly winds and clear. Worked over to the west nine miles. All closed up on that side. Steamed to the northeast through broken ice and tied up to the ice in a small hole. Ice shutting south of us with the south wind probably strong outside the islands. Had to move twice today on account of ice pressures. Do not care to get nipped at this stage of the game, when nearly through. A large bear was sighted coming toward us on the ice, and three men started for him. He did not care to satisfy his curiosity further, but turned and galloped out of sight.

AUGUST 19.—Wind very light, and clear. Ice crowding in hard. Tried twice to buck through the ice, but failed. From the crow's-nest I saw water off in the distance to the northeast for the first time. No one off hunting today, the watch on deck being the only ones in sight. All hands are well and seem to be again getting anxious about reaching the destination—125 miles more. 'Tis slow, discouraging work, especially when all are now so ambitious to reach their haven. Have burned one hundred tons of coal more to date than I figured on, which cannot be helped. Very little coal has been burned in making experiments on this trip. Sounded today and got sixty-five fathoms of water.

AUGUST 20.—Wind same today, thermometer just above freezing. Think the ice is working out at the north end of the channel. Ice all close yet to the south, and opening some to the north. Commenced to make winter clothing of deer skins, which were "civilized" tanned, and not so tough as the Eskimo tanned. Some of them got wet and tear like paper. Saw a number of jumping seals in a hole this afternoon. The ice has commenced to crowd through the channel to the north, and we are now moving through with it. The ice is jammed in the narrowest part of this channel, but a strong wind will easily break it up. The dogs are actually suffering for exercise, but few have died on account of their crowded quarters. After supper I could see a large hole of water making toward the western side, but all solid ice between it and the ship, too heavy to work through with one coal pile, only to have it close up before we get in it and open out where I wanted to go. I do not want to make westing, but easting, and keep under the eastern side of the channel.

AUGUST 21.—Wind southwest, twenty miles an hour, and snowing. Much pressure on all around the steamer. Can see clear water east and south. Pretty near time this south wind let go. At 11 A. M. calm. After the wind coming from the west and just enough to slack up the pressures we went through the ice (had tried twice and failed) all right and let the ship in, still in a small hole. Filling up the coal bunkers again today means eighty-five tons more. The ice seems to be cracked through in the middle of the channel and now will crush up with pressures allowing us to crowd along at times. There is no place to winter near here. The land is all glaciers on the west side; east side rocky cliff faces and no shelter for the ship, and very few places to get a landing on. Rodger Koeltitz is the last low island with any surface showing to get room enough to build our houses on. I do not feel doubtful about reaching the most northern island in this group if winter keeps off two weeks longer.

AUGUST 22.—East south east wind again today, quite fresh. Fog lifting and showing the top of the land once in hour or so. Ice is moving north and ship going with it. Considerable water showing in the northeast this afternoon, but no way of getting to it, although the position looks more favorable each day; 'tis hard for some folks to let well enough alone. Well, so long as I am not disturbed I will not see or hear anything just now. From the crow's-nest the western ice seems yet unbroken. Wind increasing and fog thicker. The light-ups are few and far between this latter part of the day. A bear with two young cubs made her appearance, but would not wait for anyone to chase her. She no sooner smelled the ship than she said good-bye and left in a hurry. The boys wanted the two little cub skins to stuff, but the mother saved them. The crew are now working on the expedition sledges.

AUGUST 23.—Wind the same direction and strong. Ice opening between the large floes, forming small holes. Cannot see over one hundred feet, the fog is so dense at intervals. Ice very close around the ship. At 9 A. M. the fog lifted, showing quite a change in the ice and all for the better. A big lead has opened west of us two miles distant, running in northeast of Rodger Koeltitz,

extending seven miles north of it, bearing east of us. Cannot move the ship as the ice is jamming and grinding against the ship's sides, and I cannot get any way on to buck, as the propeller is jammed against a big piece of ice. Have to wait for a slack. This pressure extends to the lead mentioned. When the ice opens in one place it has to pay for it by squeezing in another, especially between two shores. Should the weather get much colder the loose large pieces will freeze together and catch us right here. A south wind is best, after all, if only on account of higher temperature. At 2 P. M. the shore end of the ice showed it had broken off from the shore and off Markham Sound is all water—all done the last few hours. No need of hawsers out now to hold the steamer as the ice is crowded up in all shapes around her and underneath also. Another bear came within gunshot of two men who had gone out on the ice, but he smelled them and ran off before they shot. When they did shoot, both missed. They chased him off about two miles and gave him up. The boys get too excited when they see a bear to do much good shooting. At 10 P. M. wind same, but very clear. Ice around the ship remains the same. We are drifting north again today. Latitude was  $80^{\circ} 35'$  north forty-two fathoms of water. No ghost of a chance to move this twenty-four hours.

AUGUST 24.—Light northeast winds, and very clear. Ice slacked a little this afternoon at 4.30, and we steamed toward Cape Murray (to north and west) about two miles, when the ice commenced to jam up hard, each floe pressing over the other, breaking off and ridging up. Stopped the ship just out of the line of pressure and pumped one hundred barrels of water off the ice. We were nearly out of water, so were very fortunate to find any good on this kind of ice—mostly flat. During the night the ice drifted north carrying the ship with it. So much clear gain. Considerable water now showing north of Cape Alice Armitage to the northwest of us, but the solid ice is again between the water and the ship; also water south of Cape Murray, which shows much change in the ice. At 5 P. M. wind breezing and ice opening in small leads northeast. At 9 P. M. had to move the ship from the western floe (where I made her fast) to the eastern floe. The western floe was going

north, grinding and piling up the ice against a large berg, carrying the ship directly for it. The eastern floe was not moving. Bucked into the ice and with a heavy point of it for shelter was all O. K. At 11.30 the water northeast is only five miles off and extending in to Cape Fischer on the east shore; but we cannot move the ship as the ice is tight as a bottle around her. Feel that our chances of getting where we hoped to make our expedition quarters are growing brighter every day now. We have done well making progress, and all ought to be more than satisfied, considering the amount of ice we have had to contend with.

AUGUST 25.—Southeast wind, clear most of the day, with a few light rain squalls. The ice to the west moved all night, north northwest toward Arthur Island. 'Tis all broken pieces. At 10 A. M. all the loose ice had gone by to the north. The water is getting nearer from the south, which is in our favor, as I will have to go south some to get across to the east side where 'tis open to the north. At 8 P. M. drifting north again very slowly, large fields of ice coming from the south with a strong southeast wind. Parted the hawsers several times, by ice twisting the ship around during the night. Freezing up aloft and thawing on deck. Crew still working on sledges. Mr. Rillette is having some alterations made on the original plan, narrowing them, etc. We are slowly being forced toward the western side and soon will have some heavy pressures by the ice bringing up on the land, if I do not have a chance to get out to the east. I had a lot of hay put under the hatches, so made room for fifteen ponies out on the deck at once, which they seemed to appreciate, although they are very mischievous, eating every part of the ship left untinned. There are always men to look after them so they do very little damage. They have eaten through many of the posts in their stalls in spite of the tin. These posts are a part of the frame of the house to be erected for the expedition's winter quarters.

AUGUST 26.—Wind again the same, southeast, blowing twenty-four miles an hour. At 6.40 the ice slackened a little, got up steam and did some hard bucking to southeast; made three-quarters of a mile, before the ice closed up hard enough to stick us fast

and jam the ship against the floe. All the ice is moving north and west today. Western ice going faster (the largest floe). Can see the clear water (east) from the bridge. 'Tis very aggravating to see it so near and not be able to reach it. Mary Elizabeth Island bears northeast, distant twelve miles, making our position nearly out of the English Channel. Have drifted twelve miles on a northwest by north course, always with the same floe on the east side; sometimes made fast to it, sometimes jammed into it without fasts out. Thick fog at 2 P. M. with rain. Temperature below freezing all day. Latitude  $81^{\circ} 3'$ . The pressure comes hard, as we are only four miles from Arthur Island. 'Tis the pressure of the water now which prevents the ice south slacking. I don't like the looks of this west side, as there is nothing but perpendicular glacier faces along the whole distance from south to north, not one landing place visible. Steamer now lying in a small hole with no pressure. Sounded and got 225 fathoms of water. Many small bergs drifting from the glaciers. Only one large one near the ship.

AUGUST 27.—Southeast wind and thick fog. Ice remains the same around the ship. Four men went out after a bear early this morning. He started to run away, but one of the men, Long, laid down on the ice and played seal, when the bear turned and came near enough for him to shoot. The largest skin yet—nine feet in length. Too far to save the meat. At 11 A. M. the fog lifted and showed we had made a westerly drift, Arthur Island bearing north northwest six miles distant. The ice must have brought up on the island north—Alfred Harmsworth—stopping the northerly drift. The ice is very close with but little pressure up to this hour. Fog shut down again. Wind moderated. At 2 P. M. the ice opened a little, and the fog lifted, showing a small lead of open water leading out to the clear water, southeast. Ice close between us and the lead. As the fog came in we waited for another light-up, and at 5.30 P. M. it cleared enough to start. Worked through the ice and came to the lead just as the fog came in again. After running the lead out, tried to make a northeast course; ran four miles and came up to ice, slowed down to half speed and worked to north and east all

possible. Latitude at noon  $81^{\circ} 4'$ . At 7.30 P. M. came up to solid ice in the fog; it looked like shore ice. At 11.30 P. M. fog lifted so I saw the top of the land bearing southeast, distant three miles. Found we were lying in a horseshoe of ice. Got steam and worked through and followed the ice east until I made the top of the land one mile distant; made fast and sounded; 202 fathoms of water.

AUGUST 28.—Still tied up and still foggy. Calm. Had to stop to pick up one of the dogs who got to fighting and fell overboard, and was all the better for a much-needed bath. Quite warm today. Men employed putting sleds together. No let-up to the fog these days. I would now like to have a few hours' clear weather to reach the bulkhead of the ice once more. Saw Cape Fischer (top) once today for a few minutes. Have made this last twenty-five miles across the channel in a dense fog. Now am on the eastern shores, where I have wanted to be for the last week.

AUGUST 29.—At 1.30 A. M. partially cleared so I could make out the nearest land, Cape Fischer, about two miles distant, and Mary Elizabeth Island seven miles distant, bearing north northwest. Got steam and started north, passed inside of Elizabeth Island, which was surrounded by ice far as I could see, with loose ice inside, all the way into Cape Fischer. Just after starting, the fog came in so I could see just enough to sheer for the heaviest ice. Off Cape McClintock, the ice was quite close. Passed it a quarter of a mile distant. Here tied up to the ice after coming up to a solid field. Once the fog lifted (after tying up) and I saw Cape Norway (where Nansen passed one winter), north by east, six miles distant. Immediately got steam, but did not start as the fog shut down thicker than ever. At 10.30 A. M. another light-up and I got the bearings of a lead (a very crooked one) running as far as I could tell to Cape Norway. Got steam and hooked her on to reach the lead before the fog shut down again. Worked through it and tied up to the bay ice, or rather channel ice, which was solid one mile from the Cape. Mr. Fiala put a small cache of provisions on a small isolated rock near the shore. Two bears came to see what we were, and the men had a lively time chasing; they did considerable shooting at long range without

any results. The ship's steward ran so far to cut a bear off, over some rough ice, that when the bear passed close to him he didn't have wind enough left to point his rifle straight. He shot and never touched him. After supper the boys took four of the best dogs along to try and run the bears down. The weather was clear. I went aloft to the crow's-nest to watch them and take a look off at a wide strip of ice where I would buck through. It commenced to slack then, so I whistled the gunners back. Got steam and started north through the ice into a lead and got to Cape Hugh Mill, found the ice jammed up and steamed into a small bay and harbor not charted on our map or chart, so we are the first ship in this fine harbor and the only one I have seen in latitude  $81^{\circ} 32'$ , longitude  $55^{\circ} 15'$  east. From the island forming this harbor I can see Crown Prince Rudolf Island, south, distant twenty-eight miles. About six miles more of ice, and I can see open water extending toward it as far as the eye can reach. Undoubtedly extends up to our destination. All hands off shooting at walrus and seal with no success, but had a good time no doubt. At 11.20 I went to my room to get a nap, leaving orders with my first officer to call me when there was the least chance of getting through the ice. Wind today variable.

AUGUST 30.—Moderate east wind, very clear for a change. At 2.30 P. M. the first officer called me and reported the ice opening. Got steam and started. Found a good lead was opening and worked through it into the almost clear sea. Came up with Cape Felder and found two small islands uncharted and in the track of any ship taking departure from Frederic Jackson Island. With fifteen fathoms close into them, they are very low and would easily get covered with ice. Here had to buck through a narrow strip of ice. This was all the ice I saw. At 11.30 arrived at Teplitz Bay (plenty of ice off shore all the way today). Hoisted the American flag, and blew the whistle with a faint hope there might be some of the missing party there, who were given up for lost by the Italian expedition of 1900. Making no stop I headed the ship north. Taking departure from Cape Germania we steamed twenty-six miles north of the Island, making latitude by dead reckon-

ing 82° 15' west. Making the farthest north here.

AUGUST 31.—Clear and calm. Sea all frozen over with new ice, between the large floes, about two and a half inches thick. Came up to a wide point of the pack ice, turned around and headed for the island. Arrived at Teplitz Bay at 7.30 A. M., made fast and got out gangways for landing the ponies. The bay is frozen across with some heavy ice frozen to the old bay ice, which is very flat, about twenty feet in thickness. It is one mile to the rocks, and we will have to sledge all the stores and equipments. The pack is now about twenty miles away to the west. In strong southwest winds we will have to run in behind Turup Island, twelve miles to the south of here. There is no shelter here from the pack ice coming from every point west. The ice shows signs of very heavy pressures where we are tied up. On landing we found the stores left by the Italian expedition in very good state of preservation, also the coal. Nothing had apparently been disturbed since the caches were made. The canvas tents were full of ice, the canvas at the top nearly blown away, and about two feet of the ridgepoles sticking above the snow. The only place to erect their winter house was on a rocky ridge near the landing. After an eight o'clock breakfast we commenced to unload. First the dogs were unchained and put on the ice; next came the ponies. They came off all right, but in some manner got stampeded and ran up on the glacier above the landing. Sixteen ran off, and four men have gone in pursuit. This afternoon a fresh breeze from the northeast brings a swell, causing the ship to bang up against the ice. The crew are doing their work well, making six-hour watches and breakfast at 6 A. M. until the cargo is hauled to the shore. One tent for the ponies was put up. At 12 midnight none of the men who went up the glacier have returned. They were Drs. Vaughn, Shockley and Newcomb and Sergeant Moulton.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Strong southeast wind, moderating later and hauling to east. Put out more fasts. Drs. Shockley and Newcomb came to the ship at 12.50. Did not see any ponies. Sergeant Moulton came at 4 P. M. with four ponies. Dr. Vaughn has not returned up to 8 A. M. Quite a sea

breaking, cracking and carrying off the ice. The crew is busily engaged hauling the stores back on the ice to prevent them going off with the ice. Six men are out after the ponies today. Last night one of the ponies fell thirty feet down a crevasse on the glacier, and probably will have to be shot. Have just been examining the ice to see if it has cracked any inside of where the stores are now placed. Seemed to be all right. We are hauling to the camp as fast as possible, and now will only unload as fast as the goods can be sledged to the camp. It is very clear and warm. The men returned at 1.30 P. M., but saw no ponies. Dr. Vaughn returned at 7.30 P. M., and reports that the pony which fell into the crevasse had gone out of sight. He also said six ponies were working this way. This afternoon in a squall the hawsers parted and I had to get steam and get back to the ice. The hawsers are poor. Detailing so many men to go after the ponies retards unloading. It uses up the sledges fast hauling heavy loads over so much rough ice. The ice pack is seven miles distant west of us at 5 P. M., going north. At 10.15 P. M., Mr. Tafel is out hunting ponies. I understood all had returned. The wind now blows in gusts from southeast to north. The crew only sledge during the night. Again got steam to refasten a steel hawser which had cut through an ice hummock. Had to call the watch below out to make fast. At 11 P. M. Tafel came in with two ponies, and said he saw the remaining eight. 'Twas all he could do to bring the two in. They are wild, half-trained animals, so 'tis no easy matter to bring them in.

SEPTEMBER 2.—A southeast gale blowing fifty-two miles an hour at 9 A. M., and snowing. Parted hawsers and hauled the wire out through the hummock. Just previous to this event a piece of ice broke off carrying five or six dogs, which I was unable to pick up. Steam was well up, as I had been expecting the ship to break adrift (had out all the fasts we had). Steamed in under the glacier, where the ice had broken off and formed quite a bight, making some protection from the seas. Made the ship fast head on to the ice, keeping full speed until the hawsers were fast, then kept under slow bell. All hands are working like beavers getting the stores to the camp. It's very nasty work with the snow flying so thick

you cannot see over one hundred yards. Want to save all if possible. Too bad weather for the men to hunt up ponies. At 3.30 P. M. the ship is thumping against the ice on the shore side; under half speed now. At 4.30 the wind increased so I had to increase the speed to keep the hawsers from parting. At 5 P. M. the wire hawser parted; rung up full speed ahead. Wind blowing sixty miles an hour. It's a tough job for the men to get out on the ice to make the hawser fast again. Where the men were making the hawser fast, they could not be seen from the bow of the ship. Several times the ice would break off where the hawsers were fast, which had to be made fast to the solid ice again. Moderated some at 7 P. M., and at 9 P. M. had a little light-up (for the first time) so I could see five miles. Day closes with better weather. Wind blowing thirty-five miles an hour. Starboard watch on deck. All the stores are safe in camp. Steaming slow bell ahead.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Wind southeast again, blowing thirty miles an hour. Fairly clear. Moulton and Vaughn started out, after an early breakfast, to hunt for the remaining ponies; the others of the field party started in building their dwelling house. Too much wind to put up another pony tent. The ship lying at the ice. Stopped steaming at 4 A. M., the hawsers holding all right. Would like to have some of the moderate winds we had coming up. Believe I could take the ship well north of 84° by the way the horizon looks from the island. Most of the rough and high ice has broken and gone off from the solid bay ice. 'Twill make the sledging easier. No shelter at all to winter the ship at Teplitz Bay. Not even a point of ice. We burned much coal steaming to hold the ship. The hawsers looked good, but are rotten in places where they came in contact with the blubber of whales on her last whaling voyage. One of the ponies died last night, the doctor said from exhaustion. The others are in good condition. At 5.15 P. M. Sergeant Moulton arrived with one pony; two got away from him, although he is an expert horseman. He reported that one pony had fallen into a crevasse and had to be shot, and that Dr. Vaughn had two the last he saw of him. They got separated on the glacier by a thick fog. 'Tis hazardous going on the glaciers,

so many crevasses and almost impossible to see them in the glaring whiteness. Nearly the whole island is one glacier, twelve hundred feet at the highest point. It rained this afternoon, and the men knocked off at the house and came on board. Got an early supper to enable the builders to work this evening. The sun is up all through the twenty-four hours yet, so we can utilize it all. Unless obliged to I will not winter the ship here. Every day strengthens my opinion on this subject. Second Officer Nichols is making a new road to sledge to the camp. The ice broke off inside of where the dinghey was hauled out and carried her off with it. Mishap number 1 to the ship's furniture.

SEPTEMBER 4.—All hands busy unloading ship, sledging to camp and working on the house; raising it today. Dr. Vaughn got to the ship at 8 A. M. Had much trouble with the ponies. One broke his leg and he shot him and ate a raw steak to appease his hunger. The other pony fell into a crevasse. Mr. Fiala went out with a party to haul him out, but he was wedged too securely, and they had to shoot him. Two men went on the glacier to look for Dr. Vaughn early this morning. Very thick fog today. If this wind breezes from where it now is, I will have to hunt up a harbor in the fog to escape the ice. The stores go to the beach slow. Between looking up stray ponies and house building the men are scarce, as half of the ship's crew are on duty at a time. The sun dipped below the horizon for the first time today. Young ice is making near the edge of the bay ice. Have seen several walrus and one seal since arriving here. Occasionally a few sea gulls hover around.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Fresh east, southeast wind, and temperature just above freezing. Today all are working between the ship and the shore. No one out after ponies. One dog was killed by the whole pack of dogs. All of a sudden they will commence on a dog, and if someone is not near to club them off they will kill him in two minutes. They seem to always pick out one of the best dogs. One side of the house is boarded in today. The ship lies very quiet broadside to the ice today; so much scattering ice drifting by, the wind does not have a chance to raise any seas. Although the sun sets now 'tis yet all good daylight. It is very quiet in the cabin and the watches below can get

some sleep. Plenty of work causes all hands to crawl into their berths early.

SEPTEMBER 6.—Moderate south and east wind. Ship tied up to the same ice. Today Mr. Fiala made known to me that he wanted the ship to winter here at Teplitz Bay, and also why 'twas necessary. So I have concluded to do so. Although the chances are small that we have a ship under us until spring. At 10 p. m. the wind is strong and snowing thick and fast. Too bad weather for working outside, so I called the crew on board. The men from the building also came on board. Have a day and night watch over the ponies. The dogs want to get on board—don't seem to like the shore. I do not like to see them around the ship, as they are apt to get carried off on the ice, like the others did. The only way to keep them in camp now is to chain them. Everybody is well, and we have high hopes of going north to the Pole next year.

SEPTEMBER 7.—This day comes in with a southwest wind with light snow. All hands doing the same work as yesterday. Quite a little chop on, eating into the outside ice and breaking off the narrow points. No ice in sight off shore to the west from the ship's bridge. Large pieces of ice continually fouling the ship's bow, almost parting the hawsers. The ice broke off abreast of our landing gangway, and we had quite a job to get into position to unload without using steam. Considerable thumping against the big ice makes it uncomfortable in the cabin below. On deck the shocks feel light. If it freezes on any more will have to steam out clear and anchor. We are lying one hundred and fifty feet from the glacier foot, where there is thirteen fathoms of water. Pieces of ice have come in and filled up astern, so now we are all surrounded with it.

SEPTEMBER 8.—The house on shore is now boarded in, and the store is up. The remaining ponies have been given up. 'Tis too risky to go out on the glaciers, as they probably have wandered to the other end of the island. The stable and dog-house have grown fast today. The ship is thumping and grinding against the ice the same as yesterday. About all the pony and dog feed landed and hauled to camp. At 11.30 wind south southwest with snow squalls. Part of the men working on shore tonight.

SEPTEMBER 9.—The day comes in with light northwest wind. Pack ice in sight six miles distant from west to south. At 5 p. m. the wind is moderate, west southwest. I have been up on the glacier to get a good look at the ice. 'Tis southern ice, and plenty of it slowly coming toward this island. Chopping through the ice in the tent left here by the Duke de Abruzzi we came across the carcass of a dog, which had ended his days there. The Duke left six dogs here. We saw another near the tent. The channels south around Coberg Island are all clear water, and there is now a good opportunity to steam into a safe harbor for the winter. There is a fairly good harbor clear of ice around the south side of Hohenlohe, just six miles south of this island. But we must hold the ship at this point to help insure the success of the journey with sledges to the North Pole, and I have heard no dissenting voices since I made known my decision among my crew, most of whom are experienced men among Arctic ice. All of which shows me they are all ready and willing to do all in their power for the benefit of the future work of going north next spring. All hands employed at the usual work. Covered the frame of the stable, hay and grain tent; the three are joined together. It will be stayed with wire guys to stand the heavy blows, early in the fall. Later the snow will bank up against it, holding it securely. Tomorrow (weather permitting) we will steam to the south end of the island to Cape Auk after a twenty-ton cache of provisions left there by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in the spring of 1902. These stores were transported by pony and dog sledges from Alger Island, one of the southern islands, the most northern point reached by that expedition in 1901. Have landed about all the stores for the field party all in good condition. The pack ice is moving slowly north. Scattering ice from it is coming into the bay. 'Tis quite lively in this little corner of rocks and glacier around Camp Abruzzi, so named by Mr. Fiala in honor of the valiant Italian Duke, with two hundred dogs running loose and twenty-three ponies. Six ponies were lost by the unfortunate stampede on landing. So far only one man has fallen into a crevasse and he got out with the assistance of his ice pick. Have of late made a rule that two men

should go together when going any distance from the ship.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Clear and calm. At 7.30 A. M. got steam and steamed south to Cape Auk for the cache of stores. Mr. Fiala took two of the field party along to help load stores. Here the ground ice was from fifty to seventy-five feet high and very rough, giving no chance to sledge any. Landed a party, then steamed back to the nearest ice to our camp to get all the men who could be spared from the house, as I wanted more men to get the stores on board before night. Can't depend on the weather in this latitude. Just twenty-seven minutes steaming from camp to Cape Auk. Sea all frozen over one inch thick. Tied up to the shore ice in six and one-half fathoms of water, at the nearest point to the cache. Unpacked all stores and formed a line of men and passed them along by hand on board. Arrived at the camp ice at 10.30 P. M. The ice is all solid from Cape Auk east and south. Found the steam pipes near the windlass frozen this morning. One seal was seen in the water today.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Moderate southeast winds and warmer today. Pack four and one-half miles to the northwest. All hands busy. Crew sledging the Cape Auk stores to camp. I have been up on the glacier taking a general survey and the more I see of this place for wintering the ship the less I like it. Chief Hartt, with one of his firemen, is chopping through the ice in the duke's tent, looking for the cooking range supposed to have been left there. Our party have utilized about all the frame of this tent they could get at for the stable frame, which is 100 x 20 feet, with a fifteen feet ridge pole. All the birds have flown south. Today I returned to the ship just in time, as the wind came from the north in a strong gust, and parted the spring and stern hawsers. Head wire hawsers held on and she swung around holding by the head. Got steam and steamed into a small bight in the ice, through three inches of young ice and again tied up side to the ice with five hawsers fast. Crew sledged all the rest of the day through the strong gusts which entirely hid them from sight one hundred feet away. The boys are tough and all right. At 8.50 P. M. considerable swell coming in around Cape Saulen. At 10.30 blowing strong from the east. Ship

is lying under the high glacier and 'tis not possible to say exactly which quarter it comes from. Thick as mud with snow. At 12 midnight it is blowing in gusts from southeast.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Fresh southeast wind with snow drifting the first part of day, latter part more moderate and clear. Commencing to show a little difference in all daylight, and the darkness will come fast enough from now on. The house grows slowly now as there are only a few carpenters who can finish on the inside. Except tinning all around the stalls the stable is ready for the ponies. It begins to look like a camp, but so desolate with only a few rocks sticking up through the snow. Examined the ship's hull inside and out. Excepting a slight leak she is in good condition to commence and make the same trip over again. The new scientific observatory is nearly finished; it is located east of the house on a hill three hundred yards distant. Above freezing all day. All ready to go into winter quarters with the ship. All the crew are well.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.—Clear weather. At 8 A. M. wind breezing from southwest which brings in the seas. As we are tied up to the weather side of the ice now, the ship strikes hard against it. At 2 P. M. the wind increasing, we had to get out. Steamed just clear of the ice to the south. Sounded for anchorage and got forty-five fathoms, which was rather deep to heave the anchor, in case the ice came in in a fog, and I am quite sure the ice doesn't wait to accommodate. Went toward the Cape and found twenty-six fathoms, giving just room enough to swing clear of the big ice that had drifted in on the glacier. Now no more thumping for a while. Crew are all on board. Field party are on shore working on their buildings and caching stores, and doing general work. I don't think the six o'clock breakfast is appreciated very much, as it causes our culinary department to turn out at 3 A. M. to get breakfast. I will change it soon as possible and have breakfast during the rest of our stay on the ship at 8 A. M. At 5.30 P. M. sent in the whale boat for the shore party to get their supper. As I can see no pack ice and wind not increasing will lay here for the night. Considerable drift ice came in and drifted by, lodging against the

glacier and bay ice. At midnight the wind is the same, only more to the west. Lying at anchor O. K.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Wind west southwest, snowing and quite moderate. Plenty of scattering ice in sight coming in from the west. At 7.15 lowered boat and landed the men to work at the camp. The crew and some of the field party are filling the coal bunkers, taking coal from the main hatchway. Pack ice came in sight with a very slow drift toward the island. At 10.20 A. M. we hove anchor and moved to the eastward and tied up to the ice, just one mile due south of the camp. It is the best place I could find for winter quarters—twenty fathoms of water alongside. From the ship it looks as if we had a little protection from the westerly winds. From the glacier back of the camp it looks like no protection against wind or ice, coming from the westward. At our first dinner in winter quarters we had bear's meat made into balls, which all pronounced very good. Only a few men working on shore after dinner. Today everything looks like winter—snow all blown off the glaciers; shows the blue hard ice and nearly all the rocks are covered with snow. Do not expect to get frozen in solid for some time, for one hundred feet from the bay ice 'tis frozen over six inches thick. As far as I could see from the camp the sea is frozen over again. Finished filling coal bunkers at 11.30 P. M.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Very fine clear weather with the wind east. Pack ice has stopped moving in—now about three and one-half miles distant. We can unload light cases on the new ice alongside, about seven inches thick today. At 9 P. M. thermometer 22° above zero. The dogs have now got used to the camp and have a fine time running over the ice and glacier. So far the ponies have done all the sledging. There are about six good reliable workers, that the crew, who are not used to horses, can use. Ponies and dogs are now having the benefit of the stables. Chief Hartt is on shore fitting stoves with water pipes for Mr. Fiala. He fitted pipes in the galley range running into a cask to melt ice. We get the ice for cooking and drinking off the bay ice. Later will cut it off the glacier, eleven hundred feet away. All hands are in the best of health.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Strong east southeast wind. Thermometer 13° below. Sent down topgallant yards and stripped the crow's-nest cover down to the platform and secured it there for the winter. The nest has fulfilled its mission for this year. Got out stores from the lower hold and put them on the upper deck in case of accident to the ship. The ice has filled in between Cape Saulen and the next islands south, leaving an open hole around the ship, which now is frozen over. All hands on shore today, pushing the work along before the weather gets too cold. 'Twill be a different ship when the field party move into their house at camp. We shall miss them in the cabin. Still more will they be missed from the engine room. There will be many a day no one will be able to go between the ship and camp on account of wind and darkness. Snowing this evening at 7 o'clock. Thermometer 27° below. Barometer keeps high.

SEPTEMBER 17.—Wind moderate southeast and snowing in squalls through the forenoon. Afternoon east northeast, clearing. The ice looks just the same around the ship. A few of the dogs want to get on board. I saw one trying to haul himself up on a rope by his teeth. One of the dogs can climb up an upright ladder—our ship dog, Moses. The dogs will have to be chained most of the time, as they go out hunting far out on the ice which is liable at any time to break off, with wind off shore, and carry them off. Had to leave off outside work today on account of the snow drifting and low temperature. At the ship we are cleaning and fixing up for the winter, and are only waiting for my carpenter to get through on shore to house in the ship fore and aft. The ice broke off in the fresh northeast wind today, about seven hundred feet outside of the ship and drifted off south. Luckily the dogs had come in less than an hour before it cracked off. They would not attempt to go in the water to swim over even if the crack was twenty feet wide, when they came to it.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Moderate northeast wind and clear. Thermometer 5° above. All waterholes frozen over. Pack moving slowly, crushing up all the new ice and ridging it up. Crew are putting the ship's stores out on the bay ice, as I am convinced the ice is safer than the ship. I am keeping two months'

provisions on board, on deck. Winter is setting in all right now, and we are behind in our preparations on account of men working at camp, notably the carpenter. The ship is now frozen in so that I can let the chief blow down his boilers and get the salt off and do the necessary work on the engine, that he has been wanting to do since the twentieth of August. Will have to make a hurry-up job as we cannot trust this style of harbor. Will have to keep up steam for some time, after the repairs are made. Should we get blown away without steam up, the chances are 'twould be the last of ship and all hands. Knowing this, I will be anxious until we can get steam once more. Let one of the seamen go on shore to take the night watch, as they wished to have a man who would not go to sleep, let the fire go out and the water pipes freeze, etc. The man's name was Elijah Perry. Ice closed up this evening, the hardest yet. Squeezing itself in all shapes, but did not bring any pressure on the ship as we were a little out of the line of it. Thermometer 18° below at 9 P. M. Air thick with frost and fog. The ship's crew are doing good work all around.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Blowing from the south-east. After three hours of it the ice cracked off at the same place it did the last time and moved off about two miles and stopped. Commenced to make preparations to blow down the boiler. Landing stores on the ice again today in spite of the weather—want to get through with our work. Excepting four, the field party are all on shore doing general work. Finished landing stores on the ice at 4.30 P. M. Commenced to blow down at 10.30 P. M. Thermometer 26°. At midnight wind northwest, light.

SEPTEMBER 20.—At 8 A. M. wind blowing thirty miles an hour northeast and snowing hard. Thermometer 14° above. Four men went through the smother on shore. Lowered the boat's crew with the rails to take pressure off the ship and pointed the yards to the wind. Started a fire in the lower cabin, as no fires in fire room are lighted and we do not get our usual heat from there. Door from the cabin opens directly into the engine room. Three days' steady work night and day will see the work through there. Ice opened out and drifted off again. How far I cannot tell, as 'tis thick with

drifting snow all day. No electric lights now, as we run the dynamo by the main boiler. Makes it seem lonely enough, as we have a few small lamps only. No bears seen since our arrival. I judge the south and east winds have held them off, keeping the ice open and away from the islands. Mr. Haven cut a hole through the ice over the propeller, to keep the wheel clear and for water in case of fire on board. The ice was nine inches thick. Sun set clear tonight at 5.30 P. M. Mr. Fiala gave out clothing for the whole voyage through his quartermaster, Mr. Rillette.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Calm and light north-east wind. Clear over the land and thick fog over the ice, with occasional light-ups. Thermometer 1° above this morning. Ice made in propeller hole four inches last night. 'Tis always cleared out once a day. Commenced to house in the ship today and unbent two sails for covering. House on shore nearly finished, so have had our carpenter start in on board ship. Building a wide snow and ice gangway so we can drive a dog team on deck and not unload on the ice. The fireman who was sick has recovered and has now been placed in the deck department, which at present seems to suit him better. Sergeant hauled a load of ashes to put under the ponies for an experiment. The engine room has no visitors now, pending lighting the fires. I notice the working hours are a little shorter on shore. Quite dusky through the middle of the night. Clear, beautiful night, but it's hard to realize we are frozen in the Polar regions in latitude 81° 47' north.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Calm and light airs, north and east, after 7 A. M., southeast. Very little change in the ice. Outside the pack is moving slowly north, pushing and grinding by the glacier on Cape Auk. Sometime last night one of the boys saw a bear under the ship's stern, looking up at him. Several men started out with rifles and hunted for him until they got tired and came back without seeing any signs of him. The dogs (about ten) never moved. This morning I looked for tracks and saw nothing but dog tracks, so I am quite sure the man must have been a little excited seeing the bear so near him and this bear was one of our large white dogs. The man sticks to it that 'twas a bear. There is only a fire

watch kept on the ship now. My steward by mutual consent is to go as steward for the field party at camp, which at present consists of eighteen members, including two of the ship's crew, who are looking out for the ponies. At 8 P. M. snowing. Got steam at 6.30 P. M., and now have our electric lights once again. Ice making a big racket squeezing up off south of us. Thermometer  $1^{\circ}$  below high, low  $3^{\circ}$  below.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Easterly light winds and clear. Thermometer  $2^{\circ}$  below. The ice shows considerable pressure since yesterday. All full of high ridges and no holes of water. Put all the boats on the ice alongside. Another bear reported by the night watch. •No tracks visible. Truly the bears must have grown wings. No one chased this one off. The field party left the ship today for their mansion at Camp Abruzzi. Took their first meal (dinner) with little ceremony. We had our first alone, with six officers present. Moved the cook and messboy into the cabin, using the room vacated by the doctors. Everybody seems more than satisfied with the new program. Dr. Shockley performed his first operation on shipboard—extracted a tooth for the carpenter, who was all smiles afterward. Very quiet in the cabin and lots of room. The chief is running wires to camp to light the house—one big arc and bulbs.

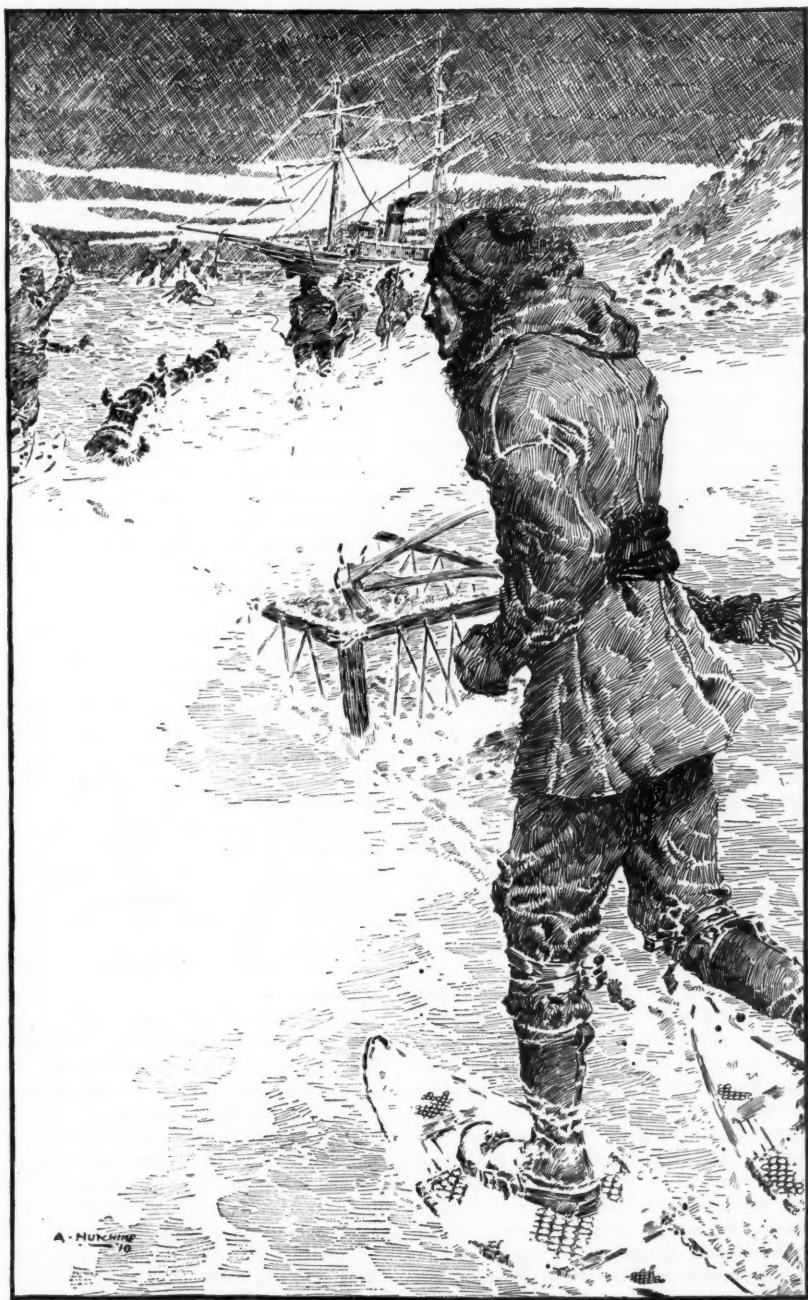
SEPTEMBER 24.—Wind, west northwest, just enough to blow the snow along in good shape. Second Officer Nichols with five men went on the foot of the glacier to cut ice for the winter, stayed three-quarters of an hour and returned—said 'twas too cold. Thermometer  $1^{\circ}$  below, lowest;  $10^{\circ}$  above, highest. The fine drift would blow right through ordinary woolen clothes. They were only eleven hundred feet away and I could not begin to see them at work. This morning we had Mr. Peters with us at breakfast. Ice opened out in leads, and they are smoking like volcanoes. Mr. Haven is working on coverings for our house. The sergeant has lost his broom from the "glory hole," and now is on the anxious seat. Brooms are very scarce. The sergeant bought his at Vardo, knowing the ship had none. Playing cards was another order that did not get filled. Some of the party brought cards from America, perhaps enough. The field party have a good library, and on

board ship we have one also. The chief and both engineers are running wires. Breakfast served at 6 A. M. at camp and partaken of at 7. I will have breakfast on ship at 7 tomorrow. One side of our house finished from the galley to the taffrail. The wires are connected and electric lights used at the camp house tonight. Mr. Peters is on board for the night. Commenced to bank snow around the ship up to the plank-shear. Ice alongside only about nine inches thick and makes very slowly. Steamer's draught is fourteen feet six inches aft, twelve feet forward. Have not landed any coal from our cargo as the duke's coal is good and plenty of it.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Wind northeast and moderate. Clear most of the day. No change in ice conditions. Went on shore to look at the improvements. Plenty more work to do there yet. The house looks real well. It is divided off in rooms; the galley in the western end using two small cook stoves; a large heating stove in the east end; the main room on the south side with three windows. Some of the rooms have two men, others have three, four or one in them. The stable is connected with the house by a closed passage about one hundred and twenty feet long, made of cases of stores with a canvas top about four feet wide and six and one-half feet high. In very bad weather or at any time this passage can be used.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Northeast winds, moderate with snow. Heavy pack ice going south, grinding by on Cape Saülen, leaving a hole of clear water three miles long and one and a half miles wide, south and west. The doctors came off after what wine was left on board—two cases of red wines, also liquor, a fifteen-gallon keg of New England rum, one of blackberry brandy, one of whiskey, one ten-gallon keg of gin was left. These liquors were ordered for ship's use. At 6 P. M. the wind is strong in gusts. Mr. Fiala took supper on board. Tomorrow change meal hours for the winter. Breakfast 8 A. M., dinner, 12; supper, 5. Two men take the night watch, changing each week.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Wind variable east to north, blowing fresh in squalls lasting about one hour. Snowing a little, and at 8 A. M. calm. Afternoon light airs southwest. Temperature  $23^{\circ}$  above. Uncomfortably warm



*They returned in three-quarters of an hour—said 'twas too cold*

(671)

with the ship housed in. Had to cut a large hole on each side through the canvas for ventilation and clear off all the snow under the coverings as it turned to slush. I find the clear deck much better. The second officer is a little under the weather. Dr. Vaughn came on board for tools. Ice made one-quarter of an inch in the propeller hole last night. Mr. Long, Dr. Seitz, Fiala and Peters were on board toward night.

SEPTEMBER 28.—Light northeast wind and clear; lowest thermometer  $8^{\circ}$  above, high  $23^{\circ}$  above. Freezes very little. Soft slush in propeller hole. Pack ice moving slowly north. Mr. Fiala came on board for a short time. The ponies are breaking their chain halters, and the sailors are making wire ones. Perhaps they will hold. The dogs are all looking fine. Did not take them long to pick up. They were hard-looking animals the day we landed them at Teplitz Bay. Peace and quiet reigns at the camp. Even ponies and dogs are at peace. The dogs climb up in the pony mangers on their hay, and make a bed in one end, and the ponies will eat the hay out from under them.

SEPTEMBER 29.—Wind very light, northwest. Very fine weather. Ice has come in from off shore and filled in the open water. Crew off cutting ice on the glacier for the winter. 'Tis fine and clear and makes the best water, being perfectly fresh. The house at camp is too warm and sweaty, making it very uncomfortable. On the ship under the house it is perfectly dry and makes a good drying room. Thermometer  $34^{\circ}$  above. The magnetic house is finished at camp. This will be the last for this winter.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Blowing hard from southeast from 12 midnight to 5.30 A. M., when it let go, and came out very light. This is the way of winds in this latitude. Comes in butt end first and all of a sudden stops blowing, so one never knows when he leaves camp what kind of weather it will be coming back. 'Tis bad enough this time of year, but in winter 'tis dangerous to be caught out even within a quarter of a mile of the camp or ship. The pack moved off five miles during the blow this morning, from Cape Saulen to Hohenlohe Island. This evening the clear water is all frozen over. No movement of the pack after 11 A. M.

At 9 A. M. is  $10^{\circ}$  above. Crew sledging ice to cache alongside the ship. Supposed to have two weeks' supply always on hand. Built a storm entrance to the forecabin and hung doors on each side of the house. Housed in the windlass securely. Last night in looking over my charts I noticed how different the ice made this year from descriptions of other expeditions coming to Franz Josef Land. At 3 P. M. wind east, northeast, blowing hard, but at 8 P. M. lulled a little, and the first assistant engineer, who had been all day working at camp, managed to come off to the ship. At 9 P. M., wind blowing thirty-six miles an hour. Thermometer  $16^{\circ}$  above. The air is thick with drifting snow. Froze two inches last night. The dogs, which make their home at the ship, are lying under the lee side of the ship. All you can see of them is a little white mound. So long as they have a lee it makes no difference how much snow is covering them. When it gets too heavy they get up and shake themselves, and lie down in the exact spot again.

OCTOBER 1.—Wind northeast, blowing hard up to 7.40 A. M., when it let go all at once. Thermometer  $16^{\circ}$  above at 9 A. M.; light variable winds. The pack has moved off to the south; how far I cannot tell as 'tis thick with frost-smoke over the water. All the coverings on our house at the ship withstood the blow all right. At 8 P. M. the wind is fresh east southeast and fairly clear. Pack ice out of sight from deck. No one off from the camp today. Distributed tobacco for two weeks to the crew. This blow reached sixty-two miles an hour for a short time. Today the dogs kept on the move and actually seemed to enjoy the flying snow.

OCTOBER 2.—Wind fresh southeast, blowing in gusts. Thermometer  $28^{\circ}$  above. No ice in sight to north northwest. Pack has drifted out of sight to southwest. At 9.30 A. M., snowing. On the off shore side of the ship ice is eighteen inches thick and one hundred yards wide to where it broke off the last gale. This is the only protection left from the pack coming in. A southwest gale would soon make an end of the "America," without the pack coming in with it. The crew are all out picking out ice on the glacier. All orders are cheerfully obeyed at the ship and no sign to the

contrary. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters came after a copper heating stove, which was made by the engine department. Several loads of sledge frames were sent off to be altered and put together on board.

OCTOBER 3.—Fresh east wind through the night. Thermometer  $9^{\circ}$  above. Saw the sun for the first time for ten days. Pack still out of sight; scattering and long narrow strips in sight only, to the south and west. Crew working on board assorting sled frames, clearing out between decks and under the main hatch. The carpenter and Mr. Haven are getting the stove in position and partitioning off with one of the ship's sails and running wires for lights. A fine night for a change.

OCTOBER 4.—Light variable winds and calm. Clear at 8 A. M. Thermometer  $20^{\circ}$  above. Ice unchanged. New ice as far as I could see. At 12 noon it opened out in many narrow leads. Today is Sunday and so far fine. No work today. One party went to Cape Auk over the glacier. Others are on the glacier back of the camp, skiing. The hunting party came across a female bear with two of this year's cubs. They killed the old bear and one cub, and slightly wounded the other. They shot all their cartridges away and Mr. Vedoe returned to the ship for more men and a sledge to bring in the skins and meat and help to find the other cub. This trip the men went over the new ice, about four miles, to Cape Auk. At the Cape the ice was very soft under the glacier foot, and all but one of the six men broke through and got a good ducking. Having plenty of small ropes with them to haul each other out, nothing serious happened to them. They stayed long enough to cache the meat and then hurried back to get dry clothes. When the party arrived the second time they found three bears dead in a heap. Mr. Vedoe's brother, who is one of the field party, had gone over another way, unbeknown to the others. He saw one bear standing with his paws on another one (his mother) which he shot dead and was much surprised to find the other two were already dead.

OCTOBER 5.—Light and variable winds all through night. At 8 A. M. thermometer  $5^{\circ}$  above. Ice squeezing up from southwest pressure. Crew cutting ice and working on the sledges. At 2 P. M. Mr. Fiala with

about all the field party came off to the ship on horseback, dismounted for a few minutes, then back again to the camp. Did not seem to have much formation. Ponies were rather stubborn and would do as they pleased. Sunday dinner menu: pea soup, broiled grouse, French peas, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, hot rolls, Worcestershire sauce, celery, butter, coffee, English plum pudding with hard sauce.

OCTOBER 6.—Fresh south southwest winds, moderating through the afternoon. Pack moving from the south has telescoped the young ice, which, with the snow on top and up in ridges, looks like old ice from the distance. Dr. Shackleton and Lieutenant Truden came off with a pony team. Had shafts attached to the sledge. From ship to camp the track is smooth; all the rough ice had broken and gone off before we made fast here. The engine room department is busy making and repairing for the camp folks. At 9 A. M. snowing. Dark nights now. Unless it is fine weather, there is very little traveling between ship and shore. All hands are well.

OCTOBER 7.—Wind northwest, moderate and snowing. At 9 A. M. thermometer  $9^{\circ}$  above. The ice is ridged up high (from southwest pressure) since last night at dark. So much young ice south of us the pressure at the ship was small. Had it been water only the ship would have fared hard. Cutting ice from the glacier and stacking there enough until daylight comes in February. Mr. Fiala, with his troop of cavalry, made a flying visit. At 11 P. M. moon breaking through. Thermometer  $3^{\circ}$  below. Calm.

OCTOBER 8.—Light variable easterly airs and sun shining. Antone Vedoe, John Vedoe and Buckland went over to Cape Auk after the bear trophies. Left at 10 A. M. with one dog team of eleven dogs. Arrived at ship just before supper with three skins and the meat. First officer went on shore to see about making silk tents for the trail next spring. Mr. Peters off this forenoon looking up an old tent which had been left here to dry. At 8 A. M., thermometer  $8^{\circ}$  below. Some narrow leads of water showing off in the distance where the ice is opening and shutting. One berg in sight working up from the south. Made three inches of ice in propeller hole last night. The field party's quartermaster, Rillette, came on

board to stay until the sledges are completed, as this work comes under his duties. 11 P. M. calm. Moon shining brightly. Thermometer 15° below.

OCTOBER 9.—Light northeast wind, later calm. Air is thick with frost fog. Thermometer 4° below. Mr. Rillette is to have many of the crew as needed. All will be competent men for the needed work. Also the ship's carpenter. All of these men will be under the personal supervision of First Officer Haven, and all work finished must be passed by Rillette. As these sleds are built solely for the purpose of the North Pole dash, every part must be solid. Fast as the sledges are finished they are taken to camp. Two of the steamer's crew are at camp, taking the night watch (same ones mentioned before); seems to be too much work for one man. The cavalry again made us a flying visit. At 9 P. M. thermometer 2° above. Clear night with the wind light southeast. Mr. Fiala and Mr. Peters spent the evening with us.

OCTOBER 10.—Light easterly winds and calms. Thermometer 10° above and clear. Sledging ice to the ship today. Taking advantage of the fine weather. Mr. Haven built a snow wall around the ice at the ship to keep the dogs away from it. Jimmie, the mess boy, thought he would like to ride in the daily cavalry charge to the ship. He managed to stick on the pony riding off, but going back, the pony didn't want him on his back, and had his own way too; the boy came limping back and the pony went galloping into camp. 9 P. M., thermometer 1° above.

OCTOBER 11.—Variable northerly winds, moderate with considerable snow. Have seen far as the camp once today. Thermometer 1° above; low barometer and falling. Lieutenant Truden the only one off from camp. The dogs are hanging around more now the snow gangway is so handy. Today I counted forty on deck at one time. All hands having Sunday's leisure hours. Some are reading, some yarning, but all contented to stay at home this kind

of weather. Yesterday succeeded in cutting off a heavy spur of ice which projected across the propeller holes, and had prevented jacking the propeller over. Chief moves it a little every day. Pump once a week by steam. Takes twenty minutes. Cavalry did not come off today. Yesterday they were serenaded by Chief Hartt's band, consisting of bugle, tin pan and accordeon trying to play Yankee Doodle. He hopes next time to do better by them.

OCTOBER 12.—Northwest gale, moderating at 9 A. M. Thermometer zero. At 8 P. M. light southwest wind and clear. Cavalry troop off. Mr. Peters made a visit. Chief put two more electric lights in the carpenter's shop. Mr. Haven and self have been trying to run a hand Singer sewing machine. Mr. Haven is starting in to make the silk tents. The islands south showed up all white today. We don't see them very often this time of the year. The ice remains the same. No water in sight.

OCTOBER 13.—Wind light southeast. At 8 A. M., thermometer 11° above. The ice cracked off, inside the ship, all along the bay ice this morning sounding like a big gun report, caused by the tide falling more than usual. This looks bad for us, as this ice now is liable to go out in a strong east wind, leaving the ship in clear water on the off side. Will have more fasts put out to hold on to the bay ice. This is trouble number 1 come. I do not think any of the crew realize the seriousness of this new condition of affairs. So I will say nothing to stir them up from their sense of security. This is one condition which I overlooked. I had not thought, at first, of ice breaking off between the ship and the land floe. This crack now goes through our gangway. This afternoon there was a small movement of this whole outside ice. On examination I found it moved by the floe eighteen inches, which is proof positive 'tis broken all the way through and will certainly go out; even if it freezes together in the crack 'twill always break off every day with the rise and fall of the tide.

(To be continued)



EASTER brings with it, perhaps, a closer association with music than does even the Yuletide. During the preceding weeks, the martial church music has been intoned with a hushed solemnity in commemoration of the events surrounding Calvary, which in many cases has permeated the home and caused a cessation of our favorite records, except, perhaps, when the small boy steals in the conservatory and "winds 'er up" to hear "Emmaline" while mother and father are absent at Lenten service.

The variety and volume of Easter music are supreme. Nearly all of the best solos and oratorios are obtainable in one form or another in the records of the different companies, and with but little effort an appropriate Easter programme may be arranged. Then, too, with the season of Lent past, there will again be the usual demand for the light and comic selections that constitute a very important part of the record-making industry. A profusion of good numbers in this variety is present on each of the lists for March.

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Six selections by the famous evangelist, Gipsy Smith, form a very interesting part of the Columbia list for the month. Although Mr. Smith has never achieved great fame as a singer, there is a peculiar quality to his voice that seems to carry with it an evangelistic spirit even in these inanimate records. The thousands of people who have heard this talented man speak or sing will find in the Columbia records this month a most satisfying interpretation of his unique method of exhortation. Particularly appropriate for an

Easter programme—or, in fact, a complete repository of Lenten music—is afforded in his renditions, "He Lifted Me," Gabriel; "Jesus, the Light of the World," Elderkin; "O Beautiful City of God," Temple; "Saved by Grace," Stebbins; "Kept for Jesus," Sanky, and "Pass It On," Stebbins.

In the "gray" season, also, we can appreciate such music as Chopin's "Funeral March" and Handel's "Dead March," from Saul, which Prince's Band deliver in their usual excellent style. Several other band numbers for the month are quite worthy of mention; the "La Czarine Mazurka" and "Impassioned Dream," by Lacalle's Band, and Sousa's "Invincible Eagle March," Kerry Mills' "Red Wing" and Hermann's "Cocoanut Dance," by the Columbia Band.

Lovers of De Koven's work will welcome his "Robin Hood—Brown October Ale," sung in the faultless baritone of Frank C. Stanley, and "Creole Days," tenor solo by Walter Van Brunt.

The mention of Bob Roberts' name always brings a smile, and his several contributions to the March list are guaranteed to cure the most indigo mood. He begins with an expostulation to "Sadie Salome," wishes "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," declares that "Henry Hudson was a Bold Jack Tar" and launches into the serious question propounded in the refrain of Morse's absurdity, "The Woodchuck Song."

Gumble's popular "Bolo Rag" is converted into a xylophone solo by Schmehl, and Fischer's valse, "Women's Vows," is presented in a novel manner by the efficient trio, Stehl, Henneberg and Schuetze, on violin, flute and harp.

The glorious Hallelujah Chorus from

Handel's "Messiah" is a conspicuous number on the Victor list for the month. No chorus from any oratorio is better known, perhaps, than the Hallelujah, and with the strong support of Sousa's Band the selection is soul-stirring. The Parisian Symphony Orchestra's rendition of the finale, "Danse de Phryne" is a magnificent conclusion of the "Faust" ballet series. On double-faced records are two splendid selections from the famous Fisk University Jubilee Quartet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Golden Slippers."

The return of Sousa's Band from a trans-continental tour resulted in three European selections, "Florentiner March," "Siamese Patrol" and "Amina." The last, an Egyptian serenade, has met with tremendous success across the water, and makes a deep impression on the lover of Egyptian music. The new singer for the month is Lucy Isabelle Marsh, soprano, well known as a choir singer in New York City, and the Victor world welcomes her initiation in the vocal waltz, "The Swallows." Another of the newer Victor artists, Reed Miller, contributes a popular favorite ballad, "In the Garden of My Heart."

Harry Lauder offers "Mr. John MacKay," "I've Loved Her Ever Since She Was a Baby" and "Bonnie Leezie Lindsay." Ada Jones and Billy Murray join in telling "What Makes the World Go Round"; reverse side of the record, "Down in Sunshine Alley," by the Murray and Hayden Quartet. Especially good also is the Hamilton Hill record, "I'd Rather Say Hello than Say Good-bye" and "The Fireman's Song." The irrepressible Collins and Harlan in "Lyna, Oh, Oh, Miss Lyna" are paired with Murray K. Hill in the catchy "Alphabet Song." The Victor Dance Orchestra puts out a popular barn-dance, "Four Little Sugar Plums."

An admirable achievement in the Victor red seal records is a complete act, in three parts, of Faust, rendered in French by the opera singers Geraldine Farrar, Enrico Caruso and Marcel Journet. Journet himself renders three selections in French, and unites with Caruso in the duet of Flotow, "Solo, Profugo" from "Martha." Three new Slezak records are offered: "The Spring," "There's a Sweeter Empire" and "Heavenly Aida" in German.

The Edison Company has evidently not overlooked the feast of Ireland's patron saint, for their March list includes the rollicking character song, "The Hat My Father Wore Upon St. Patrick's Day," sung by Billy Murray and chorus, and "Irish Blood," composed by Andrew Mack and included by him in several of his plays, sung by Ada Jones. Selections from two of the most popular women humorists of the country are included in the Edison records of this month; Stella Mayhew convulses her listeners with the "coon" dialect in "I'm a Woman of Importance" and Marie Dressler enters the Edison ranks with her own absurdity, "I'm a Goin' to Change My Man."

Elizabeth Wheeler's rendition of "Dreams" will appeal to the audience which turns away from the negro vernacular in favor of higher-class music. The ballad is sung with a most appropriate visionary ease. "Balmy Night," an arrangement of the song, "Lauschige Nacht," rendered by the Vienna Instrumental Quartet, adds another fascinating number to the lovers of tranquil music. A record that will be hailed with delight by "the younger generation" is the "American Students' Waltzes," by the New York Military Band, composed of the themes of "My Love at the Windows," "Dear Evalina," "The Spanish Guitar," "Climbing, Climbing, Climbing," "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me" and "Ching a Ling Ling." The "King Karl March," by the same organization, is a band selection of unusual spirit.

One of Harry Lauder's latest songs, "The Bounding Sea" is included in the Amberol records; not of the "Sad Sea Wave" variety, but Lauder's own views of the Southern Antarctic explorations. The melancholy strain is present in "When I Get Back to Bonnie Scotland," Lauder's pathetic number for the month.

Five Grand Opera renditions in Italian appear among the Edison Amberol records. Riccardo Martin, tenor, sings a selection from "La Tosca"; Florencio Constantino, tenor, "O Paradiso" (Meyerbeer) from "L'Africaine"; Luigi Lucenti, bass, "Infelice" from "Ernani"; Ester Ferrabini, soprano, "Voi lo Sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; duet, Ernesto Caronna and Luigi Lucenti, "Suoni la Tromba" from "I Puritani."



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—At the suggestion of the members of the Cosy Corner a slight change has been made in the awards; in future two awards of five dollars each will be given, while the remainder of the appropriation will be expended in one dollar prizes. Written contributions will be limited to five hundred words, and may be concerning anything of interest, an automobile incident, a fairy tale, a sailor's yarn, or anything unusual that has happened to the writers or their friends. A snapshot or photograph of special interest will also be gladly received—anything that will make the circle in the glow of the hearth fire "listen and look."

## THRILLING CIVIL WAR INCIDENT

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS

**A** LITTLE experience known only to personal friends has never before appeared in print and may please our Cosy Corner readers as a bit of history.

The Army of the Potomac was in winter quarters at Brandy Station, and for some time I was the only lady at headquarters. Our good adjutant-general, Colonel Hart, invited his wife down, much to my delight, and we ladies were tendered a dinner at one of the division headquarters, commanded by that excellent officer and courteous gentleman, Colonel B. F. Smith, known at West Point as "Beef" Smith to distinguish him from others of the name.

The division was stationed some five miles away, and of course we went on horseback. A true army welcome awaited us with a band of music and a group of officers from other divisions.

The dinner was all one could desire, but I observed that the Adjutant's wife seemed ill at ease while I was radiantly happy and joined in the story-telling and conversation

with all the exuberance of a schoolgirl. Mrs. Hart had reason for alarm; her husband had but recently recovered from an almost fatal wound, affecting the liver, making a prescribed diet necessary, and yet he dared all things. When the coffee was brought in, she remarked that "it was poison for him, and he must not have it," but he declared that a long ride home would overcome that. All went well until it was time to return—late in the evening. We had ridden some two miles when our friend was suddenly seized with cramps, and his wife was nearly frantic with anxiety.

With the help of our orderlies we placed him on the ground and then decided that my husband and myself should leave both orderlies there while we would hasten to headquarters for the ambulance and surgeon. Our horses were so accustomed to traveling together that we dashed madly forward and never thought of danger until suddenly from a group of trees a man rushed to my side and with one word "Halt!" placed a pistol close to my left ear. I gave one glance at the horse and man and then signalled to my own faithful mare to "fly." She sprang forward, and as I turned my head I saw by the light

of the beclouded moon that the "guerilla" had gone to my husband's side and aimed the pistol at him. There was but one thing to do and that was race for life and help, and this I did. To my joy the Colonel soon came galloping after me and said—"It's our uniform."

While my husband hurried to the General's quarters, I rode to my own, and although I did not fully realize the danger we were in I clasped my baby boy to my heart and prayed that the poor sick man on the roadside might also escape.

It was some time before my husband returned to announce that the Adjutant was safe in his bed and doing well. Good, honest General French, then in command, read both officers a severe lecture for venturing out without side arms, and his suspicions were verified as to the attacking party when we found written on a piece of paper pinned to a tree near headquarters these words:

"I do not fight women and unarmed officers.  
MOSBY."

Years after, it was my fortune to meet the dashing, daring Colonel Mosby, and I learned that my gold braided jacket and military cape led him to think he could capture two officers, until he saw the riding skirt.

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### MOUNTAINS AND POISON OAK

BY H. L. GREEN, M. D.

"'Hum'—What's all this cursing about?" demanded Lieutenant-Colonel L. P. Bradley, in 1878, as he came down Tent Avenue in the camp of his name, out from the Black Hills, South Dakota. "Sergeant, keep better order here."

And the next day it rained. But we struck camp just the same and moved on, just as we had been in the habit of doing every day, gaining about twenty-five miles each day in a northwesterly direction toward the Sioux Indians.

On the day I speak of we went into camp at about 3 P. M., along a charming clear water creek. The country just here was level with considerable mountain vegetation. To the eastward it opened out a considerable distance. To the west stood an immense bare butte with its perpendicular walls deeply seamed, and its expansive flat top. All

about us more or less in the distance were mountain peaks one after another as far as the eye could see, with, of course, deep passes between many of them.

Not content to survey these beauties of nature from a distance, as an Indian might, but with that ever-human curiosity to know something beyond, we decided to go into the mountains for a hunt—the writer and one companion.

No Rooseveltian guides for us—oh, no. We didn't know that we didn't know it all—at least I didn't. We passed over arroyos, slopes, mounds, hillsides and a varied country, taking no notice of it nor of directions, in our eager outlook for game.

We separated to cover more territory, so that if one got a deer or moose, the other might bag a grizzly. The few hours between 3 P. M. and dusk did not bring any luck, and as it was rapidly getting dark, and I was now quite alone, except for my horse, I thought I'd better be making for camp. But where were the landmarks? All lost! I rode from one point to another trying to pick up my trail; found it only to lose it. The sun going down, I lost all points of the compass. Riding feverishly to the highest peak in sight revealed only another still higher beyond. Realization of being lost staggers the mind—and in such dangerous surroundings—until the hopelessness of the situation and necessity of meeting it sobers it again. There was nothing to do but bivouac over night and fix with the rising sun the one eastern landmark. And so, after a reconnoiter, I spent an anxious, wakeful night all alone. In the morning, with the east a fixed point, and reasoning that camp was in a southeasterly course, I started to work my way out.

After a time I sat upon my horse like an equestrian statue on the flat top of that bare butte mentioned above as visible from camp, and caught sight of the last two or three white-covered "prairie schooner" wagons disappearing in the mountain cut far to the northeast. Camp had been struck, and these two or three wagons I was just in time to catch a glimpse of. How to get down from that monumental butte was the next difficulty. To make a sweeping detour down its side, corkscrew like, was the only way. Presently fresh hoof tracks caused an Indian scare, but a study of these showed

they were my own, and argued the necessity of a wider and bolder detour, which succeeded, and I rode out onto the plain and had clear sailing to the command. A messenger came riding out and met me with a bottle of coffee which seemed to me a whole table d'hôte. My horse was about played out, and so was I. I gave him his reins, saluted the commander, and retired to my tent as soon as it was pitched, feverishly nursing a burning face on which I had in some way rubbed poison oak.

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### A WHITE "MEDICINE WOMAN"

BY CHARLES L. HERZMAN

The popular actress, Henrietta Crosman, who is this season appearing in a society comedy, "Sham," is a veritable daughter of the regiment. She comes of a military family, and her male ancestors, for many generations back, have served their country in the army or navy with credit and distinction. Her grandfather, General George Crosman, not only served in the Civil War, but was for a time paymaster of the army. Miss Crosman's father, Major George H. Crosman, was with the 10th United States Infantry for many years, and was stationed at various times in Nebraska and Minnesota.

The actress, then a very young girl, spent all her vacations at the army post and was a great favorite with every officer and man in the regiment. She was the particular pet of the old surgeon at the garrison, on account of her great interest in his patients, and though a child she soon became familiar with everything pertaining to "first aid to the injured." It was during one of these summer vacations, when she was spending a few months with her father in camp in Minnesota, that she wandered off by herself in the woods and happened across an Indian brave, who, in some manner, had sustained a gunshot in his wrist and was trying to check the flow of blood with leaves and grass. Hastily bidding him wait, she ran back to camp, secured a supply of salve and bandages, and without mentioning the incident, returned hurriedly to the spot where the redskin was still nursing his injured member. She deftly washed the wound, dressed and bandaged the wrist, and the patient was much relieved.

It happened that the brave whom she

had befriended was the chief of a tribe of Indians who inhabited that territory, and several days later a delegation from the tribe, headed by their leader, called at the army post and asked to see the daughter of Major Crosman. When she appeared, the Indian Chief solemnly and formally proclaimed her the "Medicine Woman" of the tribe, and presented her with an assortment of skins, beads and other gifts. This title, to the best of Miss Crosman's knowledge, she still bears. The members of the tribe have kept track of her career ever since, and once every few years she receives a shipment of Indian handiwork from the faithful redskins. Her Navajo rugs and Indian pottery have been admired by all her friends, although she has confided their true source to very few people. Two years ago, when she appeared for one night in Duluth, three of the tribe, one an old Indian and the other two much younger and educated, called on the actress at the hotel, and acknowledged their allegiance to her as their "Medicine Woman."

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### RETURNING THANKS

BY GERTRUDE E. MOREHEAD

A little cousin who lived in the city was very fond of visiting her aunt in the big beautiful country where she could run and play so freely and where, as she expressed it, "there were so many live things."

One time she said: "Aunt Kit, I just love to be on the farm, there is always so much to do."

And Aunt Kit smiled and said yes, that was so. The little girl loved the horses and cattle and made special friends with the little colts, one of which would follow her around and chew her sweater. Above all she loved her Aunt Kit. When she was four years old she attended the kindergarten.

At Thanksgiving the teacher told all the little boys and girls to think of something they were especially thankful for, and she would ask each one to tell in turn. When it came Florence's turn she arose from her little chair and said:

"I'm thankful that I've got an Aunt Kit."

It was such a sweet original thing to express thanks for that the teacher told her mamma about it.



By BENNETT CHAPPLE

**M**ANY people have seen advance sheets of our March issue, and all agree that it is one of the best—if not the best—we have ever had. Now, we want the candid opinion of our readers. Tell us exactly what you think of this special number, and if you like it, let us know just why. If you don't like it—be equally frank. We wish to know what you think of the remarkable diary of Captain Coffin, published just as he had written it "on the spot," almost within seeing distance of the North Pole. Read with care the summary by the editor on what President Taft has done in his first year. Especially he will wish to know your opinion of that. Tell us whether "Hum" is the sort of serial you like—and if you dislike anything in it be sure to mention what it is. Don't forget to think up your next contribution to "Little Helps" and the "Cosy Corner" departments, because you are editing and running those in person—if they are not just right, the readers are responsible, not the editor or publishers. If the stories have too much thunder let us know. If there are public men we are overlooking, public celebrities you would like to know about, write the editor. He is doing his best, but can always do better when the readers let him know their wishes. And the advertisers are always pleased to hear what you think of their part in the making of a magazine. Let us hear from you.

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**T**HE mud-pie age of childhood indicates the natural trend of civilization. Primitive man found his first building material

by mixing water and earth and allowing it to harden in the drying sun.

This is the age of cement. The peculiar adhesive properties of this rock when ground and blended with gravel, cinders, etc., have multiplied its uses during the past few decades, and the present generation finds the application of this infinitely simple building material universal.

The numerous buildings on the farm, formerly constructed of wood, stone and mortar, are now built with this material, which, at smaller cost, will stand generation after generation.

An intensely interesting book has recently been issued by the Atlas Portland Cement Company, with correct information on just how to employ cement in its hundred and one uses on the farm, strongly suggestive of the exhilarating pleasure of "making things" rather than labor. The instructions are simple: gravel or cinders, a bag of cement and water—ingredients which are within the means and convenience of every farmer.

The work of constructing in indissoluble cement a chicken coop, barn stall or feed trough is a fascinating diversion for the agriculturalist of today. Long ago he proved that his knowledge was not confined to planting and harvesting, for he lost no time in adopting cement as an innovation in his building work, and stands ready to learn more.

If you have any possible use for cement—and what land-owner hasn't!—I hope you will send to the Atlas Portland Cement Company offices, Dept. 100, 30 Broad Street, New York City, for their book "Concrete Construction

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

about the Home and on the Farm," 164 pages of useful information, well illustrated, which makes one long for a place and opportunity to try out some of the examples given, and let the natural desire to build things become rampant in the construction of concrete necessities.

The book is not labored with intricate specifications, but contains many interesting examples of what has been done in an experimental way by the novice; for instance: A certain farmer wanted a substantial hitching post. He planted an old stove pipe into the ground and filled it with a mixture of cement and gravel. Upon removing the old tin, he had a round, symmetrical post that "all the king's horses" could not budge.

"Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm" is really a revelation worth making some effort to procure; in this case only the expenditure of one penny for a postal card upon which to make the request, if you mention the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

\* \* \*

NOT many months ago the National Bank of Washington celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary. Established in September, 1809, on New Jersey Avenue, between B and C Streets, the National Bank of Washington has been both historically and financially one of the most notable fiduciary institutions of the Capitol City. The charter was obtained from Congress in 1811, and the first account of cash on hand reads curiously, including as it does "\$50,000 in Spanish gold, \$45,000 in British and Portuguese gold, and \$5,600 in American gold." The British captured Washington, August 14, 1814, and on the morning of that day, William A. Bradley, the discount clerk, removed all effects of the bank to Brookville, Maryland, where they remained until Monday, September 3. When the national Capitol lay in ashes, it was wholly due to the patriotic spirit of the banks and citizens of the District of Columbia that Washington remained the capital of the United States. A mass meeting was called, and the Federal Government was offered assistance to rebuild the government buildings. The Treasury was empty and the only banks then existing in the country offering such aid were those of the District of Columbia. A law signed by President

Madison authorized a loan of half a million, of which only a quarter million was taken, and of this the Bank of Washington supplied fifty thousand dollars.

The records of the bank form an unique bit of history in themselves, containing such interesting notations as calling attention to the fact that all the board of directors witnessed the ceremony of the opening of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the year 1835. Among the names of notable depositors one finds there those of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Year by year this bank has been more closely identified with national history, and the book prepared by President Clarence F. Norment, regarding the anniversary, is a most interesting document.

The vaults and safes of the bank, built entirely of concrete and steel and two stories in height, are absolutely water, fire and burglar proof. They contain, in addition to many millions in actual cash, many records and relics of the past, including crisp unused packages of that postal minor currency, which went out of circulation at the close of the war. Its capital stock is \$1,050,000. The directors and officers of the oldest bank in Washington are certainly warranted in feeling a great pride in their connection with so old, successful and reliable an institution as the Bank of Washington.

\* \* \*

SOMETIMES the question is asked of me. "Why do you believe that Washington is the focal center of the nation? You certainly cannot think that Congress and the various governmental departments are all there is of importance in the United States of America."

The inquirer overlooks the fact that in addition to the physical presence in the capital of the President, Congress and the permanent public servants, it is visited during the year by almost every man of any importance throughout the country. Is there a prominent railroad man, an industrial magnate, anyone high in the ranks of a great organization of labor or capital—does he not find it necessary to keep in physical touch with affairs at Washington?

A chat with a prominent business man, who is for the moment taking a little recreation while he is absorbing the national trend of thought at Washington, is always interest-

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

ing. In a cosy corner in one of the big hotels I found Mr. E. A. Stuart of Seattle, who is known far and wide as the "Carnation Milk Man." To him occurred the simple idea of preserving the milk of cows fed with the waters and herbage of the evergreen slopes of the Pacific. This idea came to him in connection with his study of the famous condensed milk of Switzerland, where the art of preserving the lacteal fluid was first commercialized. Today "the contented cows of the Pacific Coast," by means of the campaign carried on by Mr. Stuart, are more familiar to the United States users of condensed milk than the labels of the Swiss product. Mr. Stuart is a true type of "the Seattleite," a man of progressive ideas, who has already had business experience extending over the entire West and Southwest, which has enabled him to grasp with a sure and certain hand the commercial situation in all parts of the country. To this experience is added a fund of scientific and practical information that is appreciated at the Agricultural Department, where every effort is being made to protect the food supplies of the nation from impurity. To the care and ability and experience of Mr. Stuart is due the great success which has attended the exploitation of the modern milkman's product. Condensed milk does not sour and become unwholesome, and it can be obtained without enduring the nocturnal disturbances of clattering cans and hurrying milk carts, which formerly robbed the weary city dwellers of their early morning nap.

\* \* \*

**I**MPRESSED with the splendid vocabulary of a chance acquaintance, I was impelled to ask how he managed to make use of so many pertinent words, and reach in language the very nub of the proposition.

"It is all a trade secret," said he. "On my desk I keep a copy of Webster's New International Dictionary—remember it is the new one, because I always want the very latest thing in words. Every time I have a moment to spare I whisk the big book open where I have put a mark, and

in that way I make myself familiar with two or three words every day. I know exactly how they are derived and what they have meant and what they mean now, for you know nothing changes so much as a word, even in the pronunciation."

The hint that the dictionary might prove somewhat dry reading brought an emphatic denial:

"Dry—no more dry than a course in language. I would rather study a dictionary



E. A. STUART

any time than take lessons from a master of any language—will know more after I have finished. How many people really know good English? How many persons are aware that since 1843 G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Massachusetts, have been assiduously working to keep their dictionary up-to-date and perfect. You make yourself master of four hundred thousand words and you will be the most fluent and up-to-the-second speaker in the United States."

When I reached home I took down my copy of the New International Dictionary and looked it over carefully. While the increase of words may seem almost appalling, the mere addition of new words does not indicate the vital value of the book. It gives not only the erudite language of the professor and the college man, but the vernacular of

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ity—*sure* of their flavor—  
*sure* of their goodness—  
*sure* of their cleanness and  
freshness. Be *sure* to say

# Uneeda Biscuit

(Never sold in bulk)

**5¢** *a Package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

all the people. Year by year the staff of this dictionary firm have worked under the direction of the late Dr. W. T. Harris, formerly United States Commissioner of Education, and a scientific analysis of every word has been made.

To illustrate the substantial popularity of the Webster's Dictionary, and emphasize the fact that it is not alone for the use of scholars and students, the manager of a booth at a recent exposition insisted that it would pay his firm to put in an exhibit of Webster's New International Dictionary. They doubted it, but the persevering gentleman had his way, and to his surprise sold as many as fifty dictionaries in a single day. Many persons not in educational lines have a desire for knowledge, but are prevented from studying by lack of time; to them this dictionary supplies information in capsule form, easy for assimilation by the busiest man or woman. With the coinage of new words and the rehabilitation of old ones, this new book is in reality an encyclopaedia of information in condensed form.

A great advantage of using a dictionary suggested by my well-informed friend is that a man may gratify his interest in his own specialty by looking up all the words pertaining to his work, his ideas on the subject being wonderfully clarified in this way. One man interested in the throat and its developments in regard to the formation of sound and its relation to musical instruments says he got more information from Webster's New International Dictionary than from any textbook on the subject which he had secured. The publishers are certainly to be congratulated upon their aggressive activity in bringing out a new edition of a work which passes current as the standard authority on the English language.

\* \* \*

THE increased cost of living is a serious problem in this country, and grows more and more momentous each year. It is a problem that comes home to the family circle, and much assistance with regard to its solution must necessarily be accorded by the women in the home. It is a fact readily recognized that gardening, as carried on in America, is a thoroughly unappreciated opportunity, disregarding the very great share of relief from the high cost of living

that proper attention to the garden might bring about.

In the more congested countries abroad, where even the tiniest spot of soil must be carefully nurtured and cultivated in order to bring forth its required yield, gardening has become a science, and in time it must have the same attention in this country. Ninety per cent of the gardens of America are planted to yield one crop, while even this is given only casual attention. Peas, a wholesome and nourishing product of the garden, can be divided into three crops, planting the late crop in the same soil in which the early crop was harvested. The string bean may be handled in the same way, and the radish, if planted every two weeks from early spring to frost, will yield a continuous supply.

Appreciating the possibilities of gardening for the women in the homes, the Peter Henderson Company of New York City, whose name for fifty years has been synonymous with the best seeds in America, has issued a "Garden Guide and Record," for distribution to its customers. In this novel diary are not only the memorandum pages for the convenient notations of the gardener, as to when and how the different products are planted, but full and complete information as to the kinds of soil necessary for the best production of certain vegetables and full directions as to the planting, in order to get the very best results.

The advice in this book, which has been the result of years of study and experiment, will, if followed intelligently, double the production of any garden, and yield a superior product. In many homes, the garden work must necessarily be performed by the young boys of the family, who very often regard this task as drudgery, because their interest and ambition have never been awakened to the possibilities of this art. The growing seed and the ripened product are among the greatest manifestations of nature, and aside from the increase in production that follows scientific gardening, there is high educative value in arousing the enthusiasm of the young people in the home toward the great science of agriculture, the oldest employment of the ages.

This sketch should interest many homes in the subject of getting more out of the garden, and every woman who takes the



## New Scotti Records

The great baritone sings with a richness and purity of tone beautiful to hear, and the new Victor process reproduces every detail with absolute fidelity.

Hear Scotti's records of the delightful "Serenade" from Don Giovanni (88194), and the famous "Monologue" from Falstaff (88195), at any Victor dealer's—wonderful records that show the great progress recently made in the art of Victor recording.

And be sure to hear the  
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To get best results, use only Victor Needles with Victor Records  
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 23th of each month  
Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

time to read the Henderson offer and get their books will soon discover the value of the suggestion, besides doing her part to materially reduce the cost of living.

\* \* \*

PURELY commercial information is sometimes considered "dry" by the uninitiated. No one will ever say that of "The Law of Financial Success," by Edward E. Beals, a book which deals with the fundamental principles of financial success. The touches of philosophy and inspiration that gleam in its pages gives it more the air of a collection of literary essays than a volume associated with the working of business propositions. The book shows that in financial success the condition of the mind is an important factor, and that the best possible foundation is laid in concrete purpose and persistent use of will power.

In disseminating such literature the Fiduciary Company of Chicago are doing their patrons a service that will be appreciated. In these days that the people are thinking more, reading more and acting according to those fundamental principles only realized by the select few in former years. The era of enlightenment is not confined to the arts and sciences or to literature, but applies equally to economics, which are so closely related to the three forces just mentioned that they play an important part in all development, whether in education or business. Financial success is an important factor in all general progress, and this little book emphasizes all those inherent principles and ideas which need to be brought into service to advance the interests of the individual and secure collectively the welfare of all the people.

\* \* \*

WHEN it comes to printing presses, there is no part of the machines so sensitive to atmospheric conditions as the rollers. Very often a message comes through the press room, "rollers bu'sted." In obviating this difficulty, which has caused much loss of time and money to printers, no one has been more active than Mr. Herbert M. Bingham, of the great printers' rollers firm, and no one is better fitted to demonstrate the vital importance of a good roller.

"It is the roller," he insists, "that turns the white paper into print, and to do that it

must be so sensitive that it will have the proper quality of 'tackiness' in all conditions of humidity."

Every printer knows that there must be winter and summer rollers, just as winter and summer clothing are essential for a human being. Printers' rollers are made to put ink on, and will accept ink as no other medium will, with the exception of the human hand. The important thing is to have it take the ink and distribute it evenly. Rollers are almost human in that they will work today and tomorrow may refuse to obey the will of the operator. At any moment a roller may burst or melt, corresponding with the illness of the human body. In fact, Mr. Bingham insists that a roller must be treated as carefully as a new-born babe, and watched and cared for that it may not be left to the tender mercy of printers' devils. Those who remember inking for a Washington hand-press will recall how one "devil" inked well and another "inked ill." The old custom of making rollers in a country printing office was an event that had the hardy spirit of soap-making about it, and today practically the same process is carried on by machinery. The chemicals and inks and the abuse of a roller have just the same result in good or bad work as they had in the days of good old Ben Franklin.

\* \* \*

CAN you imagine what it means to furnish the homes of one-ninth of the people of this country? Think of making and furnishing 2,000,000 dining tables, or 4,000,000 beds or 20,000,000 chairs. And think of this tremendous quantity of household furnishings being sold on credit—enjoyed and used while they were being paid for.

These figures are furnished by Hartman Furniture & Carpet Company, of Chicago, probably the oldest credit home-furnishing house in the world—established in 1855.

This concern, made famous by its well-known trade mark—"Let Hartman feather the nest"—are sending a beautifully illustrated large catalog to everybody who cares to send for it.

This catalog shows just about everything one could wish for to beautify home—and the credit arrangements are so simple, so convenient, and so private, that people who buy are delighted, to say the least.

# The Car That Captured The Country

The Overland—as some of you know—is the greatest sensation in motordom. In two years the demand has grown from almost nothing to 20,000 cars—our orders for the present year. All without advertising—solely because there was never a car that compared with the Overland.

## An Enticing Story

Every man should know of the Overland. For here is a story of quick success such as never before has been written.

A story of a man—Mr. John N. Willys—who took a bankrupt concern whose only asset was a car created by a mechanical genius. And, because of this wonderful car, built the sales in two years to a monthly sale exceeding \$2,000,000.

How he operates four factories—employs 4,000 men—ships 30 carloads of automobiles per day—to supply the call for Overlands.

You don't know the best about motor cars until you know the car which—in two years' time—has captured a large share of the whole trade of the country.

## Cost Cut 20 Per Cent

This tremendous production has cut the cost of Overlands 20 per cent. Overland Model 38 sells for \$1,000 now. It is considerably better than the \$1,250 Overland last year. Power, 25 horsepower—speed, 50 miles an hour.

A 40 horsepower Overland this year sells for \$1,250. And for \$1,500—in the Overland—one gets the equal of any \$3,000 car.

No other maker attempts to give what the Overland gives for the money. For no other maker turns out daily—as we do—125 standardized cars.

And the price of each Overland includes lamps and magneto—a car all ready to run.

*The*  
**Overland**  
Made in  
Six Styles of Body

## Simplicity

The key to the Overland's astounding success has been largely simplicity. For the early Overlands—when the output was small—were not such bargains as now.

A ten-year old child in five minutes can master an Overland car. It is all done by pedal control. An amateur can run one—the first time he tries it—from Chicago to the Pacific.

Never was a car so simple, so staunch, so easy to keep in order. And never was a car—within range of the price—so large, so attractive, so powerful.

One Overland car has, again and again, sold from 15 to 30 others. The 4,000 Overlands sold last year brought us orders for this year—before the year opened—for 20,000 cars.

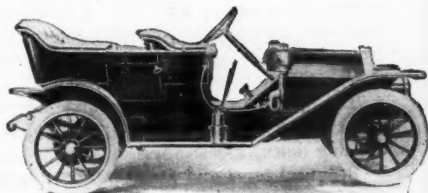
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All this wonderful story is told in a book. Send me this coupon for it. You can't know the best about automobiles until you know this remarkable car.

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Please send me the book.





## UP PIKE'S PEAK

By BERTHA MACCORMAC

WHILE visiting in Colorado some twenty years ago I had a desire to ascend Pike's Peak.

Accompanied by a young girl, my cousin, I engaged some burros and started early one morning to ride up the mountain, ignorant of both mountains and burros.

The road began broad and easy to ascend, so we anticipated no difficulties, but gradually the trail narrowed. Thirty minutes' ride brought us to a bridge over a mountain stream. My cousin's burro crossed over, then waited. My burro decided to stop. Persuasion was useless, and I dismounted and attempted to lead him, but he refused to be led. Striking him was ineffectual. After half an hour wasted in alternately coaxing and beating, we saw some men coming, then realized what blessed things men are sometimes. Used to the peculiarities of burros, they took a limb from a fallen tree and, one on each side, actually shoved that animal over the bridge. Being assured there were no more bridges, we proceeded.

The trail grew narrower and steeper. Looking up, we saw only mountain and sky; looking down, a vast abyss.

Beautiful ferns and moss grew out of the rocks apparently, and delicately tinted wild

flowers grew in clusters. A silvery stream threaded through the canyon. Occasionally we paused to admire some wonderful little waterfall framed in the mountains. Suddenly we heard a peculiar rumbling noise followed by a horrible unearthly shriek that echoed and re-echoed across the canyon.

My burro seemed paralyzed, then putting his four feet close together, he began to twirl around and around like a top. The trail here was eighteen inches wide, with an enormous precipice below us.

In desperation I clung to the burro. What kept him from going down I never knew.

When I collected my thoughts, I slipped down from the saddle on the side between the burro and the mountain and grabbed some shrubbery. When I felt able to look up I saw the burro standing still, but trembling violently.

That awful shriek was a whistle of triumph from the engine that made the first trial trip up the mountains on the now famous cog-wheel road.

This had then been completed half-way, being on the opposite side of the canyon to us.

Getting back to the trail, I took the bridle of my now meek burro, leading him until he recovered.

# Charity or Business—Which?

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*



THE germ of both life and fire insurance had its rise in the custom of taking up a collection for the stricken family. We all chipped in in the hope and expectation that if we were snuffed out by sickness or accident, the neighbors would do as much for us. When I lived in Kansas I well remember how when a farmer, who owned the next eighty to my father's, was killed by a runaway team, we all turned out and plowed the widow's fields, planted her crops and cared for her live stock. That she was young and comely probably had much to do with the ready and cheerful service which we brought to bear. So it seems that it was largely a matter of mood. Life insurance avoids the uncertainty of leaving things to the neighbors. It is a business plan, founded on the laws of mathematics and sound economy, to provide for those dependent upon us in case of death. Life insurance is no longer charity, or quasi-altruism, any more than fire insurance is. Life insurance is a duty, and it is a privilege. To eliminate the distressing results of death, through insurance, payable to business partners, wife or children, seems but common prudence. Lord Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter "to the tender care of the British Nation, to which I have given my life." And the wife and daughter—gravitated to the poor house; for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Don't leave your loved ones to the care of the public or the neighbors. The neighbors may have troubles of their own. Cut out risk, accident and worry, by life insurance. There are no microbes in a life insurance policy. Some folks cannot get life insurance. Possibly you cannot. If so these words are not for you.

---

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES

*"Strongest in the World"*

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

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AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

## THE HOME

Soon there came a decided change in the atmosphere. It began to snow, finally turning into a hailstorm, with terrific thunder and lightning. In one place where the trail widened we got under some trees for shelter, but fear of lightning drove us on.

The burros, anxious for shelter, made good progress, and about two o'clock we entered the big log cabin called "hotel" where we gladly sat by the glowing fireplace. In thirty minutes the storm was over, and the sun shining hot.

### THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER

*By A. May Robinson*

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,  
Who pays in advance, without skipping a year,  
Who lays down his money, and offers it gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.

Who never says "Stop it, I cannot afford it!"  
Or, "Getting more papers each day than I read";

But always says "Send it, the whole outfit likes it—"

In fact, we regard it a business need."

How welcome is he when he steps in the sanctum,

How he makes "our heart" throb, how he makes "our eye" dance!

We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

### A CUTTING-OUT PATTERN HINT

*By J. E. W.*

Using a warm iron when cutting out clothing will do away with pins and weights on tissue paper patterns; lay the pattern on the material and press it lightly with a warm iron; the pattern will cling to the cloth without any further trouble.

### For the Bathing Cap

A bathing cap may be kept in very good condition for use another year if you sprinkle a lot of toilet powder all over it, inside and out, when putting it away; this will prevent it from sticking together and rotting before summer comes again.

### GERMAN GRIDDLE CAKES

*Mrs. F. F. Roose*

At supper time scald one heaping teacup of flour with water in which pared potatoes have been boiled; mash one medium-sized potato very fine and mix with scalded flour; have one-half yeast cake soaking in enough warm water to cover; when soft and batter is cool enough, add yeast and stir thoroughly; let stand covered in warm place until morning, when, first thing you do, add one teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar and three well-beaten eggs. By the time the rest of the breakfast is done the batter will be ready to bake as griddle cakes. Will serve family of six.

### Pennsylvania Dutch Noodles

Beat two eggs thoroughly; add pinch of salt and enough flour to mix as stiff as dough can be rolled; roll like thin pie crust into three pieces; leave on moulding board to dry about an hour, turning occasionally; lay together and cut in two-inch lengths; then cut across fine, a little coarser than for slaw; throw into boiling salted water five minutes; drain in colander; while draining fry brown in butter one heaping cupful of stale bread cut in dice; when nice and brown throw over the bread three cupfuls of sweet milk and salt to taste; when ready to serve pour milk and bread over noodles, which have been placed in a covered dish, and serve hot. This is excellent and enough for family of eight. Is very nice warmed for lunch the next day.

### New Carpet Stretcher

When tacking down a carpet, if no carpet stretcher is handy, an excellent substitute will be found by having someone, either child or adult, put on a pair of rubber overshoes, taking care that the bottoms of the shoes are not worn smooth, and shuffle across the carpet. This stretches it as smooth as by using a machine.

### New Ironing Wax

A good substitute for wax for rubbing on the bottoms of irons will be found in the inside wrapper of bar soap. Use in the same manner as beeswax.

### GASOLINE, NOT WATER

*By Mrs. W. H. Ward*

To clean a handsome silk or wool garment, put into a tub of gasoline, rub all soiled parts with Ivory soap (if necessary, rub on washboard) but do not use water. Rinse in clear gasoline. A number of garments may be done in the same gasoline, if one works quickly, as it evaporates so rapidly, but it is amazing how the soap and gasoline combined do the work! I have seen garments of all kinds (baby's white wool coat, ladies' silk gowns, men's dress suits) cleaned beautifully, having the soap rubbed on them. One friend became so delighted, she filled a washing machine and cleaned handsome portieres, evening wraps and many heavy things. The soap brings out all that the gasoline will not touch.

### WHEN HOT DISH STICKS TO OILCLOTH

*Mrs. F. W. Fitzpatrick*

When a hot dish sticks to your new oilcloth, empty the dish and add hot water; keeping as the water cools, until the dish is sufficiently heated to loosen itself.

*"The  
Smallest Grand  
That's Safe  
to Buy"*



# STEINWAY MINIATURE

Supreme *quality* is never better emphasized than in the Steinway Miniature Grand.

There is a scientific reason for its size, 5 feet 10 inches. A piano smaller than this ceases to be a *grand* piano.

In an ebonized case, \$800.

*Illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.*

**STEINWAY & SONS,**  
STEINWAY HALL,

**107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York.**

*Subway Express Station at the Door.*

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## THE HOME

### ECONOMICAL HINTS

*By Mary Foster Snider*

It is very discouraging to the economical woman when her best black silk gown turns shiny before it is in the least worn, and comparatively few are aware that this state of affairs is easily remedied. One ox gall placed in a basin containing two or three-quarts of cold water will be required. This will turn the water inky black. Take a piece of soft dustless black cloth, dip it into the liquid, squeeze it moderately dry, then carefully sponge all the shiny places with it. This will entirely remove the shine. Powdered ox gall is kept at drug stores and may be used, but it is better to get one from a butcher if possible.

If your stockings wear first at the heel, put a piece of chamois inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent friction on the stocking and greatly prolong its wear.

Many women think they have no time for such trifles as sachets for the linen closet or drawers in which clothing is kept, yet it is possible for the very busiest of them to have all of their household linen and laundered clothing impart something vastly more pleasing than the odor of laundry soap so often left in them. A sachet made with dried rose petals mixed with half their quantity in equal parts of allspice and calamus root imparts a delightfully elusive fragrance. Place the mixture thickly between sheets of thin wadding and finish by tacking it between cheesecloth, then lay the sachet or sachets between the clean linens in the closets or drawers. The faint sweet odor will be delightfully refreshing. By using china silk or thin silk of any kind these sachets may be made very dainty indeed. An easier way as well as a very satisfactory one is to tie some arrowroot in a piece of strong cotton and boil it with the linens and cottons when they are laundered. This imparts a delicate refreshing fragrance.

Little cheesecloth bags filled with powdered Florentine orris root hung among the gowns and coats in the closets will give a faint pleasing violet fragrance.

A cheap and delicate violet perfume may also be made with the orris root. Cut half an ounce of it into small bits, put it into a bottle, and pour over it one ounce of spirits of wine. Cork tightly and let stand for a week or ten days. A few drops sprinkled on the hair or the pocket-handkerchief will have a smell as sweet and delicate as fresh violets.

### USES FOR BARREL HOOPS

*By Molly Jervey*

I wonder how many of the "National" readers know that plain barrel hoops can be transformed into two useful articles!

Cut the hoop in half round the edges and you have two very excellent coat-holders, ready to hang up; of course, these can be beautified in the usual way by covering with scented cotton batting and then with pretty silk or ribbon and hang up with a big bow of the same material.

Another way to utilize the hoop is to gather a bag over it and then hang it up by strong tape, and you have a most useful bag for soiled clothes for the bathroom; the top being so open makes it very convenient, doing away with the drawing-strings nuisance.

### POLISHING GLASS

*By Mrs. I. F. O.*

Wash glass in warm soapsuds, rinse in cold water and wipe dry.

#### To Keep Ham and Bacon

Farmers' wives can keep ham and bacon through hot weather, if they will half fry it and pack in a crock, covering with hot lard; after taking out slices to use, pour over hot lard again to cover and keep out the air.

#### To Clarify Lard

Lard can be clarified to use for frying doughnuts, by cooking sliced raw potatoes in it until brown, and skimming all impurities that rise. The lard that ham and bacon are put in can be clarified in this way.

#### Mock Mince Pie

One cup of chopped rhubarb; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of chopped raisins; one egg; a little salt and a little ground clove.

### TO REMOVE SCORCH

*By Mrs. W. C. Williamson*

If your iron scorches take a clean cloth, dip in vinegar and rub on the spot until it disappears; then use clean water the same way and re-iron.

#### To Prevent a Burnt Taste

If anything scorches when cooking, remove from fire and set the vessel in another containing cold water; let it remain a few moments, then put the contents in a clean vessel and continue cooking; you can clean your burnt vessel more easily, too, as well as saving the food.

#### To Remove Cooking Odor

A few drops of oil of lavender in a cup of hot water will remove the smell of cooking from the house.

### A GRIDDLE GREASER

*By Mrs. Rebecca E. Carey*

For a good pancake griddle greaser, take a potato, long and narrow in shape; cut a knob in one end for a handle when greasing the griddle, make the other end flat and dip it in lard and apply to the griddle; you will be much pleased with the result.

#### To Remove Grease from Woolen Goods

I thought my new wool dress was ruined with wagon grease, until a neighbor told me to use cold water and wool soap, or any white soap. I did so and the grease disappeared like magic.

### THE PERPETUAL LAMP

*By Annie Q. Frazer*

Many people wish to keep a dim light, but a turned-down kerosene lamp has a very bad odor, which is very unhealthy, besides the danger from explosion. Try this: Take of dry phosphorus, one part; olive oil, six parts; put them in a phial, cork it and place in warm water for three hours; for use, remove the cork. The time by a watch may be seen by this light, and it will last for years if kept carefully corked when not in use. This is called the "Old Pioneer's artificial light."

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## THE HOME

### A FINE FURNITURE POLISH

By Mrs. C. W. S.

One quart of soft water; two tablespoonfuls of linseed oil; soap the size of a walnut; boil till the soap is dissolved; apply with a soft flannel and rub dry with another.

### Rice in Salt

To keep salt from getting damp in the shaker, add a teaspoonful of rice and it will take up the dampness and leave the salt dry.

### Cherry Dumplings

Cherry dumplings to be served with meat: One quart of cherries, seeded; one cup of sugar; two cups of water; set on the stove and when boiling, add dumplings made of two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt and one cup of milk; beat to a very stiff batter, drop by spoonfuls in the cherries and cook ten minutes, covered. These are fine. Canned cherries may be used, but use one pint only, for it is equal to a quart of fresh ones.

### FOR THE GAS STOVE

By Alice A. Gawn

I wonder if any of your readers know that to save heating the gas oven, potatoes for a small family can be baked on the burner of the top of stove by placing them on an asbestos griddle and covering with a granite basin, size of the griddle; turn the potatoes once or twice.

### For a Roast

A three or four pound roast can be cooked upon top burner by first taking the iron skillet, or spider, putting in small quantity of water, little more than to just cover bottom of skillet; let come to a boil; have the roast well seasoned, place in the skillet and cover with granite pan to fit; now and then add hot water, just a tiny bit to keep from burning; turn the roast same as when in the oven, but you do not need to baste it; the result is fine.

### FOUR GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By C. E. H.

1—You may save many a mealy potato by using a hatpin, instead of a fork, to ascertain when they are done.

2—Shell your peas as soon as you can after picking, whether you cook them or not, as much of their sweetness is absorbed by the pod. The same principle applies to husking corn.

3—Drain your fine china and glass dishes on a Turkish towel; by so doing, you not only save noise, but many a nick, crack and possibly a break.

4—Put a small pinch of salt in each bottle of milk for baby; the salt makes the milk digest more easily and is more strengthening.

### Baked Green Peppers

Select large peppers; cut in halves lengthwise and remove seeds; rinse in cold water. Use any cold meat and chop it up with stale bread as for hash; moisten with tomato juice and season with salt, pepper and melted butter; put a thin layer on each pepper; lay in a dripping pan with a very little water; bake an hour, until done. These are delicious for any meal.

### BRIGHT SILVER

By G. E. J.

Silver will keep brighter much longer if wrapped in dark-brown canton flannel.

### "Brownies"

Two eggs beaten; one cup of sugar beaten in eggs; one half cup of butter melted in two squares of chocolate; beat all together; stir in one-half cup of flour and one cup of broken walnuts; bake in a tin so that it will be one-half inch thick; cut in strips two inches long while warm.

I think the home-makers will find this the best of all recipes for "Brownies." I buy the walnuts in the shell, for I find them fresher and of a more delicate flavor than those already shelled. These "Brownies" are a pleasing addition to fancy crackers when serving refreshments and will keep some time, if you hide them.

### For Squash and Pumpkin

If the "National" housekeepers will try putting their squash and pumpkins, after being steamed and cooled, through the meat chopper, using No. 3 knife, I feel sure they will find it a much easier and quicker way than using a colander.

### TOMATO SOUFFLE

By Iva A. Clute

To a pint of fresh or canned tomatoes (if canned, drain off part of the juice) add one well-beaten egg, a cup and a half of cracker crumbs, butter size of a hickory nut; salt and pepper to taste; stir together thoroughly and put in a well-buttered frying pan; do not stir but allow the lower side to brown, then turn without breaking; when both sides are brown, serve immediately with croutons or toasted crackers.

### To Clean Sticky Dishes

Dishes in which food has dried or burned on, may be cleansed easily as follows: Scrape with a knife what will come off easily; then fill with potato parings and water; let boil hard for twenty minutes or more; when taken out the dish will be nearly, if not wholly, free from any burnt or sticky substance.

### FLAT INSIDE POCKET

By "Ruth"

You will find a flat pocket on the inside of kitchen apron very handy for handkerchief, keks, small change and note book; being on the inside, it cannot catch on any projection, and tear.

### MOIST CAKE

By L. A. F.

To keep cake from drying out, heat a tablespoonful of hot water with the sugar and butter; it makes it easier to beat besides keeping your cake from getting dry.

### FOR EMBROIDERY SILK

Mrs. Ray E. Lewis

Wrap each skein in tissue paper and your silk will never become rough or tangled.

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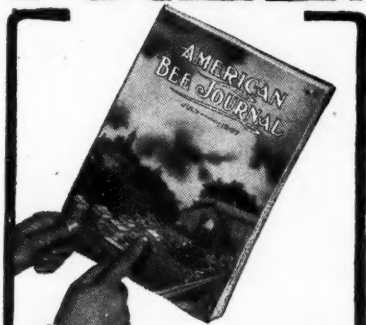


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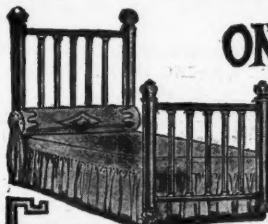
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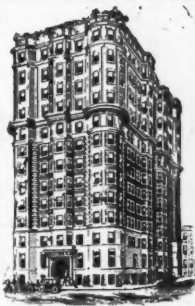
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## THE HOME

### TO FILL CRACKS IN PLASTER

*By Frank M. Wilson*

Use vinegar instead of water to mix your plaster of paris; the resultant mass will be like putty and will not "set" for twenty or thirty minutes, whereas, if you use water, the plaster will become hard almost immediately, before you have time to use it; push your "vinegar plaster" into the cracks and smooth it off nicely with a tableknife.

### The Virtues of Turpentine

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the house, she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It is a sure preventive against moths by just dropping a trifle in the bottom of drawers, chests and cupboards; it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and store-rooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bedbugs and will effectually drive them away from their haunts, if thoroughly applied to all the joints of the bedstead in the spring cleaning time. It injures neither furniture or clothing. A spoonful of it added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint. A little in suds, washing days, lightens laundry labor. It gives quick relief to burns. It is an excellent application for corns. It is good for rheumatism and sore throats. Try it.

### FOR TIRED FEET

*By Mrs. J. C. D.*

Bathe the feet once a day in warm water, to which salt or borax has been added; then dry and rub with linseed oil. I do this every day every other week and it removes the soreness.

### Hint in Bead-work

When doing bead-work with fine beads, dip the needle in water frequently and the beads will slip up the needle easily and also cling together.

### For Sleeplessness

Drink a cup of hot cocoa, without sugar, just before retiring and you will not be troubled with sleeplessness.

### Blood Stains

To remove blood stains where soap and water cannot be used, as on pillow ticks, etc., make a thick paste of laundry starch and warm water; cover the soiled places and let remain until perfectly dry, then brush off the powder; sometimes it is necessary to repeat the process.

### Grass Stains

To remove grass stains, dip the cloth into molasses and wash out in clear water.

### For Bugs and Moths

Spirits of turpentine applied freely with a brush, will do away with bed-bugs and moths in walls, carpets, furniture or upholstery.

### POACHING EGGS

*By A. L. R.*

A couple drops of vinegar added to the water in which the eggs are to be poached, will keep the whites from separating.

### USES OF LEMONS

*By Mrs. M. J. Condit*

The lemon is not sufficiently appreciated from a hygienic standpoint; for instance:—

Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

A dash of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth wash; it not only removes the tarter, but sweetens the breath.

Lemon juice applications will allay irritation caused by the bites of insects.

The juice of a lemon, taken in hot water on awakening, is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout people, is better than any "anti-fat" medicine ever invented.

Glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world wherewith to moisten the lips of a fever-parched patient.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains

As for a manicure aid lemon juice is all that is necessary for loosening the cuticle and for brightening and cleansing the nails.

Save your lemon rinds and dry them for kindling; a handful will revive a dying fire.

### FINE MOTH KILLER

*By "C. T. W."*

If moths get into the closet, saturate a cloth twelve inches square, with formaldehyde; place cloth in the closet and close up tightly for twelve hours. The same plan may be used in chests, trunks, or boxes, where clothing is stored. The fumes will kill moths as well as their eggs; also germs of any kind. No odor is left in the clothing.

### Clips for Basting

Instead of basting long seams, use the little clips used by business men for holding papers. A few of them placed along a seam will hold the edges together while it is being stitched. Keep a box in the work-basket for such uses.

### TO PRESERVE TINWARE

*By Jos. H. Scott*

For preserving tinware and preventing it from rusting, rub the article well with fresh lard, covering every portion; then heat it thoroughly before using. If treated this way, it will never rust, no matter how much it is left in the water.

### Alum For Mending Purposes

For mending hard substances, like metal or glass, there is nothing more satisfactory than melted alum; simply melt the alum over an intense heat and apply while hot.

An ivory handle to a knife, which was loose, was mended this way over forty years ago, and still is in use. This can be used to fasten loose collars on glass lamps also.

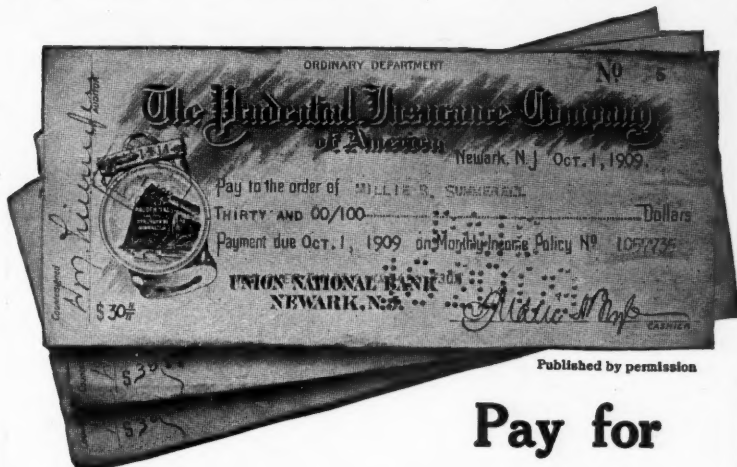
### HOW TO HULL WALNUTS

*By Florence St. Pierre*

Another way to hull walnuts, is to run them, when green, through a hand-cornsheller, setting a pail under the place where the cobs come out, to catch the hulled nuts. This way is more rapid and saves staining hands and dress.

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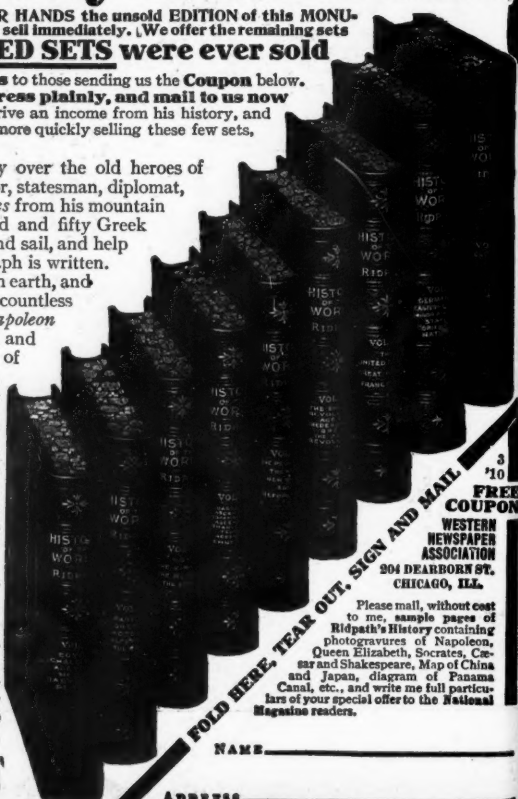
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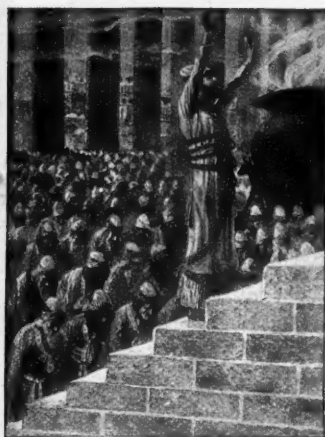
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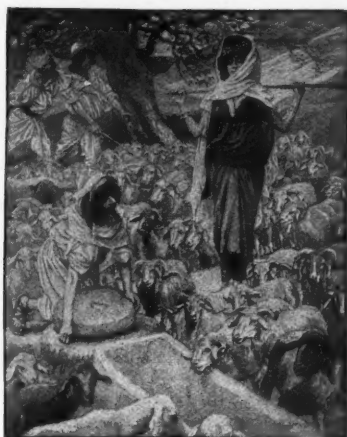
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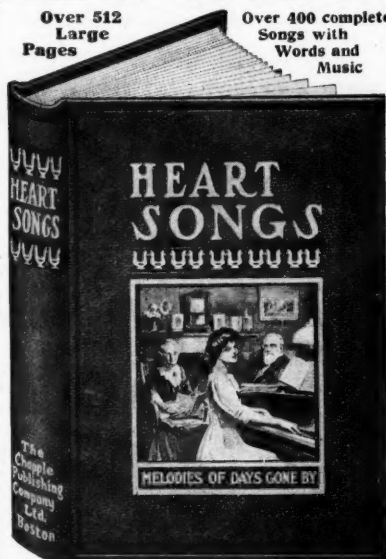
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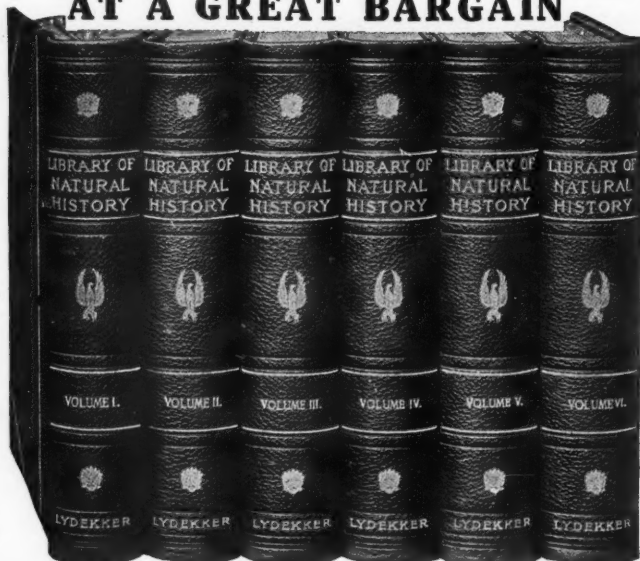
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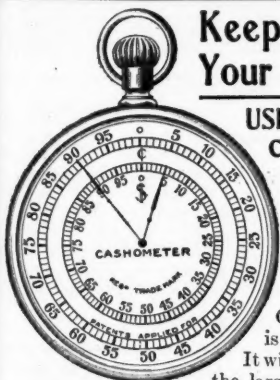
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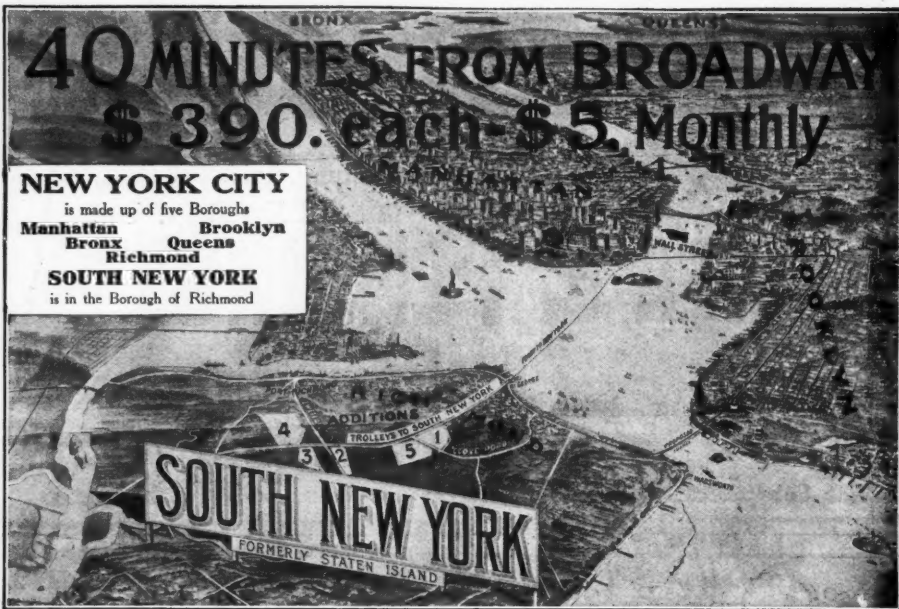
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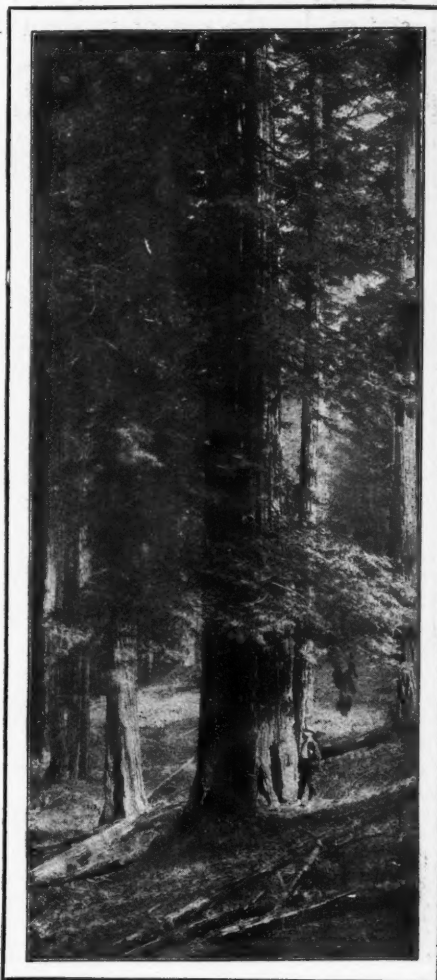
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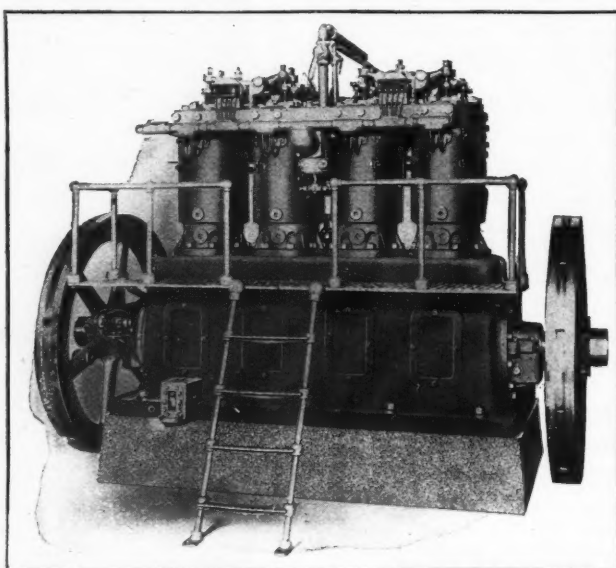
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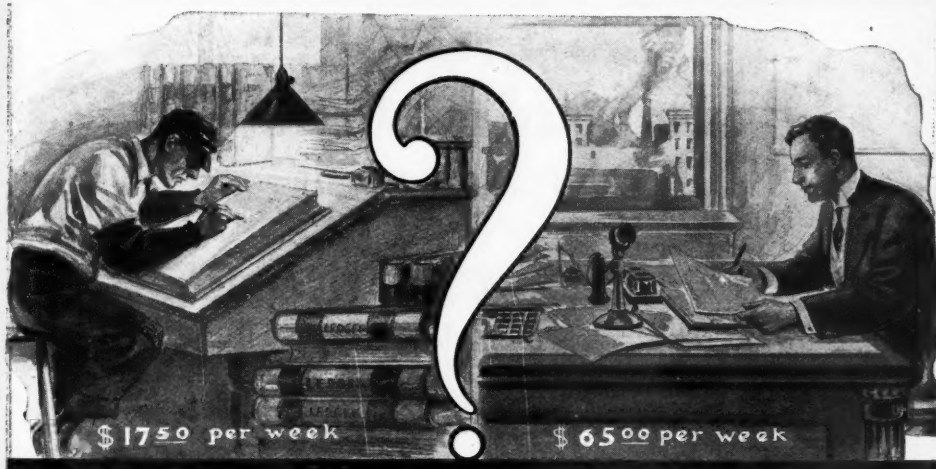
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Many Others on File. None Solicited.

If this advertisement justifies you in investing 10 cents in a book which may mean the making of your fortune,

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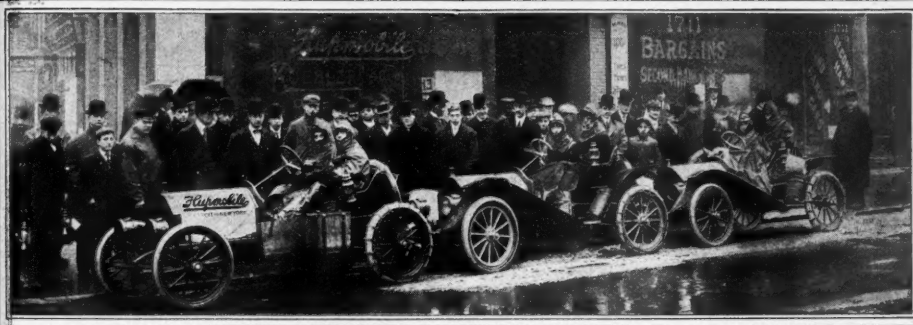
Address .....

Tear out this advertisement, wrap a dime or stamps in it, enclose in envelope and mail to

**THE FIDUCIARY CO., 318 Tacoma Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.**

The book will be promptly mailed, postpaid. Whenever you wish to part with it, return it and the 10 cents will be instantly refunded.

# UNDAUNTED *by* SNOWS *that* TIED UP *the* RAILROADS



4 Cylinders, 20 H.P.

**Hupmobile** **\$750**

**Bosch Magneto Sliding Gears**

**F. O. B. Detroit**

On December 27 railroad trains all over the country were running six to twelve hours late; in fact, scores of powerful locomotives were hopelessly stalled in huge snowdrifts.

The weather was zero; the indications, which were later borne out, were for degrees below zero. The country was struggling with one of the heaviest snowfalls of the winter.

In spite of these conditions, we started three Hupmobile cars December 27 on a thousand mile run, from Detroit to New York.

We planned the trip merely as an object lesson—to demonstrate to the motor-buying public the Hupmobile's ability to travel under conditions in which the largest and costliest cars would be helpless.

The three cars arrived at the Grand Central Palace Automobile Show in New York, January 6.

They had fought for practically every inch of progress throughout the thousand miles.

They had dropped through drifts into deep ditches; they had plowed through snow two to five feet deep.

They had been subjected to a task of titanic proportions—a task the like of which no car of Hupmobile type and size had ever been called upon to perform.

Notwithstanding ten days of this severe abuse every one of the cars arrived in New York fine and fit—running smoothly, sweetly and silently—and ready to start immediately on the return, over the same snow bound route.

As we have said, the trip was an object lesson. It has emphasized once more the Hupmobile's long established right to travel side by side with cars of the highest price and class.

It has proved,—if proof were needed after the car's distinguished records in the year's severest contests—that the Hupmobile is as staunch and fine as the staunchest big car built.

And every Hupmobile is capable of the same performance, for the Detroit-New York cars were not only stock cars but had already been driven thousands of miles.

If there is a Hupmobile dealer in your locality, see this wonderful car.

At least write for the literature, for it would be unwise indeed to buy a car without first having learned all you can about the Hupmobile.

DEPT. 17  
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Licensed under Selden Patent **HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY**

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One thousand nine hundred and ten  
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Electric block signals, electric search head-lights,  
electric lighted trains, over a completely rock-  
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Largest stock GOVT. AUCTION BARGAINS in the world.  
15 acres required for its storage. 340-page catalogue, 1000  
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Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. MARDEN, Pres. THE NAT'L CO-OP. REAL ESTATE CO., Suite 89, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator, how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator.

It also tells all about the "Monroe," the Refrigerator with inner walls made in one piece of solid, unbreakable, White Porcelain Ware an inch thick and highly glazed, with every corner rounded. No cracks or crevices anywhere. The "Monroe" is as easy to keep clean as a china bowl.



Always sold  
DIRECT and at  
Factory Prices. Cash or  
monthly payments.

## The "Monroe"

Most other Refrigerators have cracks and corners which cannot be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and breed countless germs. These germs get into your food and make it poison, and the family suffers—from no traceable cause.

The "Monroe" can be sterilized and made germlessly clean in an instant by simply wiping out with a cloth wrung from hot water. It's like "washing dishes," for the "Monroe" is really a thick porcelain dish inside.

The high death rate among children in the summer months could be greatly reduced if the Monroe Refrigerator was used in every home where there are little folks.

The "Monroe" is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who CARE—and is found today in a large majority of the VERY BEST homes in the United States. The largest and best Hospitals use it exclusively. The health of the whole family is safeguarded by the use of a Monroe Refrigerator.

When you have carefully read the book and know all about Home Refrigeration, you will know WHY and will realize how important it is to select carefully. Please write for book today.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station 11, Cincinnati, O.

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Slightly Used Instruments  
7 Steinways from \$350 up; 5 Lyon & Healy from \$250 up; 7 Washburns from \$200 up; 4 Knabes from \$250 up; 3 Chickering from \$250 up; also good second-hand Uprights \$125 up; also 6 very fine Baby Grand Pianos at about half. Write for full particulars. Cash or two years' time. **LYON & HEALY, - - 45 Adams Street, Chicago** We ship everywhere on approval. Fullest guarantee with every piano.



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Your Fortune's Waiting. Listen Sharp - Hear the Wonderful News! You Can Now Own a Private Monopoly Easily Worth **\$3,000 to \$10,000 Yearly**

New business, gigantic success, causing great excitement. Mad race for territory. No wonder! Ten people actually pocket \$32,000.00. Orders! Orders! Orders! Money coming fast; eight out of ten houses buying.

Reader, wake up! See the big opportunity knocking at your door—seize it. Give yourself a mighty boost—quit plodding; change from small earnings and wage slavery to

## BIG EARNINGS, WAGE FREEDOM, OWNERSHIP AND PRIVATE MONOPOLY.

Costs nothing to investigate—very little more to start. Don't ignore the one great opportunity of your career to acquire financial independence. Let us give you a private monopoly worth \$3,000.00 to \$10,000.00 yearly—the exclusive selling rights in your locality on our quick-selling household invention—**THE ALLEN PORTABLE BATH APPARATUS.**

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"Sold \$2,212 worth in two weeks. Not one dissatisfied user," writes Korstad and Mercer, farmers of Minnesota. Zimmerman, farmer, Indiana, sees great opportunity—starts—succeeds—sells farm—result:

### ORDERS, \$3,856 IN 39 DAYS.

"My sales \$1,680 in 73 days," writes C. D. Rasp, agent, of Wisconsin. "Canvassed 60 people—got 55 orders; sold \$320 in 16 days," writes W. H. Reese, carpenter, of Pennsylvania. "Enclosed order for \$115—first day's work. Best thing I ever worked," writes L. H. Langley, liveryman, of North Dakota.

"Everybody thinks the apparatus finest thing. Sold 15 one afternoon," writes Miss Eva Edwards of Nevada, after ordering 75. "I averaged \$164.25 weekly for three months; undoubtedly best line on market," writes J. W. Beem of Kansas. "Enclosed order for \$364.50—only three days' work. No trouble to sell. Appeals to everybody," writes J. Strahm, farmer of Kansas. "I make \$100 daily," writes J. Sevegne, telegrapher of New York. "It's great! Lucky I answered your ad. Showed it to 44 people—have 39 orders. Sold 17 one day. Sells on sight," writes A. P. Lodewick, solicitor, of Maine. "Sold 17 one day, sent 60 more," writes Weathers of Texas.

Cashman of Minnesota writes: "A man who can't sell your goods

**COULDN'T SELL BREAD IN A FAMINE.**

Sent 48 more."



"See it Energize" Sectional View



**DR. D. E. HOARD**, a doctor and farmer of North Dakota, demonstrates how this business grows by selling \$2,376 worth in territory previously worked. Actual time required to get this business, about 6 months.



**C. A. MILLER**, a minister of Nebraska, who sold and purchased over \$700.00 worth after working but a few days. Never sold goods before, so far as we know.

in stores. Wonderful, but true, this invention gives any home that long-desired blessing—a modern bathroom for \$6.50. Operates wherever water exists—in any room, any part of a room—no waterworks, no plumbing, pipes, tools, valves—not even a screw to insert. Does same work as bathroom costing \$150. Think of the millions waiting for this one thing to happen—and it has happened. Really, could anything be more popular, so near to the irresistible, so easy to sell? Who couldn't ride to prosperity on such a vehicle? Can't you actually see in this **A FASCINATING, HIGH-GRADE AND SURE BIG-PAYING MONOPOLY?**

Isn't it just what you've been looking for? Just think! This invention, by a really wonderful yet simple combination of mechanical and liquid forces, gives all the standard hygienic baths for men, women, children—cleansing, friction, massage, shower; altogether or separately, hot or cold. Makes bathing 10-minute operation. Cleanses almost automatically. So energizes water that one gallon does more than tubful old way. Used by U. S. government, famous Battle Creek Sanitarium and hundreds of world-renowned people. 100,000 already sold. Millions needed. See how simple, easy, convenient: To bathe just do this: Place combination metallic fountain and heater on wall or shelf, fill with water, touch a match, turn screw—that's all. Thereafter it works automatically.

### SEE, FEEL, ENJOY THE WONDERS OF ENERGIZED WATER!

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Hundreds already started, new ones daily, from every walk in life—merchants, doctors, lawyers, solicitors, salesmen, clerks, farmers, teachers, and so on. **WE WANT MORE AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS;** either sex; at home or traveling; all or spare time; to fill orders, appoint, supply and control sub-agents. **EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY.** Almost sells itself. How easy—just show—money yours. Simply supply enormous demand already made—that's all. Every customer anxious to boost your business. No easier, quicker, more certain and honorable way to make money on small capital. Fascinating business—new patent—exclusive territory—our co-operation and assistance—almost 75 per cent profit and behind you an old reliable \$50,000.00 house.

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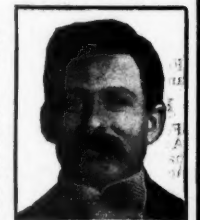
**ALLEN MFG. CO., 1707 Allen Building TOLEDO, OHIO**



**M. G. STONEMAN**, a photographer of Nebraska, whose sworn-to sales in less than 3 years on partial time total \$16,000. His biggest month was \$1,231.65; biggest day \$181.75 among 300 people. Again sold \$500 worth in eight days. Says: "Best thing ever sold; not one complaint from 2,000 customers."



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**M. JUELL**, a railroad man of Canada, who started on spare time and later excluded everything for the bath business. Not a regular salesman, yet sold about \$6,800 worth in about 15 months.

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Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness, and Liver Trouble. **FLESH PRODUCER.** Rounds out the figure, gives strength to the whole system, creates new energy, strengthens the nerves, restores the healthy complexion of youth. Some people gain ten pounds a month.

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Pleasant to take.

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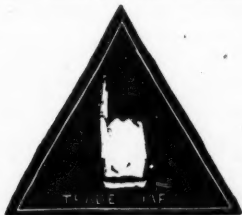
**First box by mail 25c for**

On receipt of 25 cents we will send by mail in **PLAIN SEALED PACKAGE** \$1.00 box of the tablets. This offer is only for the first box, and to those who have never tried the tablets.

**W. A. HENDERSON DRUG CO.,**  
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**The Best Soap Ever Introduced**



For cleansing and polishing Tin, Copper, Brass and all Metals. For cleansing and restoring Paint

**It Has No Equal in the Market**

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

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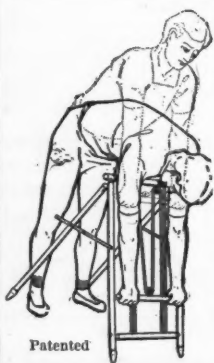
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**10% DISCOUNT**

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## THOMAS F. SWAN

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### Sawing Wood

is the best exercise known to man. This health-giving, muscle-building, flesh-reducing, blood-circulating exercise is obtained by using

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It exercises every muscle of the body, reduces corpulency, and quickens the circulation, which is a sure help for indigestion, insomnia and vertigo. Practical for men, women and children. Neat, compact, portable. Weight 7 lbs. Size 35x20 inches. Can be used in the parlor or bed chamber.

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Made in red rubber only, cloth lined, and warranted

10 inch, 2 quarts - \$1.75  
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### IT FITS THE SPOT THAT HURTS

By buttoning the two ends together see what a perfect heater it makes for the feet, what a perfect form for throat troubles or stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical HOT WATER BOTTLE ever made.

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with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Bailey's Rubber Brushes are all made this way. Mailed for price.

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100 page catalogue of everything in Rubber Goods free

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush	\$0.50
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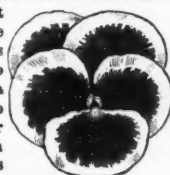
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 Send for our beautiful catalog containing over 1,500 illustrations. Whatever you select therefrom we send on approval. If you like it pay  
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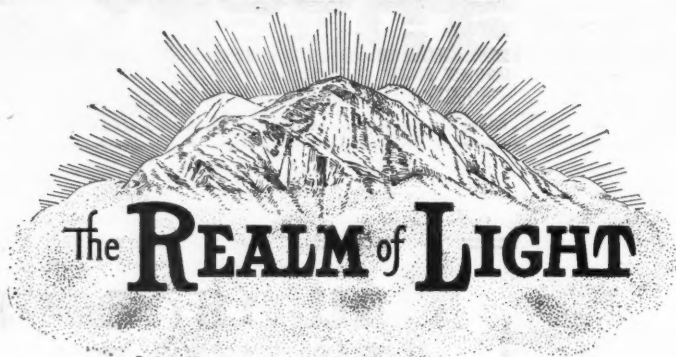
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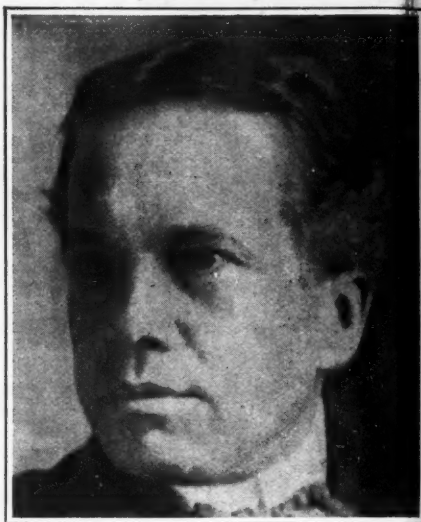
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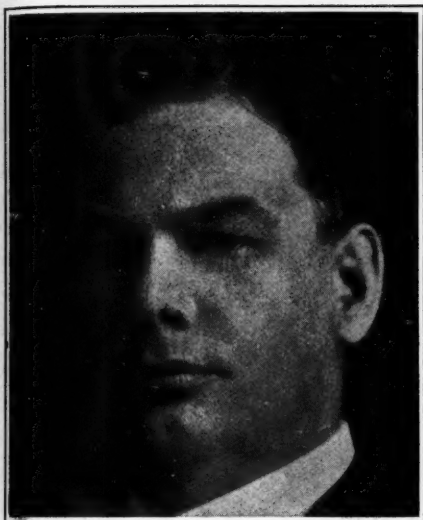
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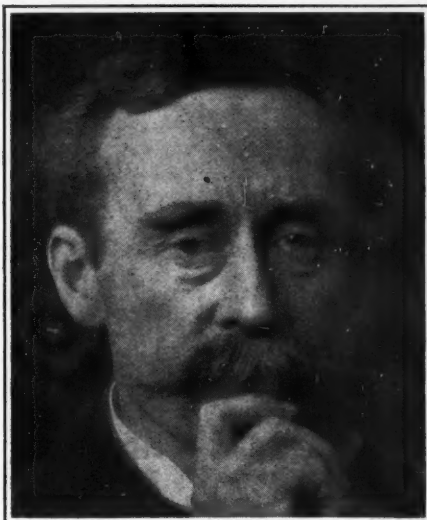
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